Green as Jasper

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Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Category:
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僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia (Anime & Manga)

Relationships:
Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight/Shirakumo Oboro, Kaminari Denki/Midoriya Izuku, Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou, Monoma Neito/Shinsou Hitoshi, Dabi | Todoroki Touya & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Shinsou Hitoshi, Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Shinsou Hitoshi & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Kirishima Eijirou & Shinsou Hitoshi, Kaminari Denki & Kirishima Eijirou, Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Toga Himiko, Dabi | Todoroki Touya & Toga Himiko, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi, Kayama Nemuri | Midnight & Toga Himiko

Characters:
Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Pro Heroes (My Hero Academia), Shirakumo Oboro, Nedzu (My Hero Academia), Monoma Neito, Tsukauchi Naomasa, Toga Himiko, Dabi | Todoroki Touya, Shinsou Hitoshi

Additional Tags:
Smart Midoriya Izuku, Monoma Neito is in Class 1-A, Mineta Minoru is Expelled from U.A. High School, Vigilante Midoriya Izuku, Dead Midoriya Inko, Quirkless Midoriya Izuku, Parental Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead | Dadzawa, Regretful Bakugou Katsuki, Izuku loves messing with Eraserhead, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead and Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic Adopt Shinsou Hitoshi, Nedzu is entertained by Vigilante Izuku and his new student, Eraserhead Midnight Loudcloud and Present Mic love Vigilante Izuku, izuku

lives alone, Izuku midoriya has a fake identity, Izuku Midoriya adopted himself with his fake identity, Izuku Midoriya is a co-manager of a cat cafe, Izuku and Kaminari train together, Izuku has an apartment, Hacker Midoriya Izuku, Izuku Midoriya learns some ninjutsu (i dont explain it very well though), Izuku Midoriya can sew, Izuku Midoriya builds some support stuff, Toga Himiko is Not a Villain, Toga himiko eventually ends up working under Recovery girl, Dabi and Toga are like siblings and are roommates (no like that), Izuku adopts two strays (Dabi and Toga) and forces them to make their lives better, Izuku and Shinsou are THE hero fans, Shinsou is a hero fanatic, Satou Rikidou is in Class 1-B, Satou Rikidou and Monoma Neito switch classes, Hallucinations, Panic Attacks, Anxiety, Stress, Some couples aregay idiots, Im not adding certain tags because it would spoil the entire plot, So be prepared for the unexpected, This is taking a mich darker and scarier turn than initially planned, If you like horror this is for you, Izuku hallucinates, Izuku spirals slowly, Izuku Midoriya pushes his friends away, Or is going to i don't know yet, I didn't know i was writing more horror until i wrote specific chapters, This fic had almost no planniny whatsoever, This has some juicy plot in ny opinion, I hope this fic breaks yall in a more horror type way

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Green as Jasper

by lunarmoon14

Summary

Izuku loves being a pain in Aizawa's rear end. Pranks, yes. Absolutely. After All Night crushed Izuku's dream, he finds peace with himself elsewhere. Things start going skewed when Izuku has certain.. Troubles. Nighttime dreams slowly envelope Izuku, until he.. Breaks.

Edit: I'm going to be posting less because dance just started for me but I'll still try to write as much as I can.

Chapter 1: The beginning

"No, I don’t think you can become a hero without a quirk.”

Those words pierced through Izuku like a knife.

With that the skeleton version of All Might started walking down the stairs and off the roof. Leaving Izuku to spiral with his own thoughts.

Izuku thought his Midoriya tears would break through, but all he felt was numbness. Thick fog clouding his mind.

He knew he never had a chance. I mean, how did he think he ever had a chance!?

Wait.

All Might said he couldn't be a hero legally. He might just have to look into that tonight. He would especially have to catch the sludge villain, since he just had to get in the way and make All Might drop the bottles.

Izuku started walking down the stairs, making sure All Might had enough time to get out of the building. He did not need a repeat of the conversation he just had.

He walked down and out of the building All Might had flown them to. He started walking towards his cafe, after all he still had to take over for his co-manager(s).

Izuku walked over to the cat cafe, called just that. It wasn't super popular, but it wasn't completely unknown either. Izuku took over the cafe after Inko unfortunately succumbed to a villain attack.

He wasn't let in on very many details, even though he was her son. Izuku had been told his mother had been going out to run some typical errands, when she was sporadically attacked by a villain trying to rob a bank. He was told that the villain had some kind of animal quirk that enhanced his size. Poor Inko had been crushed by him. Apparently the heroes had done as much as they could, but Izuku knew they could've done more. He saw heroes all over, but no one came to his mom until someone had yelled at the paramedics about a hurt woman.

Izuku had heard about the villain after school, and wanted to watch

the fight. He could take so many notes! That was the dominant thought until he saw his mother, bloodied and concussed. He was only 9 years old, what could he do!? He saw her just laying there on a stretcher, while the medical team was helping elsewhere. He saw how his mom could've easily been saved. She had a concussion, a minor head injury, some scratches, and worst of all a wide cut across her stomach. It was pretty deep, but easily manageable if a medical professional was paying attention. He ran to Inko, while doing so he grabbed all the gauze he had for when he got burned, and applied as much pressure as he could.

She had already lost a lot of blood by that point, apparent in her pale face. It was too late, and she succumbed to blood loss.

He always knew he could've done more. Brought more gauze, got there sooner, applied more pressure, etc.

Izuku was luckily able to mostly move on, well according to how he presented himself publicly. He always just ignored the pain, never fully healing.

He walked into his co-owned cat cafe, ready to get to work. He genuinely loved working there! He loved getting to see all of the cats there, and he loved baking! It was honestly the highlight of his week sometimes. He didn't work every single day, but he worked enough to keep himself afloat. According to his landlord and the other 2 co-managers he was an 18 year old with a quirk that made him look years younger than he supposedly was. He was known as the young worker, Mikumo Sochi.(Izuku is currently 13, almost 14). Well, today was an eventful day for sure. Getting attacked by the sludge villain, meeting All Might and what he said, he really better get to work. He was already 40 minutes late.

He quickly got changed in the bathroom into his usual attire, and put on slight makeup so he doesn't look like a complete child. He got to work baking some sweet treats.

While they were baking he looked around and saw his favorite usual customer already in the corner. A gruff looking hobo, but not to be mistaken as one. He didn't see him on his way in, but he also wasn't looking for him. He was already knee deep in police files and such.

He looked just about as rough as usual on the surface. His usual dark circles, ruffled hair, his same cold demeanor unless you actually knew him. (Sorta).

Izuku wondered if All Might would've actually made an official report or something on the sludge villain. He decided to walk over to Era- no, he was Aizawa now. He said he doesn't want anyone unnecessary knowing about his hero identity. So Mikumo just calls him Aizawa when he's here (though Eraserhead knows that Izuku knows his identity).

“Heya Aizawa! Your usual coffee?” Mikumo said with fake enthusiasm.

Aizawa barely looks up from his police files and stuff.

“You're awfully late, considering you're normally here before me. But yes, I'll take my usual coffee.” Aizawa responded without missing a beat.

Mikumo was curious if All Might actually reported it, but he considered it didn't hurt telling him about it. At least part of it.

“Sorry Aizawa! I got caught up watching a villain attack!” Izuk- no, Mikumo knew there hasn't been any major villain attacks in a few days. He hoped Eraser would take the bait.

Aizawa finally looked up from his papers. “There haven't been any major villain attacks in the last couple of days. What are you talking about?” Eraser responded in a cold tone. Unless you knew him you couldn't tell there was a hint of interest in his voice.

“Oh the Hero at the scene didn't report it? Huh, weird. But anyway I saw this kid getting attacked by some sort of sludge villain or something! I was about to call the police until All Might dropped in and saved the kid. The kid didn't wake up for..” Izuku pondered for a little bit, unsure of the answer himself. “Id say probably 10 minutes until he finally woke up. There wasn't anyone around, but I thought All Might would call the police or an ambulance or something but he didn't. He just waited until the kid woke up, slapping his cheek here and there. He was going to fly off and go do who knows what, but the kid kinda latched onto him, and then they were both kinda flying, until All Might stopped on a building. It looked like they were talking for a bit, until All Might left, leaving the kid there. He looked kinda defeated and sad-.” Mikumo immediately stopped talking when he realised he was word vomiting. He was able to stop stuttering at work, but he'd need to work on the word vomiting.

Aizawa groaned and leaned his head into his hands, massaging his temples to prepare for the incoming headache that was known as All

Might. He would chew him out later at the next meeting in preparation for his incoming year of teaching.

“Too much..?” Mikumo asked sheepishly, thinking this was his fault for saying so much.

“So you're meaning to tell me, a kid got attacked by a villain, passed out nonetheless, and All Might didn't even bother to report this? And even went as far as to leave a kid on the roof of a building?” Aizawa growled out, already annoyed at his not - so - soon -to - be colleague. (In this au they figured it out around this time but since this school year already started he will just stay in town for now.)

Mikumo winced at what he thought was going to be a lecture, but was surprised to find Aizawa was mad at All Might, and not him. I mean he just got in the way, so why wasn't he mad at him? (The kid, in his story)

“Thanks kid. I'll just take my usual coffee, make it an XL this time.” Aizawa gruffly responded.

Izuku stalked away to make the XL black coffee. Normally Aizawa got a large, but maybe his ‘brats’ are giving him more trouble than usual. I mean, he already expelled half of them.

He made the coffee with ease, and brought it over.

Aizawa was about to pull his hair out. First, his hell spawn had 2 tests today. One was on more of the physical parts of being a hero - basic stuff right? It included basic moves, basic fighting and sparring, basic quirk usage, etc. The other test was just a written test, simple as it seemed. It was made up of what to do in certain situations, basic things about heroes, and normal school curriculum.

One student passed both of these tests. One. Student. Out of the 10 students he had left. 4 of his students failed the physical test. Four. The other 5 failed the written test. Five. He had taught these hellions every single material in these tests, except for some of the school curriculum. How had these hellions failed so badly?

Don't even get him started on the fact that All Might didn't make an official report this afternoon. He was technically working now, so he would've been notified if anything of the sorts happened. Especially since a child no less had been involved. According to the presented

information, assuming it was correct, All Might just stood there for 10 minutes while the child was unconscious. That can be considered neglect of duties in Aizawa's book.

Luckily his coffee came out before he could delve too far into his own thoughts. He would never admit it, but he waited until Mikumo would clock in. His coffee was always the best. He referred to him as ‘coffee child’ in his mind sometimes. (No one needed to know that)

Aizawa was able to get some work done while he sipped on his coffee. Once he was done with everything he brought he paid for his coffee and left.

Mikumo wondered why he wasn't getting blamed for the attack. Or, as he explained to Aizawa, the ‘child’. He was utterly baffled.

He decided to finish his shift without another thought on it. That's the only way he kept himself from A. Either stuttering or B. Spiraling. He finished with his shift at 8. He closed down the cat cafe, making sure to take care of the cats before he left. He grabbed his bag and started walking back to his apartment.

Izuku got ready for bed, (though he wouldn't be able to sleep) and hopped on his computer. He started thinking about the thought he had earlier after All Might left. What was it? It was something similar to ‘I mean, he said I couldn't be a hero legally, so what about illegally? Or maybe not illegally but just legal enough where I wouldn't technically be in trouble.’

Izuku hopped on his computer and searched for ‘illegal heroes’. He didn't know what he was looking for exactly. He looked through all of the forums and articles talking about villains, sidekicks and such. He didn't know how long he had been searching for, but he found an article about different types of heroes. He clicked on it, not expecting to find much. He eyed through it a little.

It talked about legal heroes, sidekicks, policemen, firefighters, doctors and other medical professions. He thought he wasn't going to get anywhere when he finally scrolled to the bottom, and saw a short paragraph labeled ‘Vigilantes’.

He knew of underground heroes, limelight heroes, every type of hero

imaginable, but this was a term he had simply never heard.
He decided to actually read this singular paragraph. Especially considering this was the first ‘lead’ he had.

‘Vigilantes are people who illegally use their quirks to do different hero work. Vigilantes are very debatable in the hero world. Some praise their efforts, while others bash them for illegality. Some underground heroes are known to work with vigilantes, as long as they stay on the ‘good’ side of the underground. Some vigilantes are known to turn to villainy, while others like the Crawler have gone through the efforts to perform hero work legally. Some programs exist to help lead vigilantes to the legal side of the law, while others don't ever gain licenses. Vigilantes remain an extremely controversial subject today to many.’

Huh. Vigilantism. That doesn't sound so bad.

Chapter 2: School

Chapter Summary

Izuku does not like Aldera

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter this time

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku woke up slumped against his desk. Had he fallen asleep on his computer again? He checked the time on his clock and was relieved to see he still had time to get ready.

He really did not want to go school. I mean he loved learning! But he hated going to Aldera, especially with the teachers. Izuku learned pretty early on that if he ever tried to speak up against the bullying, his grades suddenly dropped. At first he pondered what could have been the problem, but his conclusion was the same every time.

He was the problem. Nothing more, nothing less.

He quickly stopped trying to reach out and form bonds with his teachers.

He quickly stopped trying to befriend anyone, clear they had malicious intentions. He isolated himself, simply because of a quirk, or lack thereof.

Izuku sat in his chair, thinking about the whole vigilantes thing for a little bit. He really wanted to help people, legally or not. He just didn't think he could fit it in his schedule. He went and checked on the cafe in the early morning when he had extra time. He then went to school (although it felt like he was learning nothing), and then went to work at the cafe. He couldn't just take something out of that schedule.

Unless.

No he couldn't do that… could he? He really wanted to be able to though. He thought for a little bit, but decided on a compromise. He quickly opened his computer and hastily searched some stuff up.

‘There's probably nothing in looking for. Don't get your hopes but still

hope, you know?'

Free online school

He wasn't hoping for much! Really!
He knew deep down there probably wasn't going to be anything near what he was looking for.

He saw a few results, but nothing that was exactly free. He scrolled for a while, until he saw a website. It intrigued him, as much as he didn't want to hope.

Online school 5-12 - no cost

It looked simply too good to be true. He wanted to think it was true, but he scrolled through the page.

Apparently you had to take some sort of 'entrance exam' and get above 90%. Ninety. Percent.

Izuku knew his plans were just flushed down the drain. He was thinking if he did online school he would have a lot of extra free time to maybe train and build some stuff to help him. He clicked on the button that said 'overview of entrance exam' he chose his appropriate grade/ age, and scrolled through some of the questions. The test was built on every academic curriculum, but it didn't seem too hard.

He didn't have the time to do it now though. He analysed the page and looked around at different toggles, etc. It seemed genuine enough, so he decided to trust it for now.

Izuku sighed, and closed his computer, quite contempt with himself. He quickly got ready for school. He threw on his uniform, ruffled his hair up a bit, brushed his teeth and he was finally ready for the day.

Izuku roamed out into his apartment's kitchen and made some peanut butter toast. You have to have a good breakfast you know? He had enough time to sit down and eat peacefully. Lost in thought, Izuku's thoughts wandered to his life and how lucky he was. He had his fake identity, Mikumo Sochi, right? Well his true identity still existed, living with a certain Mikumo Sochi.

He had managed to create a fake identity that was believable enough to let him adopt himself. It really wasn't all that hard, considering that the cps workers just wanted him gone. He had lived very peacefully since then, having his own apartment and job even!

Said workers really didn't care how old Mikumo was. He put some makeup on to make him look older, but even he had to admit he still looked like a child. Then again he could always just use his ‘quirk’ as an excuse.

Izuku finished his 2 pieces of peanut butter toast. (Boy does that sound good right now) He carefully cleaned his plate, as he really didn't want to clean it later. (He would probably be busy) Izuku grabbed his book bag and everything necessary, put his shoes on, and walked out his door. He made sure it was locked, before starting his venture to school.

Anything but school was the dominant thought in his brain. School was his least favorite part of the day. He despised it every morning. Izuku thought back to this morning, and hoped that the website was genuine.

In all reality, it was more ‘genuine’ then he thought. Run by the very own rodent - bear- type.. mouse (?) of Ua. But Izuku didn't know that, yet.

The sidewalks were more crowded than Izuku was used to, but he would manage. After he made his way to school Izuku sat down quietly in his chair, hoping that since he got there late enough he would be spared this morning at least. The bell rung shortly after Izuku sat down. Relieved, he let out a breath he didn't even know he was holding.

The day went pretty much without a hitch, aside from the constant sniggering and laughter directed at him. Apparently the punch line of today was the fact he had been adopted by a ‘rando’ as they said.

The repeated laughter, and ‘teasing’ (bullying) was really starting to get on Izuku's nerves. This was the time more than ever where Izuku wanted to be home schooled/ do online school.

Izuku started packing up his things a few minutes before the final bell. It didn't really matter if he missed a few minutes of ‘worktime’. As soon as the bell rang he bolted out of the classroom while the rest of his classmates were still packing his things up. Running straight for his locker Izuku made sure to avoid any and all bullies or anything that might delay him. He made sure to grab everything from his locker (which wasn't much) and started walking home.

A sudden call from the main co-managers startled the other two. Calling in asking someone to cover for him was something Mikumo

almost never did. One of the two agreed quickly, needing more hours anyway.

Sighing a quick breath of relief, Izuku unlocked his apartment and made a beeline for his room. He quickly showered and changed. Heading to his computer Izuku started thinking about what he would do if it was legitimate. He'd have to call the school in his fake identity and explain. He's sure the school would be glad to get rid of him otherwise. He hopped onto his computer and opened his bookmarked tab.

While scrolling through the page Izuku's mind started overthinking the entire situation. He was jittery with nervous and excited energy at the same time.

He looked through the link again, seemingly already having seen everything. Izuku thought quietly for a little bit, before deciding to just take the test. There's no harm in that, right?? Right?

Before he could second guess himself he clicked the start button. It went through some basic directions beforehand, stating things like ‘no use of a calculator unless its shown on the program’ and basic things like that.

Getting to the last introduction page Izuku hoped he passed. Izuku skimmed the page before him until he stumbled upon the good old time limit and question amount. He had 2 hours to finish 100 questions. That was about one minute and 20 seconds per question.

This was going to be a long night, and Izuku knew it.

The first section contained math. Izuku grabbed his notebook to write things down but was genuinely surprised when he didn't really need it. He felt like all of the questions were pretty easy and straightforward, just a little bit harder than at Aldera. He passed through the first math section with ease.

Izuku noted how the questions seemed to change to harder, and more complex questions. Grabbing his notebook he started writing things down, wanting to do his best. Izuku felt like he got most of them wrong at this point, even though he was cruising through the questions. He finished the math section with ease, not wanting to admit it himself.

Passing through the science section was simply easy. Especially when some of the topics were quirk science and analysis!? He passed

through the rest of sections easily, with hardly any struggle to be found.

Izuku leaned back into his chair, interlocked his hands and pushed them behind his head. The pop of his back was immaculate.

He submitted his quiz, curious about how much time he used. Izuku checked the time, and found he still had about a half hour left before the limit was up. He quickly submitted it, also curious with how well he did.

After Izuku submitted it a rectangular box popped up stating:

Thank you for your answers! There will be an email sent to you about your performance once the test has been graded; this might take a few hours.

Izuku hesitantly put his email in, seeing some flaws but overall deciding to take his chances.

Well that was fun.

Izuku starts pondering about what he's going to do now that he's done.

‘I could walk to that beach. What was the name? Dagobah I think? I could check it out. Maybe find some cool stuff in the garbage there.’ Izuku thought to himself.

It was around 6, and Izuku wasn't really hungry. He debated eating and then going out, but ultimately decided he wasn't really hungry. Izuku changed into some black sweat pants and a dark green sweatshirt. It was pretty light clothing, considering it wasn't very warm nor cold out.

Izuku made his way out of the apartment, and made sure to lock it as he left. Feeling pretty relaxed with himself, his mind wandered to how the test went. Izuku thought he probably bombed it with his luck. And knowing him he probably wouldn't get in and would have to continue going to Aldera. Ugh. Aldera was a thorn in his side. Izuku pushed his thoughts away from Aldera and back to his nice, peaceful walk.

After all he couldn't fret about things he couldn't control. Right? (He totally could control this)

Chapter End Notes

I didn't really know how to write this chapter either sooo also tell me how y'all think cus it will help in future chapters 🫶

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Izuku gets a small upgrade

Chapter Notes

Shorter chapter but anyways idk how to feel about this one

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku walked carefully and casually among the garbage at Dagobah beach. Okay, but seriously, when did it get this bad? Like, Izuku knew it was bad, but he never knew it was this bad!

Some memories of when Izuku was a small child and Inko had taken them to the beach were replaying in Izuku's head. That was before all of the garbage had started to pile up. Back then there was small amounts of garbage here and there, nothing like what it was today.

He viewed the beach, taking in the mostly intact discarded items. Thinking to himself, Izuku knew he could use a majority of the garbage here, whether for training or just building support items.

Izuku started scanning the piles of trash, looking for anything valuable or of use.

He really knew he shouldn't be looking, but what's the harm? If he doesn't find anything? Great! If he does find some stuff, great!

The bronze metal glinted in the setting sun and low moon. Izuku noticed the 10 almost identical parts when he was moving past the heaping pile of garbage.

“Woah. This is some cool metal. What could it be used for though?” Izuku said out loud to himself. Well maybe the inhabitants of the beach. Although dirty, the metal was in pretty good shape. There were 10 identical pieces found, all of which Izuku took and shoved into his pockets.

Izuku strutted around the beach a bit longer, hoping to find an idea for the metal.

A sudden breeze gushed by, causing a shutter to escape Izuku. He

started realising he should probably finish up his little walk and get going home. After all, it was still a 20 minute walk back to his apartment.

He looked at a sad looking pile of garbage, quite small compared to the monstrosities next to it. It was only a few inches tall, and contained what looked to be clothes in surprisingly good condition. Izuku stalked over, grabbing the clothes albeit carefully, and examining them. Most of the clothes would be of no use to Izuku, except for a singular pair of black gloves.

They were simple cotton, although unusually thick for cotton. They were a bit longer than normal gloves, but not super long.

Izuku knew he should wash them before touching them, but still decided to examine them further. They looked almost brand new, except for a few very small patches of dirt on them.

Stuffing them in his pockets, along with the metal he began his way home. Thinking carefully about a plan for the two collectables, he wondered if there was a way to combine the two to create a support item of sorts. It wouldn't really be mechanical or anything but it would hypothetically serve its purpose.

Izuku was about halfway home when he thought of an idea.

Thee idea.

This would take a little bit of bending the metal, but what if he found a way to make some sorts of metal gloves? Put the metal over the top of his hands and over the tops of his fingers.

Izuku started analysing how effective this would be in a real fight.

The pros and cons of support items can be tricky at times. Sometimes support gear could malfunction dangerously so, and can prove ineffective randomly. Well, that's if it's a mechanical support item, if you will. This would be more of a stationary piece, rather than the technological items.

Izuku started thinking about how he would be able to get the metal to stay on the gloves. The metal was already bendable at the hinge and had the width of about a finger. (Made for it, actually). He pondered about how well it would stay if he just put it on his fingers. While it might be good for short term until he can figure something out, it would not be the best idea to keep it like that in the long run.

He might be able to sew it into the fabric, but he isn't much of a seamstress. A type of glue could perchancely work. Maybe a type of fabric glue? Unless he glued it and then tried to sew it into the fabric. That could work.

Izuku's train of thought came to an abrupt end as he realized he was already at his apartment building. It was an old rundown place, but cheap and reliable nonetheless. He made his way into his apartment, glad to be home. He was a little hungry now, so he decided a snack couldn't hurt.

Okay but seriously what do you have as a midnight snack? Izuku didn't know. He wanted something small, but sustainable and healthy. He looked around in his very few pantries until he found something that would work.

An apple.

It had a few bruises in it, but it was delicious nonetheless. This apple, paired with peanut butter, would be a simply divine late night snack. And it would also fulfill him for the night. He grabbed the snack tray and made his way back into his room, hoping to find an email in his inbox.

Much to his satisfaction there was. He read the email from whom sent it, and was bewildered to find a certain Principal Nedzus email behind it. His mouth taped open, he made his way back to the tab, thinking he missed something or other. I mean, he couldn't have just taken a test from thee Principal Nedzu. He looked through the page, realizing this is very much something the rat-rodent thing would do.

He sighed, knowing he probably just failed with a score lower than his age.

He opened the email with a shaking hand, expecting to find something saying he failed badly, about how he could even be this age and this dumb. His thoughts were shaken to a stop when he read the headline of the email.

Congratulations Midoriya!

You passed the entrance exam with an astounding 98%! Only done by one other student! Welcome to your free online school!

He was in total awe and shock at the information. He just couldn't believe it. 98%!? A ninety-eight percent!? What!??

The highest he'd ever gotten on a test was a 90%! That was even back in early grade school when his teachers had some empathy for him! (It was fake, he deserved much higher)

Looking further down the email, Izuku realized there was more to it than that. It mentioned how he'd have to choose some electives, or about 3 classes that aren't his main studies. There was a list, but nothing indicating where to choose them.

He scrolled through the list a few times, unsure of what to choose.

He knew he wanted to do quirk science/ analysis. He didn't really know what others he wanted to do though.

He mulled over the list a few times until another one caught his eye.

Hacking and coding

That would be useful in the future for sure!

Another one caught his eye that he would have chosen immediately if he had seen it earlier.

Analysis

That was it. He clicked on it, hoping it would provide further information on what exactly they would be analysing.

The description basically said the analysis is custom to the user, it could be anything from plants to heroes, to personalities even. Izuku noted how it mentioned you can analyse different things throughout the semester and furthermore.

Oh he was definitely in. He mentally made a note of the ones he wanted, and went back to the web browser, hoping it would have answers to his endeavor. He went back and now it said he had to sign in. He entered his email and a password of his choice, and logged in easily. The first thing to show up was the different choices for electives.

Izuku quickly but surely punched in his 3 choices. There was a quick pop up that Izuku skinned through, but decided it might benefit him to fully read through.

Hello Midoriya! You can start schoolwork as early as tomorrow! There are different articles and worksheets for you to do, with specific turn-

in dates. You can choose to go ahead as you wish, as the turn-in date does not change. Have fun, learn lots! - Your teacher, Nedzu

Okay Izuku was internally freaking out. He was being taught by THE Nedzu. The principal of the most prestigious hero school in Japan! Ohh he was going to freak out.
He just couldn't believe it!

Wait.

Wait.

Ugh. He still had all that paperwork to do regarding Aldera. He hoped he would be able to get done with it fairly easily, considering the school probably wanted him gone.

He got started on that, making the necessary phone calls and all. His mind buzzing with excitement for what his future was going to look like. He could work more! Maybe even get started on his Vigilante plan and training! Oh this was going to be so much fun!

Izuk- no Mikumo, he was Mikumo right now, finished the last phone call and last sheet of paper necessary to un-enroll him from Aldera. He just needed to drop it off tomorrow and he was good to go.

Oh he couldn't wait! This was going to be simply wonderful!

Chapter End Notes

> Yall don't know how tempted I am tired post all of the chapter I have right now. But anyways shorter chapter so how do well feel? Any criticism is welcome! Anyways I'm gonna post every other day but also on sat and sun

Chapter 4: Introduction

Chapter Summary

We are introduced to some characters

Chapter Notes

I had no idea how to Iintroduce these characters so have some angst

See the end of the chapter for more notes

What the fuck.

Okay, first that nerd didn't show up. He's always at school! Hell he'd still go to school half dead! Of course Katsuki wasn't going to ask about the dumb nerd.

Ever since auntie died he's just been laid back, reserved. Of course Katsuki went easy on him ever since then, but about a few months ago Katsuki just stopped. He started realizing how fucking dumb it is. He didn't need to waste his time on a stupid Deku.

He was going to be the number one. And it was decided that Deku just wasn't worth it. (He also felt kinda bad, but no one had to know that.)

Katsuki wasn't about to speak up asking where Deku is, that would be useless.

Luckily some random extra took the opportunity.

“Um hey Mr. Kaibon, where's Deku?” The extra asked, clearly innocent and oblivious to the bullying he endured.

“Thank you for bringing that up! I forgot to inform you all that Midoriya has been homeschooled!” That fuckass teacher said it with such joy it was clear they didn't care about him.

Katsuki blood went ice cold. Deku couldn't have gone homeschooled, had he.? Deku never talked about his home life and what it was like after the accident. Is this the work of that fuckass teenager who apparently adopted him?

Katsuki wasn't stupid, he knew that Deku probably wasn't comfortable

with that extra, especially with the relatively close age and all.

Katsuki hadn't even had the chance to talk to him before he left! He just left, damn nerd. No wonder he was acting so weird yesterday. Especially when he grabbed everything from his locker, even his lock. He darted out of there before anyone could even get word in. Probably did that on purpose, damn nerd.

I mean, could Katsuki even blame him? Really it was ridiculous if you started to think about it. Almost his entire class helped in bullying him one way or another. That extra with the flower quirk provided the stupid spider lilies.

It was stupid how badly his class treated Deku, all because of his quirk. Even Katsuki knew that, at least to an extent, but still decided to be an asshole to him.

The school day was over in no time.

Without Deku there, it just felt.. empty. Katsuki didn't know how to explain it, but it felt like there was a hole in the school. Katsuki grabbed his bag and then slung it over his shoulders, ready to get out of this hellhole.

Katsuki ran out the door, not paying attention to his surroundings.

“Woah dude I’m so sorry! I should've been paying attention to my surroundings better!”
Stated a very apologetic sounding Kirishima.

Katsuki took one look at the extra and decided on a very fitting nickname. Or according to Katsuki at least.

“Watch it you shitty haired extra!”

“Woah dude that was uncalled for. like seriously. That was unmanly.”
Kirishima hoped he would get through to the arrogant blonde.

“Whatever, just get out of my way!”

Kirishima took one last breath and hoped this would get through to the boy.

“Dude, that's so unheroic!”

What.? Is that really how people saw him..?

Kirishima knew he hit a nerve, because the look of surprise, shock, astonishment, was evident on the blonde boy's face.

“What did you just say to me.?” Katsuki managed while grating his teeth, slowly turning to look at the black haired boy, with as menacing a look as he could muster.

Is that really what people thought of him? Did they really see him as unheroic.? That couldn’t be it, right? Katsuki was going to be the number one hero, after all.

Apparently the black haired boy didn't get the message according to his next choice of words.

“Um dude, are you okay? I didn't mean to be rude saying that but now you're like, really pale.” Kirishima said with worry in his tone.

“I'm. Fine.” Bakugo replied, a scowl on his face. He looked not really with it, or like his mind was wandering elsewhere.

Katsuki started to walk away, still thinking about what that dumb extra said.
‘Unheroic.’

“Hey dude, do you want me to walk with you or something? You seem really out of it.” Kirishima replied, half jogging to catch up with the blonde.

Katsuki was about to yell back, to yell at him to go away, but would that be seen as unheroic too? Does everything he does seem unheroic to everybody?

He begrudgingly walked with the boy, realizing neither knew each other's names. He wasn't about to delve into that though, that would be ridiculous.

“Hey dude what's your name!? You seem like you want to be a hero too! Are you planning on going to UA or some other hero school?-”

“Shitty hair, you can take it one question at a time, thanks.” A sneer on Katsuki fave as he responded.

Kirishima replied back a little more enthusiastically. “Fine, fine! But seriously what is your name? Mines Eijirou Kirishima!”

“Katsuki Bakugo. Now leave me alone. We're on my road.”

“Wait!” Kirishima yelled while trying to keep up with the fast walker. He grabbed a piece of paper and a pen from his backpack pocket. Kirishima hastily wrote down something before handing it to Bakugo.

“Here! Take this. This is my phone number if you ever wanna talk sometime!”

“Yeah whatever.” Bakugo shoved the paper in his pockets not really caring all too much about it.

“Now leave me alone, shitty hair. I don't need my old hag questioning me and shit.”
Bakugo said that before turning heel and leaving Kirishima alone with his kennel thoughts.

Kirishima thought that went pretty well for the ashen blonde's personality. Though he did hope he would text him, Kirishima knew that probability was low.

But a man could hope.

_____

Katsuki was walking into his home. All he could think about was the one word that Kirishima extra said.

‘Unheroic’

Is that really what he was? How could he even be heroic? What did being heroic even mean?

Katsuki was second guessing himself on everything he ever knew about heroes and heroicness.

While Katsuki walked in through the door, an unsuspecting Mitsuki was walking through the house.

“Oh brat you're finally home. Be a dear and do the dishes would you?” Mitsuki asked with the look of ‘if you don't I'll have to personally murder you’. “Oh and stop hanging your head and walking with a storm cloud over you.”

Katsuki sighed, but grunted his response.

He set his bag down and walked over to the sink, deciding to just get

it done and over with.

Katsuki finished up with the dishes and headed upstairs to his room. He quickly showered and changed into some sweats and a T-shirt. He sat down at his desk, mind still wondering about what Kirishima had said.

Pondering for a bit, he finally decided on what to search up.

‘What does it mean to be heroic’

He knew it was dumb, he really did. He should already know this! After all, he was going to be the number one!

There were some forums and articles, but nothing that caught his attention.

That was until he found an interview of the #4 pro hero Edgeshot. He would never admit it, but he thought Edgeshot was cooler than All Might.

He clicked on it, not expecting to find what he was looking for. The interviewer asked Edgeshot a few unimportant questions about his work, none that Katsuki needed to know about.

He was about to click off of it, when the interviewer asked the golden question.

“What does it mean to you to be heroic?”

“Personally to me it means doing the right thing, even when no one is watching. Being brave enough to do the right thing and stand up for others, even when people might think lower of you. That is my personal opinion on this question”

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..
…

Does that mean Katsuki hasn't been doing the right thing? That he's a bully? Who is he kidding? He has been a bully! He bullied Deku so much to the point that he went homeschooled! Even after Auntie died he kept up his antics!

He needed to know. He didn't care how childish it sounded.

How can you become a better person and be heroic

There wasn't anything interesting or anything that necessarily caught Katsuki's eye.

He sighed and closed his computer, opting to instead grab his phone.

That was the moment he remembered the slip he had received from that extra. Katsuki recalled a different school uniform, so he must go to a different school. Grabbing his school uniform Katsuki dug in the pocket he remembered putting the slip in and grabbed it.

He typed the number into his phone and saved it. Just for emergencies, he told himself. (Shitty extra wasn't half bad, but no one had to know that)

He sighed before deciding to get up and figure out something to do. It's not like he could sit around doing nothing.

While thinking about what he should do he changed into some joggers and threw a different T-shirt on. Katsuki chucked his phone into his pocket.

He decided to go on a walk, after all they were supposed to be calming.

He thought about that interview, and how he could be better. A good start would probably be not beating people up. He didn't really know where exactly he was going, just that he was going somewhere. He did mentally note where he was and how to get back though.

Katsuki's train of thought was stopped as he realized he was behind a different school. He didn't know what this one was for (elementary, middle, etc). Katsuki kept walking until he heard what sounded like muffled yelling coming from behind the school. Well he was trying to be better, wasn't he? This would be a good start, he assumed.

He walked back to find a group of guys walking away from a guy. He was laying there in the ground, breathing heavily , though it seemed like something was obstructing his airway.

This was not a good sign. Katsuki had done this enough where he knew a majority of went down. He walked to the back of the school, and was shocked at what he found.

A guy was laying there, mostly unconscious, with a fucking muzzle.

A muzzle for fucks sake!

He really hoped Kirishima lived nearby for this kids sake.

He grabbed his phone and called the oblivious teen.

“Umm hello. Who is this?”
Kirishima sounded a little uncertain.

“Shitty hair. I need you to come to uh shit - what is it?” Bakugo could be heard slightly muttering to himself as he looked around.

“I need you to come to Riverside Middle. Go to the back of the school and bring lots of gauze and-shit just bring first aid! Tell me how far away are you?” Bakugo sounded about as frantic as his facial expressions. This was about the most frantic he had ever been.

I mean who wouldn't be, considering there was a kid excessively bleeding, muzzled, and mostly unconscious.

“Shit okay yeah I'm on my way. I'm about 6 minutes out. How bad is the situation?” There could be ruffling heard on Bakugo's end as Kirishima got up and rushed to grab a first aid kit.

Bakugo was just then coming to the kid and was able to check.

“Shit it's not good. He looks pale, and he has a weak pulse. I can't carry him alone and the damn hospital is too far away. The shitty muzzle looks tight, I'll do what I can.”
Bakugo was starting to worry as it dawned on him, if he didn't save him this kid might have died here.

“Wait, muzzle!? Shit I'm on my way.” Kirishima could then be heard sprinting out of his house.

“Okay good, I'll do whatever the fuck I can here but I can't do much without anything. I'll wait for you to get here to get the muzzle off. Fuck he's losing blood kinda fast. When you get here be prepared to help me carry him to the hospital or some shit.”

God dammit. He was starting to word-vomit like Deku. Whatever, that is not the main focus right now.

“Alright, I'm gonna hang up so I can sprint faster, try to apply pressure to stop the bleeding or something. I'll be there soon.”

Then Kirishima hung up, and Bakugo was left to fend for this kid until Kirishima got there.

That was until…

Chapter End Notes

Sooo I had to leave a cliff hanger

Also how do we like it please give me any criticism you guys have 

Edit: the ao3 curse has struck. This won't change when I write and upload though

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

We meet some unexpected acquaintances.

Chapter Notes

I also had no other idea how to write these characters into this story, so here's some slight angst and unexpected friendships

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shit. Shitty hair you better hurry up!" Katsuki yelled to no one but himself. Unless you count the half unconscious kid in front of him.

He was applying pressure as best he could to some of the scrapes and cuts across his head.

He was getting paler and paler as the time went on.

All Bakugo could really do was wait.

"Umm why are you just sitting there and not like I don't know, doing something to help him?" Another blonde asked, hurrying to try and get there in a timely manner.

Bakugo hoped it was Kirishima, but didn't recognize the voice at all. It sounded too mocking.

"I'm waiting for my shitty friend to get here so we can help this extra. And if you can't see, I don't really know first aid very well, so there's not really much I can do right now, shitty extra." Bakugo responded snarkily.

"Why don't you try taking the muzzle off or something?" The other blonde tried to sound sincere, but knew he wasn't coming off as such.

Bakugo looked at the blonde with an angry look of surprise. "Are you stupid dumbass? If we manage to get the muzzle off without hurting him more, he's going to bleed like shit. Even I can tell that." Bakugo was about to finish his little spiel, when we realized something.

"Wait. Why aren't you surprised by this extra having a goddamn muzzle on?" Katsuki replied, snapping at the extra.

He noted how his face suddenly dropped from a type of condescending, to a sadder, guiltier look.

“Well? Go on.” Bakugo snapped.

“Well um. He kinda goes to my school. I knew he was getting bullied and didn't do anything about it. I didn't know it was this bad though.” The blue eyed blonde sheepishly replied, rubbing the back of his head and sparing a glance at the mostly unconscious boy. He expected to be yelled at, screamed at even for not doing anything. Only the ashen blonde (Bakugo) just gave him a sympathetic look.

“You and I both, I guess. Except I was the one bullying someone. A damn idiot I was.” Bakugo didn't really know why he started opening up to this extra.

The blue eyed blonde was expecting anything but sympathy. He looked at this guy and he screamed potential. Why was his attitude so bad though?

“Everyone who goes to our school thought this guy right here, Shinsou was a villain, is a villain. The one time I tried standing up for him they called me a villain too, all because of our quirks.” He huffed out a laugh, knowing there was nothing funny about it. “ I'm too much of a coward to do anything about it, even if I do want to be a hero.” His usual condescension was back, but rougher this time. (It's his way of coping)

“Shit me too. Damn teachers stroked my ego so bad. They turn blind at the sight of any bullying, especially when I was the one doing it. Damn idiots. All because the kid I bullied was quirkless.” Bakugo didn't know why he was opening up so much, maybe because of the emotions of having to wait while this kid's condition got progressively worse.
“The extra has a voice quirk or some shit to do with his voice right?”

“Yeah, how'd you know?” asked the other blonde, surprised by his attentiveness.

“Oh I don't know, maybe the fucking muzzle on his face!?” Bakugo snarled back.

“Oh yeah that makes sense that you'd figure it out.” He replied.

“The name's Bakugo Katsuki.”

The other blonde smiled at his new-found acquaintance.

“Monoma. Neito Monoma.”

Monoma looked to the side and saw a kind of ridiculous black haired boy running towards them. He had an odd looking backpack on.

“SHITTY HAIR GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE!” Bakugo screeched, causing the other boy to clamp his hands over his head.

“Do you have to be so loud!? I guess you live up to the ‘loud blonde’ stereotype!” Monoma replied with a snark.

“HUH. WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY T-” Bakugo was suddenly cut off as Kirishima ran up to them, clearly out of breath.

“Shit that's bad!” Kirishima scrambled as he got out some gauze to try and clean up the mess of blood.

“Yes we know! We've been trying to do things to help but I don't have any shitty medical stuff with me!” Snarled a half-angry half-what-can-I-do-to-help Bakugo.

“No, like this is bad bad. If we don't get him to a hospital he might die of blood loss!” Kirishima screamed, trying and succeeding at slowing down the bleeding a little.

“Umm shit can we carry him there? No it's too far he might not make it-” Bakugo was cut off of his almost Deku-like rambling by an actually sincere Monoma.

“Okay guys I live like a block away. I can convince my older sister to drive us.”

“Okay go extra! We can't be wasting time here!” Bakugo yelled, now helping Kirishima stop the bleeding as best he could.

“Yup I'm on my way!” Monoma yelled before darting off a block to grab his sister.

Bakugo watched as the shitty extra ran inside his house (thank gosh it was so close) and ran outside 30 seconds later with a startled and annoying looking girl. She looked to be about 17, give or take.

The two got into the car and drove in front of the group.

Bakugo helped Kirishima grab and carry him into the back seat, where

the three of them got in quickly and shut the doors while buckling in.

“Monoma, you owe me for thi- never mind. You don't owe me.” Suirei cut herself off after seeing the state the other boy was in.

“Nah I'll still do something to make up for it but thanks sis.” Monoma replied, surprising his elder sister by the sincerity.

“Dont mention it. Anyway, we are about 7 or so minutes away from the nearest hospital.
So hang on and please try and keep the blood off of my car seats please and thank you.” Suirei stated to everyone in the car.

“Okay that muzzle is really starting to dig into his mouth and surrounding parts. Is there any way we can at least loosen it?” Kirishima shyly asked, clearly concerned for the boy's sake.

“Let me check around the back. There's a lock I can break this piece of shit and loosen it a little. Could that work?” Bakugo asked.

“Yeah that could work. try it. Besides, we aren't too far away from the hospital.

Suirei cut in. “Do what you must, just don't get the blood on my car. Please. It's a catastrophe to clean.” She said with a sad sigh.

“Alright go for it Bakubro!” Kirishima replied upbeatenly.

Katsuki wiped the excess sweat off of his hand, just to make sure it was a very, very small explosion.

He put his hand up against the lock, and with the most control he could muster he cracked the lock right off.

“Woah! That was so cool and manly bro! That must've taken a lot of control!” Kirishima chirped out, causing Katsuki to look away in slight embarrassment.

Bakugo loosened the muzzle on his face, grimacing when he saw some of the blood start to pour out.

He was also a little relieved when he saw the purple haired boy start to breathe better.

They finally arrived at the hospital. By now the kid was completely unconscious. Bakugo and Kirishima were able to carry him inside, with a little help here and there from Monoma. As soon as they opened the door, the receptionist's face landed on Shinsou. The poor kid. Her face was a mix of utter shock, sadness, and oh-my-gosh. She didn't wait to page a doctor, who took one look at the boy and ushered them inside a room. Normally she wouldn't let anyone else inside, but considering the boy couldn't move by himself, she relented.

As soon as Bakugo and Kirishima set him down on the bed, they were pushed outside and into the waiting room. He decided this would be a good time to text his old hag, though she might not have cared.

Found a hurt kid behind a school. Got some extras to help me get him to a hospital. Don't expect me for a while.

Bakugo thought that was good, as it explained the situation without using too many filler words.

Kirishima decided then that it would be best to try and start a conversation with his acquaintance-friend(?).

“Thanks for calling me Bakubro. I'm glad you trusted me.” Kirishima shoulder bumped Bakugo.

Bakugo turned his head away, clearly not used to the actual positive attention.
“Yeah whatever. None of the extras from my school would've done anything. Probably would've laughed at my audacity.”

Kirishima stumbled on Bakugo's words. “Bakubro, if the old people from your school would've laughed at a situation like this, you shouldn't be hanging around them. Like, at all.”

Bakugo was taken aback by Kirishima's words. Because why? It was a normal reaction wasn't it? Probably not, but it was normal for the people of Aldera to react like that.

“What the fuck do you mean? They all would've reacted like that shitty hair. It's pretty normal for the extras in my school to react like that.”

“Bakugo, that's not normal or good. If you surround yourself with people like that then that's how you'll act. And let me tell you if they would've reacted like that? That's not manly, or heroic.” Kirishima responded without sugar coating things.

It seemed like this was something Bakugo needed to hear, because he looked like he was starting to contemplate something.

Is that why he acted so shitty? Is that why he was unheroic? Now that he thought about it everyone thought bullying the weak was normal. No wonder his ego ended up so stroked.

“Kirishima?” Bakugo titled his head up a little bit but kept his eyes in the ground. “Thanks for uh, not making my ego any bigger than it has to be.”

Kirishima was surprised by the fact Bakugo responded using his name and not ‘extra’ or ‘shitty hair’.

“Aww you do care man! I knew you did!” Kirishima moved to hug Bakugo's side.

“Dont go getting all sappy on me! I call bullshit!” Bakugo yelled, neither of the two questioned it if Bakugo leaned in the slightest bit to the half- hug.

Is this what it felt like to have actual friends? If it was, maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

Monoma turned to look at them after getting up. “Um guys are we going to check on Shinsou or not? Or are you guys going to keep hugging like that?” Monoma asked, his usual condescension back. Except for what sounded like an edge to his voice, like he was worried.

“Sorry man!” Kirishima got up and off of Bakugo quickly, Katsuki doing the same.

The three walked towards the designated hospital room.

“Um also dude what's your name? I never did get it.” Kirishima asked an unassuming Monoma. “Neito Monoma. And you?”

“I'm Eijirou Kirishima!”

After he said that they arrived at the room. Apparently according to the nurse, Shinsou got a few blood transfusions and is on oxygen, but he is awake now.
Monoma looked slightly anxious walking into the room.

Shinsou looked at the three of them with beautiful violet eyes. And surprising to everyone was the one to start the conversation.

“Why? Why'd you save me?” Shinsou asked in an extremely hoarse and quiet voice.

“We weren't about to just let you die you shi- extra.”

Shinsou looked like he was contemplating his voice of words, about to speak up when Bakugo did it for him.

“And yes I know about your ‘villainous quirk’ and let me just say no quirk is villainous.”

As shocked as Shinsou was, he couldn't help his mouth from gaping open.

Bakugo looked away as he started talking again.

“Look. I used to know a guy who loved learning about quirks and shit. He would've had a fucking field day learning about yours, so don't discredit yourself, dipshit.”

Shinsou was also surprised to see his classmate next to him. He looked.. Guilty? Somehow?

“Look Shinsou, I'm um, sorry I didn't stand up for you sooner. I will uh try to be better too.” Monoma replied, his usual cunning and rage baiting self a fragment of what he was right then.

“Thank you.” Shinsou managed to rasp out. His voice gone from not using it for so long.

The black haired boy was the one to talk next. “Yeah! If I see anyone trying to hurt you I'll smack em!” Kirishima responded while hardening his hands and smacking his fists together. A grin evident in his face.

Was this what having people who cared about you felt like? Shinsou could get used to this, but he knew they'd just walk out like everyone else.

He really, really hoped otherwise though. It was nice having people who kind of cared.

Chapter End Notes

Idk how to feel about this so yea. Please give me criticism if you have any 🧠

Chapter 6: Training plan

Chapter Summary

Izuku starts making his plans for training

Chapter Notes

I'm looking back at some of my older chapters and some of them are just written weird tbh

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Today was the first day of online school, and Izuku was loving it. It was honestly so educational. He felt like he was actually learning something! And his grades were so much better than at Aldera!

He breezed through his core subjects, and was really excited for his electives.

About 10 minutes later Izuku was finishing up with his hacking/ coding assignment.

It was then when a grand idea came to him.
If he was going to be a vigilante, he might get into a situation where he couldn't fight the villains alone. He might need backup or something. Maybe the other pros would need backup! Though Izuku hoped he wouldn't get in the way.

Izuku thought about the comms heroes have, and wondered if he could manage to make something like it. He could maybe buy an extra phone and connect to the comms so he could hack into them, and maybe have full access.

Izuku knew this was a long shot, but thought about the fact he might learn how to hack better later on in the elective.

Izuku dramatically sighed, and decided to finish his school work for now.

He finished all of his schoolwork for the day, and was debating whether or not to get ahead in his classes.

That was until an idea popped in his head.

He really didn't have a clue what he was going to do for training, did he?

Izuku wasn't a super active person. Considering that yes, he does get in an exceptional amount of activity when he's working, but it wasn't physically rigorous. You know?

While searching up different training recommendations, Izuku started wondering what he wants to be good at. There's heroes like All Might that rely on brute strength to get the job done, whereas other heroes rely more on tactical planning. Like principal Nedzu.

There's other heroes that rely more on agility, stamina, and speed, like Ingenium. So now begs the question, what does Izuku want to master?

Izuku grabbed his notebook and flipped to the next open page.

Izuku didn't really know what he wanted to title the page, so he just went with the obvious answer.

Training

I want to excel in agility and speed, but have enough strength to defeat villains easily.
I want to use tactical planning and analysis before just jumping in, so I can make the best decisions possible while fighting.

Alright. That's a good start for what he wants. Now begs the question, how is he going to train to achieve that? Izuku knew he was already pretty good at analysis, he just needed to be able to think before acting.

While thinking about how to train, he realized there was one big question that even he didn't know the answer to.

Where was he going to train?

There weren't many gyms around, and he'd have to walk quite a ways to get there. Gyms also cost quite a bit more than what Izuku was willing to spend. He couldn't even work on agility or speed there.

Izuku knew he should probably figure out the where before the how/what.

Izuku leaned back into his chair, contemplating his life's decisions. If

he could figure out the where his life would go so much smoother right now. Izuku thought he needed a much-deserved break. He decided to take a walk to Dagobah. Getting up and changing into some black cargo pants and a simple black graphic tee, Izuku thought about Dagobah beach, and how much of a shame it was with all the garbage.

Izuku decided to go through the more scenic path, a simple running and walking trail running through a beautiful forest.

Wait.

Wait.

A running trail. On the way to a beach filled with garbage he could move.

Izuku thinks he might have just found the answer to his dilemma.

Izuku sat down and started going into overdrive about how this would work out. He grabbed his notebook and started furiously writing things down.

If I want to train for speed, agility and stamina I could run the path to Dagobah.

For strength I could just move the objects at Dagobah. Then I would be doing the community a favor while training! I can run back to my apartment if I feel like it.

The trail used to be commonly used back when I was young and Dagobah wasn't a garbage pile but now I'm sure nobody really uses it anymore.

The trail isn't super windy and doesn't have a lot of sharp turns but I can figure something out for that. I can always clear off certain parts of the beach and use those, but I don't know how good it would be to train in sand.

I can make it work, though it wouldn't be preferable.

Izuku thought he would be good on notes for now. He decided to walk the trail, and take notes about it for the time being.

The trail started at a nearby park, and ended on the west most part of

Dagobah beach. The park was about 5 minutes from Izuku's apartment complex. The trail was about 25 minutes if you walked.

Grabbing his notebook, Izuku threw his phone in his pocket. He turned off all the lights, and walked out the door. He locked the door and started walking to the park.

Running from his apartment complex to the park wouldn't be preferable, so he decided on just walking to the park for training.

Walking to the park would be preferable, considering there aren't too many sidewalks, and it's a busy road at times.

Okay, that was a good start. When he finished taking notes and was on his way home he would condense it. When he arrived at the park he noted how the trail started on the East most part of the park. Luckily for Izuku's case, there weren't many benches or anything cluttering the opening.

Though Izuku might have to pass through some benches and different equipment to get there.

I might have to walk through some people and equipment to get to the opening, but it shouldn't be too hard.

Izuku started on his way down the trail, noting whatever he thought would be useful down.

Pavement, but has some cracks in places.
Narrow at some points, but manageable if no one else is running on the trail.
Some vegetation growing in unpreferable spots, but I can always trim them.
Luckily the pavement is pretty even with the ground, so if I have to get off trail for whatever reason there isn't a drop off of sorts.

By this point Izuku was around halfway through the trail. He had a lot more notes describing a fair amount of miniscule things, but these are the most important of them.

There were some animals in the forest, but nothing of concern.

That was when Izuku found what would be a perfect place for agility training.

I just found a spot in the trail that would be perfect for agility

training. It's a spot about ⅔ of the way into the trail, and it's probably the windiest part of the trail. The best I can describe it is it's like an S in the trail. Sprinting this everyday would be good for agility and stamina.

Izuku walked it, finding few things wrong with it.

If I accidentally go outside of the pavement there's lots of pine needles and leaves that I could slip on. Although the trail does grow wider here, so it shouldn't be too much of a worry.

He continued on his merry-go-lucky, smiling ear to ear he was finally able to create a training schedule.

Izuku continued on with the trail, not finding much to take notes upon.

Some spots have more cracks than others, so best be careful.
Some parts can get narrow, be wary of other runners. (If anyone else even runs this trail anymore)
Some tree branches could be trimmed so I don't run into them while running.

And that basically concludes what Izuku took notes on for the trail.

He made his way onto Dagobah, happy to see that there was still a small opening in the garbage by the trail.

Izuku looked at the garbage on Dagobah, mouth gaping open at the garbage from this view.

He knew there was a lot of garbage, but from this view it looked astronomical.

Sighing, he grabbed his notebook, flipped to a new page, and began writing.

There's so much garbage I don't even know where to start.
I could make piles depending on the type.
I could make a separate pile for garbage, recycling, and anything I could personally use. Although that would mean the garbage would still be here, just condensed in more areas.
How would I be able to completely move it out of the beach?
Wait, maybe I do want the garbage to stay, then people will continue

to stay away.

Izuku was quite contempt with his notes, and decided on what he was going to do for strength training, as he called it.

Moving them into different piles will work for now. If I can think of a different idea I'll write it down.
Okay now that that's figured out, how long am I even going to do this? An hour doesn't feel like enough time, whereas 2 hours feels like too long. Maybe an hour and a half? That could work.

Izuku realized he would probably need to incorporate some breaks in there, because he was not in the slightest bit fit.

He speculated how long he would need for breaks, and how long of activity in between breaks. He decided to write down some ideas, figuring it would be easier to choose once he wrote some ideas down.

5 minutes might work, but it might be too long. It's a good number to work with though. 3 or 4 minutes would probably be better.
But how long should I work in between breaks? 30 minutes might be too long for my weak body. I can always increase the time the more I train.
20 minutes would probably be good to start out with.

Izuku closed his notebook, and walked around a little bit. He was trying to choose a spot for the piles, knowing they would probably be pretty big.

I definitely don't want them towards the water. That's a big no. I don't want them crowding the two staircases either.
There's some space between the staircases but not enough for more than one pile.

Izuku walked through the beach, going to the other staircase to check it out. There was a lot of room on the other side of the staircase actually. It should be enough for maybe two piles.

I could put my personal pile and maybe the garbage pile here, considering that recycling is heavier than garbage. Though I would have to move all of the stuff out of the way, it would be a good spot.

After Izuku finished scouting out the beach, he headed home. He did decide to go the shorter way home, considering he had work in less

than an hour.

After he got home, Izuku was going to change, but decided against it, after all he was going to change for work in less than a half hour.

He opened his notebook, and started making his ‘official training schedule’ as he called it.

Official training schedule

Walk to the park
Run/jog through ⅔ of the trail
Sprint through S part of trail
Run/jog the rest of the way
Take a 3 minute rest
Start strength training for 20 minutes
Take 3 minute break / rest
Strength training 20 minutes then rest for 3 minutes, and repeat until an hour and a half has passed
Either run back through trail then stretch, or stretch then walk back depending on how sore I am
Walk back to my apartment.

Should take approximately 2 hours and 20 minutes, if everything goes right.

With that, Izuku closed his notebook and changed for work.

Chapter End Notes

If anyone has any criticism pls comment 🧢

Chapter 7: Quad squad action

Chapter Summary

> The quad squad (Eraser, Mic, Cloud, Midnight) learn about the villain attack and are now taking action

Chapter Notes

> I'm too lazy to reread this chapter so yeah. Pretty short though

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa was thoroughly annoyed with All Might. He hadn't had a chance to talk to the hero, after all he wasn't going to go out of his way to talk to him. He kept his stoic face, but his husband saw right through it.

“Alright I've gotta address the elephant in the room. What's going on Sho?” Asked a concerned Present Mic turning to face his husband.

“I'm fine, Mic.” Stated Aizawa, his mind clearly elsewhere.

“No Sho, you're clearly not. I'm not going to push you to tell me, but you know you can talk to me.” Observed Mic, who put on his tone and face that typically got Aizawa to open up.

“You know me too well, Zashi.” Aizawa sighed. “There was this case that coffee child brought to my attention. The hero didn't report it, so I have no facts to go on, and no facts to tell if what he said was true or not.”

Mic pondered for a second.

“Thats tough. Have you talked to the hero yet? Also may I ask who it is? I might be able to help you know!” Mic stated, his usual enthusiasm shining through.

“Do you just want to know the full story?” Shota answered.

“Sure! That can help me know more about this whole situation!” Hizashi added.

“Very well. This is what coffee child said, so please don't take this for granted. Apparently he was watching this kid get attacked by a villain,

and was about to call the police when All Might showed up, saved the kid, and stood around while said kid was unconscious. All Might saw he was alright and went to fly away like normal when the kid grabbed onto him while he flew away. I mean what did he expect when a kid just woke up, and saw the number one hero in front of them." Aizawa sighed, knowing he was getting more pressed about this than he should be.

"You have got to be kidding me." Mic droned, his enthusiasm gone. "He just left a kid there when he probably needed medical attention!"

"Thats not all. According to Mikumo they flew to a nearby taller building's roof, and had a conversation until All Might left."

"Wait! He left a kid on a roof? By himself? That's so not cool!" Hizashi was starting to lose his cool, and Aizawa understood him. After working with kids for so long, you start to care more for them.

Hizashi's face changed dangerously, meaning he probably had a sort of plan to deal with the number one hero.

"Zashi what is it?" Aizawa asked in his usual stoic and dead panned expression.

"You know the meeting we have tonight? With Nedzu and some of the other 1st year teachers?"

"Yeah?- Zashi, are you saying what I think you're saying?" Aizawa sighed and looked like he was done with his husband's actions. Quite the contrary to how he was actually feeling about his husband's idea.

"We can get Nem and Kumo in on this! You know they'll help us, especially if we explain the situation!"

"Fine, but I'm not going to be the one to explain it to them. I'm forcing you to."

"Shoooo! Fine, I probably would've done it anyway thank you very much." Hizashi huffed, amused with his husband's antics.

"I'm sure you could still catch them before they get too caught up in grading. Better hurry." Aizawa replied with one of his rare grins and a small laugh.

Hizashi melted at the sight before remembering he better actually hurry to catch them.

“BE RIGHT BACK SHO!” Hizashi screeched successfully without activating his quirk. Hizashi peeked his head back in, looking at Aizawa.

“Wait, do I bring them back here or do I just explain in there!?”

Aizawa glared at Hizashi.

“What!?? It's a valid question!”

“You know what, I'll just come with you. You're clumsy as shit.”

“SHOOO!”

The two went on their go-lucky way.

They finally arrived at the first classroom of two.

“Shota! Hizashi! How are y'all doing?” Asked a clearly excited Oboro Shirakumo. After the accident, he had limited movement in his left hand, though still enough for hero work and teaching.

“Yo Kumo! We're good!! How are ya doing?” Replied Hizashi, both of them acting like they haven't seen each other in ages. (It was just this morning)

“I'm good!! What brings ya guys here?” Shirakumo mentioned.

Shota was going to say hi to his friend, but Hizashi was clearly all for the talking part of it.

“Well we need your help and Nems help with something!”

“Dude I am all ears! I am willing to help my best friends!”

Shota finally decided to speak up. “Let's go to Nem's office so we don't have to explain everything twice.”

“Good idea Sho!” Hizashi replied, shooting finger guns toward him.

The three made their way to Midnight's office, chatting as they went.

Shirakumo quickly ran ahead, excited to see his wife.

“NEM!!! HOW ARE YOU DOING!???” Shirakumo half - yelled while running into Midnight.

Shirakumo embraced Nemuri in a tight hug, happy to see his wife.

“Kumo!!! I'm good! How are you!??” Nemuri asked into Shirakumo's ear, still audible enough for the other two to hear.

“I'm good! Also-” Shirakumo said while pulling away from Nemuri. “-Shota and Yamada apparently need our help for something. I don't know what though!” The two made their way to Aizawa and Hizashi, forming a circle. Or as much as they could with four people.

“Okay Shota, Yamada, what did you need us for?” Nemuri asked, curious about what it could be.

Hizashi took the initiative to explain the situation to Nemuri and Shirakumo. Their faces getting more and more displeased the longer Hizashi went on.

“So yeah that's what we're dealing with. We don't know if its true or not, and I guess the only way to find out is to ask him ourselves.” Hizashi finished, his anger starting to seep out the more he thought about it.

Aizawa grabbed his husband's wrist, a form of grounding for Yamada.

Nemuri was the one to break the ever - growing silence. “...You're joking right?”

“I wish. Worst case scenario is the information provided was true and the kid needed medical attention. Best case scenario is the information is false.” Shota replied, his face a little tighter than usual.

“What are we going to do about it?” Shirakumo asked.

Now it was Yamada's time to speak up, a sly smile evident in his face. “Well, you know the meeting that's in like 10 minutes? And it's about next year's plans?”

Nemuri and Shirakumo got the hint quick enough.

“Ohh I get it. I like that!” Shirakumo replied.

“Yeah, we're definitely in.” Nemuri was quick to respond.

“Welcome first year teachers of UA!” Nedzu chirped, his mind clearly running at all times about world domination or something of the sorts.

“As you all already know we will be welcoming All Might into our teaching staff next year. This meeting is to figure out what everyone else will be teaching, considering we will have one extra teacher.” The rat's beady eyes glowed with excitement.

Everyone's eyes followed the rodent as he spoke.

“Since All Might does not have prior training in teaching, someone will teach with him. He will be teaching foundational hero studies alongside someone who volunteers.”

Nedzu turned to face Oboro. “If you do not wish to teach alongside All Might, we can figure something else out. If anyone is willing to teach foundational heroics with All Might you would teach that subject if you wish.” The mouse-thing turned to face the rest of the first year teachers.

Oboro spoke up. “ I like teaching Foundational heroics, and don't think I'd be very good at teaching anything else. I'm willing to work with All Might on this.” Oboro replied sheepishly, half-forgetting about the dilemma including him.

“It will be an honor working with you young Oboro!” Replied a booming voice coming from All Might.

Aizawa nudged Hizashi, giving him the push to speak up about the topic.

“No offense All Might, but are you sure letting him teach without a hero license is acceptable?” Hizashi decided that was a good sentence to start talking about the conflict.

“Thank you for bringing this up! I was considering this, and I'm contemplating having All Might go through at least a few teaching courses, considering his inexperience.

“Especially with the case I heard he forgot to report.” Yamada decided this would be a good enough sentence to introduce the topic. Especially when you could see the hint of interest in the rodent's eyes.

“Care to repeat that, Yamada-kun?” Nedzu asked. “Dont leave out any details either.” His cold demeanor started to seep through.

“According to an eyewitness there was recently a villain attack you failed to report. From what I heard a villain attacked a kid and left him unconscious while you just stood there. The kid grabbed on as you flew off, then you proceeded to leave him on the roof of a building no less. I'm just curious, is this true, All Might?” Yamada asked, his face stating his anger at the situation.

Nedzu turned to look at All Might with his signature look, hints of malice in his eyes. Clearly thinking of a punishment of sorts.

The rest of the teachers turned to look at All Might, displeased with the information provided.

“I-” All Might sighed, knowing he probably wasn't going to get out of this one.

“Yes, this is true.” He bowed his head in embarrassment. “ My time limit was almost up, and I didn't have my phone on me. Still this isn't an excuse as to why I didn't make a report. There wasn't anyone around from what I could see, so the public didn't and still doesn't know about it. I'm sorry, I should've reported it.”

Finally Aizawa could stop worrying about whether or not this bit of information was true or not.

“The one you should be apologizing to is that kid. Especially if he did get hurt.” Yamada replied, a bit of relief and anxiety billowing inside him from the truth.

“The kid didn't appear hurt and he was able to talk fine. There weren't any bruises or scrapes on him when I checked. It doesn't mean he wasn't injured, but it's something.”
A deflated All Might said.

Nedzu spoke up now, displeasure in his tone. “You will now have mandatory teaching courses should you wish to teach here the following year. I understand why you want to teach, but this is no exception. You will file a report, and try to find the kid it attacked. Do you have any idea who it might be?”

“I don't but I have some information about the kid. From what I remember he was wearing a school uniform, and looked to be about 11-15. That would put him most likely in middle school. Other than that I don't really remember much.” Said All Might.

“Do you perchancely remember his quirk if he used it?” Asked

Yamada.

“Oh yeah! He did tell me his quirk…” All Might trailed off.

“And?” Yamada was really trying to push for an answer.

“He's quirkless.” Quietly murmured All Might.

Oh.

Aizawa knew how the quirkless population was treated. Poor kid probably thought it was his fault.

“Well now that we are done with the meeting I presume you have a report to write All Might. I'm sure we all have things to get to!” Nedzu chirped, his usual enthusiasm half-back.

“Also Yamada? Do you think you can get that eye witness in for questioning? It might make the process go easier and smoother.” Asked a sheepish All Might.

Hizashi turned to look at Aizawa who nodded slightly.

“Yeah, I think we can do that.” Replied Hizashi.

Chapter End Notes

> Please tell me any criticism you have about this story, my writing, or this chapter! :)

Chapter 8: Training

Chapter Summary

Izukus 1st day of training:)

Chapter Notes

I'm looking back and my writing in this chapter seems odd to me. Idk why

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku woke up to his alarm. He dragged himself out of bed and to the bathroom. Getting ready for the day, Izuku reflected as to how and why he chose to get up this early.

A sharp 6am.

He knew the reason as to why, but really wanted to remain in bed longer. Welp, no point in wishing when he was already out of bed.

Izuku changed into some comfortable joggers and a light graphic T-shirt. He grabbed his small backpack full of things he packed last night. A ton of extra water, his notebook, some more notebooks, some gloves for moving the garbage, a towel, some hygiene, and other miscellaneous things he thought he might need. Oh and don't forget the clippers he brought for the trees.

He threw on a light athletic zip up and put his shoes on before heading out of his apartment.

The walk to the park wasn't bad, other than the fact that the sun wasn't up yet. The sun did start to come up once Izuku arrived at the park though.

Izuku sighed, and started on his jog through the trail. He knew he would probably be dead by the time he finished, considering his lack of physical fitness. There weren't many trees needing trimming, but Izuku took a few short stops to trim some of the branches.

Izuku was almost a quarter of the way done with the trail when he couldn't go any further. He had to stop for a breather.

Regretting his life's decisions he caught his breath and continued

running. Izuku considered it might be easier without his backpack on, though he really needed everything it contained.

Izuku was running with his own thoughts at this point, the only thing keeping him sane is the constant sound of his feet on the ground.

Izuku made his way to the mental note he made the night before of ‘you're halfway done’ and thought he might pass out.

Izuku tripped on air, but caught himself before he fell. Hands on his knees, Izuku slowly caught his breath. Izuku pushed on, forgetting about the S shape, and his plans.

That was until he came across another mental note, (and a physical note in his notebook) and realized his impending doom. Gulping, Izuku started sprinting, no regards for his ankles whatsoever.

He was about halfway through the S shape when he half slipped. He caught himself in time, but it was still kinda scary to Izuku. He finished with the S and continued on his journey and training.

Izuku did have to stop one more time, about
3 /4 of the way through. It was a shorter break than the rest though, which Izuku hoped he would be able to stop soon enough.

He made his way onto the beach, gulping as he did.

This was going to be more work than Izuku initially thought it was.

Izuku sulked over to a bench in the middle of the beach, one of the only ones not cluttered with stuff. He set down his backpack and grabbed his water bottle and guzzled some down. Izuku also grabbed his phone and made a twenty minute timer.

He quickly got to work and decided on some piles to start with, which would make a better walking trail across the beach. The first few weren't very big, and reached about Izuku height. The garbage in those piles was pretty easy to move to his ‘garbage pile’. (So far only a spot on the beach with some open spots). He quickly finished up a few of the smaller piles, stopping to move some of the recycling to the other side of the staircase.

Izuku was so far away he didn't hear his twenty minute alarm ring, or the shadowed figure quietly and stealthily watching him.

Izuku just got done with his fourth pile! Yes they were the smaller

ones but still! Izuku decided he better check on his alarm, just to see how much time was left.

Izuku was dumbfounded when he found that his timer had been ringing for probably upwards of 10 minutes. Turning off his alarm, Izuku started to think about his training. Izuku knew now that 20 minutes was not enough, but he didn't even hear his alarm.

Grabbing his water Izuku chose to basically work for as long as he could until he needed water. That should work right? He set his water down before feeling something. Now he didn't know exactly what this something was, but he knew this was not a good feeling.

It felt like a different version of some sort of eyes on him. He started looking around a little bit, until deciding where it was coming from. He stared there for a little longer, before concluding the feeling was gone.

Shrugging it off, Izuku got back to training like usual.

Aizawa was on his way to work, having to go in for Only-the-rat-lord knows. He did want to finish grading his students' papers, so he decided to go in early. Now Aizawa was actually nice, and left Hizashi the car to take.

Aizawa could always just run across the rooftops to get there. He had a hero license for a reason after all.

That was until he saw this kid, looking no older than 14 walking into a park. Now this wasn't unusual, other than the fact that the sun wasn't even up yet. Having a weird feeling about all this, he decided to follow the kid. Worst comes to worst he'd have to intervene somehow, best case scenario is he'd be able to leave shortly.

He saw what looked like the kid start running through an old abandoned trail leading to Dagobah beach. He stopped a few times, but otherwise looked like he was doing running training of sorts.

Aizawa followed him until he got to Dagobah, making sure to stay in the forest and trees, away from anyone's line of sight.

The kid looked to be… moving the garbage?

That was odd, and Aizawa wondered what his true intentions were. The kid was pretty scrawny, so maybe he was training?

Definitely an odd way to train.

Aizawa was just about to leave, when the kid walked to a bench and grabbed some water.

Okay so probably training of sorts, was the first thing on Aizawa's mind.

He was just about to leave when the kid got a really strange look on his face. The kid started looking around until he looked exactly at Aizawa. Like practically eye contact.

The kid kept his eyes on what Aizawa presumed was himself, until he left.

The moment Aizawa left, the kid's eyes left his back.

Huh, that was strange.

Izuku finished up with his water break, and continued working.

That was until he started on a new pile, this one slightly taller than him.

He started with as much garbage as he could see, separating the 3 sections before carrying them to their respective piles. He was about halfway done with the pile when he stumbled upon a box. Curiosity taking the best of him, Izuku opened it up.

The astonishment across his face said it all. What he found was what looked like a small microphone connected to something that wrapped around your ear.

There was an earbud attached, making it a perfect start for Izuku's personal pile. (Which he moved to the bench with all his stuff)

The microphone was connected to a thick, bendable wire, which was then attached to the thing that goes around your ear.

Jackpot.

Now begs the question, is it broken, or not? Is it still usable?

That was a question for future Izuku, because right now he had some training to do.

He brought the entire box over to his bench, and set it down next to his backpack.

He finished with the pile before starting another, then taking another water break.

He took one final round before another water break, deciding to check the time. He got here around 6:50, so it shouldn't be later than 8:30. He looked to the East, where the sun was actively rising, and knew better than that. The sun is a lot higher than it would be at 8:30, and Izuku knows that. Checking the time, Izuku was shocked to learn that it was 9:20 AM.

Izuku rushed to grab all of his stuff, after all he did still have school and work today. (Though school wouldn't be a problem for Izuku)

He shoved the box in his bag (thankful he brought a backpack) and started on his way back.

Izuku didn't really want to run, but he did need to get home quicker, so running it is. He stopped at about the same places as last time, give or take. He was nearing the end of the trail when he realized he did need to stretch. Izuku really didn't want to stretch in the middle of a public park, so he opted to move off the visible part of the trail.

He did a quick cool down stretch, which helped him a lot more than he was willing to admit. He walked back to his apartment, feeling actually good about himself.

He made his way into his apartment, feeling a slight tightness take over his muscles. (Izuku knows it would be worse if he didn't stretch though)

Izuku changed into some comfortable light sweatpants and a different T-shirt, opting to get his schoolwork done before toying with his new earpiece.

He finished almost all of it, until he got to his hacking/coding assignment. This one came with an article that Izuku gladly read before starting the assignment. This one had Izuku try and hack into a certain website.

This was the first time it had asked of such a thing, but the comments were reassuring at the least.

Principal Nedzu had said in his caption that he created the website specifically for this assignment, so don't worry about all of the other illegal stuff.

Further comments in the assignment said to change one thing in the website, just don't make too big of a change.

Izuku was able to do this pretty easily, until he pressed the wrong button. Though he didn't notice.

It should've let him change a sentence in the description, but instead it took him to a different website.

To Izuku it looked like some sort of official police and hero website. He thought this was just the doing of the rat, as nobody quite knows what's going on in his head.

Izuku continued on with his assignment like normal, until he opened up what looked to be some sort of chatroom or something. There weren't any cameras obviously, but it was still strange that Nedzu would have him do something like this.

That was until one of the microphone looking things lit up, and a voice could be heard through.

The voice of Amplifier could be heard across the stream.

“I'm going to need some backup at 123 Nature Ave. We've got two groups of villains getting hostile while negotiating.”

The next voice was distinctly heard as another hero, Rock Lock.

“On my way. About 4 minutes out.” A crackling sound could be heard as Rock Lock's comms cut out.

Woah.

Izuku just accidentally hacked into the hero comms.

The hero comms.

Some of these heroes were patrolling around where Izuku's apartment was.

Wait, if Izuku can hear them, can they hear Izuku? Izuku looked around at his screen frantically until he found what looked to be his microphone, red with a line dashed across it.

He heaved a sigh of relief at seeing it.

Wait, if he just got Into the comms on accident he could try and copy the code onto his phone, and see if he could connect his phone to his earpiece.

He quickly saved the tab, and finished his actual hacking/ coding assignment.

Izuku grabbed the box from his backpack and headed back over to his desk.

He opened it and examined the earpiece. It wasn't dirty due to it being inside of a box, which was good.

The earpiece was in pretty good condition, save for a few scratches. He tried pressing the button he presumed would turn it on. After a few seconds it blinked red, signifying the need of charge.

Izuku really hoped he had the correct charger for it. He examined it and concluded the fact that it used a type - C charger, which he had an abundance of.

He plugged it in, hoping it would still be functional while charging. Thankfully, it was.

Checking it over and finding nothing, Izuku looked in the box again, relieved to see some papers for it.

It had instructions for how to Bluetooth connect to a device. Izuku was able to do that with no complications. He put it on, and recorded a few random videos of himself talking, making sure it worked. He played different music, making sure the actual earbud part of it worked.

Everything was in working order. That left the question, why would someone leave this?
Izuku wasn't heard complaining though.

Izuku played around with the code on his computer and was able to get the comms onto his phone and connected to his earpiece.

Izuku was beyond ecstatic. He carefully placed the earpiece back on to his desk while he got himself lunch.

Izuku finally thought he might be ready to go out tonight, especially since he finished those gloves with the metal around the fingers.

Though he might need some weapons in the future, for now he wouldn't engage in fights unless he had to.

Izuku was beaming with excitement as his life might finally be amounting to something good for once

Chapter End Notes

> If y'all have any criticism or feedback I'm happy to hear it:) also any tags that y'all think I could add please comment! :)

Chapter 9: Introduction to interview

Chapter Summary

> Izuku, Aizawa and Tsukauchi are going to interview him. (Coming next chapter)

Chapter Notes

> Okay so this was originally going to be Izuku goes out as a vigilante for the first time, but I wanted to tie off this case sooo yeah

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku was practically jumping out of his skin with excitement. Tonight, he was going out as a vigilante for the first time. (Though he did have to work first). He even managed to hack into the comms! That will be handy for when he finds a mess that he can't exactly clean up himself.

Maybe he might even run into Eraserhead! Though Izuku would never admit it, Eraser head was one of his favorites. When he was younger he saw him take down a huge villain with some sort of hetero morph quirk. He was fighting quirk less basically! Izuku thought he was so cool. (He'd never admit that to anyone)

Izuku had finished up with all his school work, and still had about an hour before he had to get ready to work, so he concluded that choosing what to wear tonight would be his best course of action.

Obviously Izuku wanted to be comfortable, but also with some sort of style. He already had his shoes picked out, some basic sneakers (red of course) that he decided to dye black. He didn't really want his status known to people he saved, as that might cause some panic! And Izuku really didn't want that, or any trouble for that means!

Izuku looked through his clothes, finding nothing of interest. He could wear sweatpants, but that would get hot running around and everything. Leggings would just look odd, and would eventually get too sticky.

He found some older black cargo pants that would actually work pretty well. Starting his pile, Izuku looked through his T-shirts. He already had a sweatshirt in mind, so he just needed to find a good

shirt that would work well with it.

He found a basic black T-shirt that didn't show underneath his sweatshirt, and added it to his pile. He grabbed the sweatshirt he had in mind and tossed it into the pile. It was dark green, and had some nice pockets on the outside. They were even zippable, so he could always keep things in there!

Sighing heavily and dramatically, Izuku sat back down into his desk chair, not knowing what to do with his remaining time.

Izuku pondered about his training, and how the first day went. He definitely felt sore, but in a good way.

Though he did feel like he was missing something in his training. He obviously didn't have access to all of the heroics items and stuff they use in hero courses, so that was out of the box.

So that begged the question, was Izuku missing something in his training?

That was the reason that led him to search up something on his computer.

Heroics training

Izuku knew this would probably lead to a dead end, but hey it's worth trying. It's not like he has anything better to do.

He found many articles, none in particular standing out to him. He scrolled until he found an article by none other than UA.

What was the rat up to this time?

He skimmed through it, seeing the same answers as all the others.

Physical fitness
Intelligence
Strategy

Wait. That was something new. Maybe he'd have to look into that later.

Of course don't forget about the different types of fighting! We teach the basics of a majority of different styles, and guide our students from there.

Of course!

That's genius! Why didn't Izuku think of that? (I wrote this because of that audio by the way)

Izuku physically and audibly planted his palm to his forehead.

Duh!!! That's like, one of the first things of heroics! Boy did Izuku feel stupid right now.

He decided to search up:

Basic fighting tutorial

He knew it was a kinda dumb thing to search up, but he couldn't think of any other way to phrase it.

He found some results, and one video that stood out to him.

It wasn't anything special, the same as the others, but the way everything was explained made it seem like breathing.

Izuku still had around 35 minutes until he had to get ready for work, so he decided to try it out. He grabbed his computer and moved out into his living room, which had sufficient space.

He practiced over and over, until he felt like he nailed everything in the video. It was pretty basic stuff, dodging, kicking, punching, moving around, and it even explained how to roll properly. In which Izuku failed about 95% of the time.

Checking the time, he decided to get ready for work. After all he had a hobo to torment.

He changed into the correct clothing and decided to eat something before he left. His work hours for today were from 1-8. He earned about $16, considering he was a co-manager and all.

He made sure to turn off all the lights and lock his apartment before he started walking to his workplace.

It took about 15-20 minutes to get there, depending on how many people there were on the sidewalks.

He clocked in and got started with his shift.
Working with another co-manager always helped, especially when it was busy. Izuku was glad that he was working with another manager,

Aima.

“Hey Mikumo! Mind starting the desserts and stuff? I've got to waitress for now.” Asked Aima, as soon as Izu - no Mikumo, (he was Mikumo right now) officially clocked in.

Aima was a 19 year old college student, who probably needed the money more than anyone else here. Aima is pretty tall, standing at about 6 '0, a side effect of her quirk. It allows her to grow and shorten her hair, controlling it in the meantime. According to doctors they have no idea why she has such a tall side effect, considering her parents are both pretty short.

“Yup! I got you!” Mikumo replied.

He got started on making some cookies, brownies, and some other dessert items. He popped them into the oven, thankful he wasn't working alone today. The cat cafe was unusually busy today, the reason truly unknown. Everything went pretty smoothly for it being busy.

Eventually Mikumo and Aima switched spots while Izuku was on waitress duty. (Along with a few others).

His favorite hobo walked in, right on time.

“Hey Aizawa! Usual?” Mikumo asked basically as soon as Aizawa sat down.

“Sure. I'll also take a chocolate chip cookie in the meantime.” Aizawa mentioned in his usual stoic expression. Even if something was weighing on his mind.

“You betcha!” Mikumo walked away, made Aizawa coffee and grabbed his cookie (fresh out of the oven) and told him the amount.

While Aizawa paid, Izuku noticed a fairly large group coming in, and seating themselves. Paying them no mind Mikumo decided to torment Aizawa just a little bit longer.

“Soo how are the gremlins today?” Mikumo asked in a sly tone.

“Hell spawn, as normal. At least one of my friends was able to knock some sense into them. Now I don't have to expel them all.”

“Wow! So the rumors I've heard are true!”

“And what would that be?” Asked Aizawa, who didn't really care but was slightly curious.

“Ive heard you're the teacher who asked for the rights to expel and then re-enroll them right after! I've also heard that you hold the school record for expulsions!” Mikumo exclaimed.

“And what does that matter? If they don't have potential, there's no use in keeping them in the hero course.”

“Wow, I knew you were brutal to your students but still! Honestly would probably be better than the students Izukus had.” He wanted a reason to bring up the fact that Mikumo adopted a kid, without just saying to Eraser: ‘oh yeah I just adopted a 14 year old quirk less kid even though I'm only 18.’

Aizawa looked at him with a puzzling expression. “You adopted a kid? What are you 15?” Aizawa asked in his usual demeanor.

“What! Also no, I'm 18 but my quirk makes me look younger. I felt sorry for the kid because I know what he feels like!” Mikumo exclaimed, acting taken aback by Eraser's comment, but actually being surprised he looked that old.

“And what do you mean by that?”

Mikumo sighed heavily, then began on his little rant.

“The kid's dad left him when he was young. Kid's mom died when he was 9. He's currently 14 and in middle school.” Izuku didn't want to go too far into detail unless Aizawa asked, which then of course he'd explain.

“Oh.” Aizawa knew in this line of work the amount of deaths and stuff that happened, though it never ceases to sadden him when something does happen.

Mikumo didn't know if he wanted to bite the bullet and just tell him ‘his kid's is quirkless. On one hand it would be able to help him see how Eraser acts about quirkless people. But on the other it might lead to bad interactions and more questions.

He was about to go for it when Eraser did it for him.

“It's about his quirk right?”

“Yes, unfortunately. Hes quirkless, and I heard he was bullied at school, though he claims it was nothing and was normal behaviour. I pulled him out and he's currently homeschooled now. Shitty teachers too.” The swear word slipped out before he could realize it, and he decided to just go with it.

He knew what the kids were doing. It wasn't that bad though, he didn't know why everyone was so concerned when they found out. He decided it was probably for the best if Mikumo acted that way too. Less questions and problems that way.

“Oh that makes sense.” Aizawa said in a saddened tone.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, quirkless people face the worst discrimination of them all, even if they can't control it.”

Izu - no, Mikumo, he had to be Mikumo right now, was expecting anything but this. He was expecting him to yell, call his ‘kid' useless, a freak, anything but that. He did keep his composure though.

“Wait what?” Mikumo asked, generally shocked.

Aizawa didn't know why he felt like sharing so much info to this kid. Maybe his paternal instincts were acting up, not just for Mikumo. Though he really didn't like the idea of a kid, adopting a kid.

“You don't know how many quirkless people I've talked down from buildings. The suicide rate is about 49% for quirkless people.” Aizawa said, clipping his hands together in front of his face.

“You mean you don't look down on them? O-or think they're useless?”

“Why would I? There's absolutely no reason to. Quirks are tools, and just because someone doesn't have one doesn't mean they're immediately ‘useless’ or weak.” Aizawa's genuine opinion on the matter started to peak through.

“That reminds me. Are you able to be interviewed right now? It's for the incident you told me about. We're now trying to properly report it, and we need an eyewitness.”

“Like right now? Do you need me to clock out Orr?” Mikumo's mind was going 1000 miles a minute.

“Actually we have everything needed here. Detective Tsukauchi is on his way and should be here any minute. Do you guys have a break room we can use?” Aizawa asked in his gruff tone.

“Umm yeah? Wait, you mean Detective Tsukauchi? Like thee Detective Tsukauchi?”

“Um, yeah kid. Is that a problem?”

“No that's not a problem! I'm kinda like a.. fanboy.. Of sorts? I guess? I'm a pretty big fan of all heroes and stuff like that.” Mikumo sheepishly rubbed the back of his head in embarrassment.

“Pretty impressive you know who he is, kid.”

“How could I not!? He's one of the most famous detectives thanks to his lie - detective quirk! He solves cases so easily!”

“Wait, kid, do you keep up on cases and stuff?” Aizawa was genuinely interested. Coffee child mentioned ‘solves cases so easily’ so he had to wonder. It was impressive that he recognized Aizawa as it was, now even a detective.

“Umm… yes..?” Mikumo answered shyly, slightly embarrassed with his ranting.

Aizawa was a little surprised at the fact that he actually kept up on cases. Barely anyone does nowadays.

“I don't know many peop-” Aizawa was cut off as Tsukauchi greeted them.

“Hey Aizawa! Is this the eyewitness Mic was talking about?” Tsukauchi looked at Mikumo, almost analyzing him.

Izuku just then realized how deep he was in. He kinda half-lied about the whole situation, and he was up against a lie-detecter quirk. Just great. Welp, he'll do the best he can.

“Yes, this is Mikumo.” Aizawa dead panned.

“Nice to meet you Mikumo!”

“Umm yeah! Nice to meet you!” Mikumo couldn't believe he was talking with thee detective Tsukauchi.

“Well then, let's take it back to the break room shall we?” Tsukauchi

said.

The two followed a nervous Mikumo as they were led away to the break room.

Chapter End Notes

> Tell me what y'all think!! Also, any tags or anything to make my writing better is much appreciated!!

Chapter 10: Interview

Chapter Summary

Izuku gets interviewed and a group comes to the cafe (Izuku continues to lose his sanity with this group)

Chapter Notes

I reread some lines and idk if this chapter is corny or not lmk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soo, what do you guys wanna ask me.?" Mikumo asked.

"Just some questions about the villain attack and stuff you told me about." Aizawa responded, grateful for his large coffee.

"Alright, before we start, do you consent to this interview being recorded?" Asked Tsukauchi.

"Yes." Mikumo answered swiftly and confidentially. If worst comes to worst, Mikumo has to tell them it was him that was attacked, and he might get outed for having a fake identity. Best case scenario is what he says isn't registered as a full truth, but they have no leads to go off of, dropping the case.

"Alright." Detective Tsukauchi grabbed a recorder device and pressed the button which Mikumo presumed started recording.

"Interviewing Mikumo Sochi on the non-public villain attack a couple of weeks ago. Do you have any recollection of what the villain looked like?"

"Yes. From what I remember it was some sort of slime/ sludge quirk. I believe it was a dark green, but I couldn't see very well." Mikumo knew to be careful with what he says, as the wrong thing could be pinged.

"Truth. Was the entire villain made out of this sludge substance?"

"Yes it was." Mikumo answered truthfully.

"Truth. How did the villain threaten or attack the kid?"

Oof. This was a little bit hard for Mikumo to talk about, due to the fact it was so gross.

Mikumo got a visibly disgusted look on his face, though anyone would if they heard how ‘the kid’ was attacked.

“He-” Mikumo gulped, for the extra emphasis of course. “He seemed like he was forcing his body/ sludge down the poor kid's throat and nose. I also noted how the kid wasn't on the ground, so he was probably holding the kid up.”

“Truth.” This was disgusting to Tsukauchi, though it came with the job.

“Do you know what All Might did with the villain?” Tsukauchi asked.

“No, I couldn't see very well.” Iz- No Mikumo, knew if he chose his words carefully he could scrape by without any unnecessary interrogation.

And I mean, that was the truth after all. He couldn't see very well, just not from the fact that he was far away. When he came to he was pretty out of it, he'll admit.

His vision was slightly distorted, and he had some brain fog for a few minutes after.

“Truth.” Tsukauchi didn't like this. His quirk was pinging everything as true, but there was something his quirk didn't like. He didn't know what it was, but it felt weird.

“Did the kid seem out of it when he woke up? Like dazed, not totally with it?” Tsukauchi asked. He heard about the kid grabbing onto All Might when he was about to leave, but that could be due to medical reasons.

“From what I remember, yes. I may be wrong, but the kid didn't seem completely there.”

Another truth, but another weird feeling from his quirk as well.

“Truth. Did the kid have any visible medical injuries?”

“I don't really remember. I also couldn't see the best, sorry.” Mikumo didn't remember having any injuries, but he could be wrong.

“Truth.” Another weird feeling, but not as blatant. “Can you tell us

what you remember after that?"

"Yes. From what I remember the kid grabbed onto All Might when he was going to fly away. All Might didn't expect that, so he flew to the roof of a nearby building. I couldn't see very much, but it looked like they had a brief conversation before All Might left. The kid stood there on the roof for a few seconds before leaving."

"True."

It may have been true from Mikumo's point of view, but not Izukus. And it may have been what actually happened.

"I have a question. Is it alright if I ask?" Aizawa turned to look at Tsukauchi before he nodded.

"Yes, you may."

"You said you don't remember what All Might did with the villain. Did he just leave the villain there, or did it manage to escape?"

"I-I don't remember. Sorry." Mikumo said. He honestly didn't remember what he did with the villain. All he remembers is that he was being attacked, passed out, then woke up and the villain was gone.

"True. Thank you for your time. Those were all of the questions we had for you. The interview has ended. 5 minutes, 37 seconds long. He pressed on another button, which Izuku assumed to be to stop recording.

"Thank you for your time, kid. We'll be on our way out." Aizawa responded.

"You're welcome! Though I better get back to work! See you around Eraser!" Mikumo hopped up and walked out the door, leaving Aizawa and Tsukauchi alone.

"Aizawa. I had a weird feeling while interviewing him."

"What do you mean?"

"My quirk pinged everything as true, but it gave off a weird feeling. Like it didn't like the answers given or something. Though I don't know why it would."

"Odd. Though it's not enough to go off of, and further complicate this

case.”

“Yeah, I know. Let's get going. I still have other work to do.” Tsukauchi said.

And with that the two walked out of the cat cafe.

Yes, Izuku just got away with that! Oh this was a pretty good day indeed. (Other than his soreness from earlier)

That was until he saw the famous Katsuki Bakugo, with what looked to be actually nice people.

Ohh no. Mikumo really didn't want to have to deal with them, but he had to.

Right! He was Mikumo right now! He didn't know who Bakugo was! He just had to make sure to not call him that nickname by accident. (His cover would be exposed way too quickly.)

All of the other waitresses were busy with tables, so he had no choice but to go over there and talk to them.

Thank goodness for his half disguise. (He used some makeup to cover up his freckles, and used some hair chalk to make his hair half black and half green)

Putting on the last little bit of enthusiasm he had for the situation he walked up to the table.

“Hey! What can I get for yall?” Mikumo said, thankful he moved past his stuttering. (At least while he's working)

“Okay what the fuck. Deku?” There came the eruption from the loud blonde. If Izuku didn't know better he probably would've assumed if he had been recognized it would've been a lot worse.

“I'm sorry, do you know Izuku? I'll ask him about you.” He decided on saying, trying to make the slightest accent so he sounds different.

“Bullshit. You look and sound basically exactly like De- fuck, Izuku.” Bakugo hoped that if this was Deku, he would respond to this.

The whole group was looking at the two dumbfounded, save for Monoma, who assumed this was probably the kid Bakugo used to bully.

Izuku looked at Bakugo with wide eyes. A genuinely surprised expression on his face.

“Hah I fucking knew it.” Bakugo said in a tone of voice Izuku had never heard before. Almost like.. Guilt? Sadness?

Izuku still had one trick up his sleeve, that probably wouldn't work but still.

“No, I'm the guy who adopted him. He talked about you, and how you always called him Deku. Surprised me, that's all.” Mikumo said coldly.

“Well whoever the fuck you are, give this to him. Or read it if you are actually him or whatever. I don't care.” His tone was betraying him, though Bakugo hoped he got his point across. He reached into his pocket. He grabbed and handed Mikumo a small folded note.

“You aren't going to press for an answer? Aren't you going to demand one?” Now the cold side of Mikumo was seeping through. He knew it but didn't really care. He wanted to make it known how he felt.

“No.” Bakugo sounded sad, almost. It didn't hold any of his usual malice or ill will.

Izuku looked at Bakugo, completely stunned, while the blonde continued to keep his head down.

It was almost lost along with the music and sound in the cafe, but Izuku managed to hear it.

“I don't do that shit no more.”

A-Alright, Ill make sure I get this to him. A-Any way, what do you guys want?” Mikumo tried to bring his enthusiasm back.

The group ordered their drinks, and Mikumo stalked off to make them, hand trembling while holding the note. It felt like a brick in his hand.

He walked off to the kitchen, and as soon as he was away from eyes, he opened the note.

Dear Izuku,
I was told to write you a note or some shit by shitty hair. Apparently it's therapeutic or some dumb shit. I don't know if I'll ever give this to you or whatever. But I want you to know I'm sorry, for everything. I'm

sorry I can't say this to you in person, but I feel like I don't deserve to or whatever. If you don't want to forgive me, that's fine I guess.

Ps I always told you I hated the nickname you gave me, but to be honest when you say anything else it sounds dumb as fuck.

Kachaan
Maybe I can give this to you one day.

Izuku was half to tears while he made quad groups drinks.

Two chocolate milk shakes, a strawberry milkshake, and a coffee. About the same as Aizawas actually, other than the size.

He grabbed a sticky note and a pen. He flipped it over so the sticky part was up and wrote a short, simple note.

What do you mean? You didn't really do anything wrong, I mean everyone else was doing the same.

Though I do accept your apology and forgive you, things will never be the same.

284-495-1200
Is my phone number.

At this point Izuku was unsure of how to feel. He kept convincing himself that Bakugo did nothing wrong, though deep down he knew.

He was in constant conflict with his feelings, and how he felt about situations.

He flipped it over and wrote an arrow so Bakugo would know it was written on the other side.

He stuck it on Bakugo's chocolate milkshake, and brought the 4 drinks over.

He slid the shake to Bakugo last, and pointed the sticky note towards him. He gave a small smile directly at Bakugo and mouthed a quick thank you before leaving.

Huh. So Bakugo was correct about this guy being Izuku. He looked at the sticky note, and flipped it over. Being careful of anyone else reading it he read it.

What the fuck does Deku mean ‘YoU dIdNt Do AnYtHiNg WrOnG’

Of course the damn nerd would think that! Though it did say he forgave him (which he shouldn't) but that things would never be the same. Katsuki didn't want things to go back to the way they were. He wanted them to be seen as equals, as that's what he did with his group of friends. Eyebags, shitty hair, and sarcasm.

Don't tell anyone this, but Kirishima was basically Bakugo's therapist. He insisted “it's what friends do bro!” (He knew Bakugo desperately needed the help).

Ever since they rescued Shinsou, they were kinda like a group. They were definitely a ton better than Bakugo's old friends. He hadn't exactly said he wasn't friends with his old friends, but rather distancing himself from them. He'd cut them off eventually, when he was more ‘stable’. (He wants to beat them up right now, and that isn't good)

He saw Izuku's number, and put it into his phone, if he ever had the nerve to actually text him.

He got back to his group, talking normally, his mind elsewhere.

That was until sarcasm had the absolute nerve to speak up.

“So you and greenie, huh?” Monoma said with a smirk. This was his typical personality, though he was joking about 99% of the time. He was really just trying to get under Bakugo's nerves at this point.

Bakugo slowly turned his head for dramatic effect, easily ragebaited.

He noted how Kirishima almost had a saddened look on his face. It kinda made Bakugo a little sad seeing him like that, though he wouldn't tell a soul.

“What the fuck did you just say to me?” Bakugo mustered up the last ounce of patience he had. Though what surprised the group was the tone of voice he used.

“Umm that's the calmest I think we've ever heard you speak.” Shinsou said, finally moving past being afraid to talk. (Especially after that incident)

Kirishima's face was slightly flustered, though Bakugo didn't really pay any mind to it. Seeing as he had a sarcastic and clearly mentally ill person to bea- no, calmly lecture. (He's just joking, he wouldn't ever beat someone again, unless it was a villain)

“Might I remind you about, you know what.” Bakugo said with a calm smile on his face as he looked over at Shinsou for a split second.

“I-I don't know what you're talking about!” Monoma stammered out, his face already reddening.

“Yeah, I'm sure you don't.” Bakugo said, confidence and ‘I just won and I know it’ in his tone.

This however, made Monoma Redden even more.

“Umm guys, what are you talking about and how does it include me.” Shinsou dead panned, hoping his face wasn't as red as Monomas. After the blonde had started protecting him and actually hanging out with him, well Shinsou couldn't really control his feelings, could he?

“N-nothing! Absolutely nothing!” Monoma forced out, clearly trying to steal the attention.
“Well what about you and greenie!?” Now he was desperate.

“Okay, I want to be friends with the fucker, but I would never in a million years date him.” What was left unsaid was the fact he had eyes for someone else. (He didn't know it yet though, he just thought it was the feeling of having a best friend)

Bakugo looked to the left at Shinsou, who was a little red, but nothing like Monoma. He looked back at Monoma before leaning into Kirishima's side to whisper something.

“They're hopeless romantics right now.”

Kirishima looked to his side at Bakugo.

Announcing to the table Kirishima got that look on his face.

“Ooo~. I know what you mean.” Kirishima raised both his eyebrows at the two, exaggerating it incredibly.

Kirishima leaned back into Bakugo, probably further than he had to.

“Whats their ship name? We gotta confuse them!”

“I don't know. You got any?” Bakugo was using his rare soft voice right now, and Kirishima might as well have put subtle blush on.

“Hm, what about Monoshin?”

“Fucking perfect, Lets confuse them, Kirishima.” Kirishima was a little taken aback by Bakugo using his actual name, but wasn't complaining.

The two moved away from each other, while Monoma and Shinsou were looking at them peculiarly.

“Hey Monoshin. How you guys doing over there?” Kirishima said in that tone while raising his eyebrows, again.

This caused Monoma to turn a shade of beet red. Shinsou looked as confused as ever.

“What is that supposed to imply?” Poor Shinsou hadn't had any friends, so had no clue what 90% of modern slang and stuff meant.

Monoma leaned into his side, and Shinsou leaned into the touch.

“That means they ship us, Hitoshi.” Monoma took his chances and called Shinsou by his first name, hoping it wouldn't make his situation any worse. He quickly jumped back, still flustered about everything.

“What. Guys seriously like what.” Shinsou said, trying to keep his face from turning red, but failing miserably.

That was when Shinsou got a mischievous smile on his face.

“Okay, Kiribaku.” His sly smile brightened up the table.

Bakugo started contemplating his life's decisions, and his feelings for Kirishima. No it was just a feeling of being best friends with someone, right???

“You know what? Let's just change the damn subject. This is getting fucking sappy.” Bakugo said, clearly not wanting to delve further into his gross feelings.

“Hey guys! Any dishes I can take?” Mikumo came up and asked the group.

“Yeah!” Kirishima stated.

“Alright!” Mikumo leaned in close to the group. “I also hope you guys know you were not very quiet in your little conversation just then.” He smirked, knowing this would probably leave Bakugo dazed for days. He leaned in closer to Bakugo, making sure he wasn't too close. He also made sure Kirishima could hear.

“You guys would make a cute couple. Have fun, Kiribaku.”

With that, Mikumo got up and strutted his way to another table.

“What the fuck.” Bakugo said, looking at the ground.

Kirishima was inaudible, as his face became redder than a tomato.

“What did greenie say to make you that, I don't know, reflective? Monoma asked with a slight smirk.

Kirishima kept his head towards the ground as he said, “H-he ships us. ‘Have fun, Kiribaku.’ He said.”

With this both Monoma and Shinsou burst out laughing at these two.

I guess Bakugo was forced to think about the ‘sappy shit’ all along.

Chapter End Notes

> Sooo hoe did we like it? Also any tags or criticism y'all have is welcome!!

Chapter 11: Vigilante time

Chapter Summary

Izukus first night as a vigilante:)

Chapter Notes

Finally the time you've all been waiting for has arrived! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku was pleased with himself today.

He started training today, escaped an interview alive with THE Detective Tsukauchi, and he made an old-new (?) friend today.

Don't forget about how tonight he was going out as a vigilante for the first time!

Maybe his life really was amounting to something.

Izuku finished his shift with ease, as there were no other people there who he knew.

He went home at around 8 and arrived at his apartment at about 8:17. Izuku was pretty tired, so he was glad he was able to sleep before going out.

He showered, changed, and plopped down on his bed before scrolling on his phone for a bit.

Izuku finally remembered to set his alarm for 12am. He would patrol from 12-3 (about).
He set his alarm, put his phone down, and fell fast asleep at around 8:35.

_____

Waking up to his alarm, Izuku got up with excitement.

He changed, and realized his entire face would still be visible. He dug in his closet for a few minutes before finding what he was looking for.

A black mask. It went up to his nose, and down his neck.

He grabbed his phone, connecting to the comms while shoving it into his zippable pocket. While making sure it worked properly, Izuku put in his ear piece. He grabbed his gloves with the metal on them, and put them on.

A few days ago he was successfully able to glue and sew the metal onto the gloves.

Izuku grabbed the smallest notebook he had, a small pen as well. He put them in the other pocket that was empty.

He put his shoes on and tied them, before walking out the door. Now he knew it was a pretty bad idea to go into fights without a weapon, but he wasn't planning on getting into any fights.

Izuku would simply send over a message on the comms of the why and where. Today was for getting the feel of the streets, including the layout and such.

He walked outside, hood up and mask on. Keeping his hands in his pockets, Izuku didn't want to draw any attention with his gloves.

Crap.

Izuku just realized he should probably avoid running into Eraser. If he talked normally, Eraser was sure to recognize him.

Izuku thought he had been walking around for an hour at this point (Actually 30 minutes), and wanted something to do.

That was until he heard a scream from a nearby alleyway.

Izuku started sprinting towards the sound, hoping he wasn't too late.

He looked into the alley from the mouth, as an attempted assault was in full swing. One of the 3 men was obviously drunk, as he was woozy and wobbly. The other two looked tipsy, but could probably best Izuku in a fight.

He could probably defeat the drunk guy if he needed to, but he would prefer to not get beaten to a pulp on his first day.

He looked around quickly, about to call some help before he saw

Amplifier running around the rooftops.

He quickly grabbed his phone, and started up his comms to just Amplifier. She was just a few roofs over, so it was logical to call her.

I mean if Izuku could see her then she could probably see Izuku. It should work.

“Uh Amplifier? I'm gonna need you to look to your left.” That was about the only thing Izuku could say as he made sure to keep his body from the group.

He saw her face go through a look of shock, confusion, ‘um what’, and a determined look as she saw the group.

Izuku grabbed his notebook and started writing furiously while Amplifier fought. Amplifier had seemingly already taken care of the drunk guy, and was fighting the other two.

Izuku wrote about her fighting style, the way she used her quirk, as well as how she moved in general.

He looked at the victim, who looked like she was going into a full blown panic attack.

Izuku should probably help her, and he even knew how to deal with other people having panic attacks!

That was until Izuku saw the drunk guy start to get up from his spot on the ground, and start quickly advancing towards the victim.

His body moved before he could think, really it did! He shoved his notebook and pen in his pocket and zipped it while advancing on the low-level thug.

He saw the right hook coming from a mile away, and that was the exact move he'd watch Bakugo do a thousand times. (Not on him)

He grabbed the guy's arm, and flipped him over right on his back. Apparently it was enough, as the guy made no move to get back up.

The victim was in full blown panic mode at this point, heaving as she sobbed. She was clutching her head in her hands, shaking as she did.

Izuku mustered up as much courage and calmness as he could.

“Hey, hey, it's okay, the guys are taken care of and aren't a threat any

longer.” Izuku made sure to keep his distance, while still being near.

“They aren't going to hurt you again, I promise.” Izuku hoped this would at least help a little bit. Relief washed through him as the girl stopped shaking so violently. That was a good sign.

“Hey, I'm going to need you to breathe with me. Inhale in, and out.” Izuku kept doing that for a minute, give or take while the victim slowly came back to reality.

Her breathing evened out, and she wasn't shaking anymore.

Her voice was quiet as she spoke. “Th-thank you.”

Izuku smiled, though no one could see it.

“Of course! That's what I do.”

Izuku was about to run off when he listened for any sounds of fighting, and found none.

He turned around expecting Amplifier to catch him, drag him back to the police station.

He saw Amplifier talking to her comm, he assumed the police or another hero.

Amplifier got off the comm as she looked at him.

“Damn. I think that was the quickest I've ever seen someone calm down a panicked victim.”

Izuku didn't know why praise was necessary.
“O-oh really! It was nothing! Happy to help when I can!”

Ohmygosh. He just realized he was talking to Amplifier.

Thee Pro hero Amplifier!!

He really couldn't believe it. A pro hero was talking to him!

“That was an impressive flip kid.” Amplifier acted as if she was proud, but probably was lying for the sake of it.

“Oh really it's nothing! Anyone could do that! Also I better get going!

See ya around!”

With that Izuku took off running out of the alley and onto the streets, probably to look for another problem to get himself into.

“Damn, kid really needs to learn his worth. Would probably be a pretty good future hero too.”

Amplifier called into her comms, forgetting about the fact this kid has access to it.

“Eraser, Rock lock, Loudcloud, we've got a potential vigilante with us tonight.”

“Copy. Thanks for the heads up.” Was the reply that came from rock lock.

A dramatic sigh came from Eraser's end.
“Alright. Will do.” Aizawa just knew this was going to be another headache for later.

“Thanks for the heads up!” Was the enthusiastic response from Loudcloud. (Oboro)

_____

Woah! Izuku couldn't believe he just did that! Like ???. He just, did it. He actually defeated someone, and managed to help Amplifier!

He even helped that victim away from a panic attack!

He was so happy right now!

Izuku decided that walking was too slow.
Running would be much more effective, and would help him with stamina and speed!

Well, light running would be a better word. He wasn't quite running, but he wasn't quite jogging either.

Izuku wondered what it would be like to run around on the roof, but decided against it. (He was so clumsy, he knew he'd end up hurting himself)

He was running for what was probably 5 minutes until he physically

couldn't anymore.

He came to a walk and continued walking around, concluding it would be more effective than just standing there.

He heard a girl yelling from a few alleyways over.

So much for a break. He started running over before he could think about it. He arrived at the mouth of an alleyway.

The scene didn't look good. The girl was on her knees. There were three guys in total, a guy on each side holding one of her wrists.

Izuku assumed she had a finger-based quirk, and they were preventing her from using it.

Izuku recalled all of the hero's patrol routes, and noted how Loudcloud would be the closest. He got out his phone and called Loudcloud.

They weren't doing anything yet, but Izuku knew it wouldn't stay that way for long. He heard Amplifier tell the group that there was a potential vigilante out and about, which would mean they would be on alert.

“Hey Loudcloud. Heard about me? Yeah there's what appears to be an assault going on at #### on 8th street. You appear the closest.”

Izuku didn't cut the comm off yet, just in case Loudcloud was listening.

“Woah, you can hack into the comms! Also on my way, be there in two!” Ruffling could be heard as Loudcloud started running towards the address.

Izuku kept a close eye on the thugs as the girl was clearly shaken up. Though considering her situation she was a lot calmer than most would've been.

Izuku was looking in the alley, being careful to keep his body out of sight. He watched as the guy standing right in front of the girl grabbed a knife, and held it up to her throat. He was smiling sinisterly as he did.

He just kept it there, as if taunting her about her situation.

He was about to cut the brown haired girl's throat when Izuku's body decided to involuntarily rush into the fight. Loudcloud should be getting here soon, so he should be able to create a distraction.

He rushed in, and punched the guy in the middle right in the face. The knife bounced to the ground as Izuku picked it up and decided to use it for himself. The guy went flying to his back, with a bruise already starting to form on his face.

Dang, these gloves were pretty handy.

One of the other guys tried advancing on Izuku as the other just stood there, trying to decide what to do.

The girl was ahead of her game as she touched the guy with all her fingers, and the guy started floating.

The girl looked like she wanted to help, but didn't know how to.

As the other guy rushed to Izuku, he was able to apply the knowledge of the basic fighting video he'd watched earlier today. The guy, clearly inexperienced, went fumbling back into the wall. Izuku saw as the other guy he punched tried to get up, but was stopped as a cloud appeared on top of him.

Yes! Loudcloud was here! Izuku took a sigh of relief as the other guy who fumbled was quickly pinned against the wall with a cloud. The girl gently dropped the guy she was floating, who was freaking out too much to really do anything. (Fear of heights, what can you say)

“Nice work Vigilante! Woah girl you've got an awesome quirk!” Loudcloud said while quickly tying up the thugs before they could move again.

“O-oh thanks!” The girl, who looked to be about Izuku's age, said.

Izuku decided to speak up to the girl. “You handled yourself really well in that situation!” Izuku said enthusiastically.

“Thanks! I'd be toast if it wasn't for you! Thank you for saving me!” The girl practically screeched.

“Really, it was nothing! Just doing what I can around here!”

“Nice work vigilante! I better call the police now to handle them. But

anyway, good work kids!”

He left the two sitting there with their thoughts as Oboro called the police and explained the situation.

“Well anyway, I better get going! Thanks for your help with that one guy!” Izuku said while walking out and away from the scene.

Uraraka tried yelling back to him, but to no avail as he was gone before she could've gotten a good word in.

Phew. That was stressful for Izuku.

After he ran away he started realizing just how exhausted he was. He just needed a minute to rest his breath, that's all.

After he finished catching his breath Izuku was on his way back to running around. Now that Izuku thought about it, he had been running a lot. He'd have to do some sort of stretch when he got home.

He heard a weird noise, and decided to go check it out. Just in case, you know? He saw a kid on the ground, clearly crying as a man held a knife to his throat. The man was a little tall and slender. He had some characteristics of a fox, so Izuku knew to be careful around him.

Izuku quickly called all the hero's, unsure if who was closest.

“Hey heroes. We got a problem on ###, North Street, northbound. I don't know who is closest, so I called all of you. We've got a kid with a knife to the throat, I'll do what I can for now.”

With that Izuku hung up, and watched as the guy taunted the kid, making him cry even harder. That was until the guy actually started cutting the kids throat, very slowly.

Izuku rushed in and punched without thinking, hoping a hero was nearby.

He got a pretty solid punch in, but it was clear the guy had some sort of stealth as a part of his quirk. Izuku backed up while the guy wound up for a pretty hard looking punch.

Izuku quickly moved to the side, thinking of a plan as the guy wound up for another.

He thought of a pretty solid plan, but it included some things out of his current skill level. Hoping it worked, he backed up and ran to the

wall.

He jumped up, hoping to get height from it and kick the dude, but failing miserably as he fell to the ground.

The fox slithered up next to Izuku, and put his knife on Izuku's shoulder.

The guy slowly started pressing the knife into Izuku's shoulder, making sure to do as much damage as possible. (Not too much yet)

Izuku cried out in pain, thinking about how he failed.

He failed this kid.

He failed everyone he saved so far. He failed Loudcloud and Amplifier.

Izuku's vision started to go black from the pain as a whirl of blue rushed by.

He felt the knife, which was only a half inch into his skin, get pulled out quickly as someone came next to him.

“Damn kid. You're really bad at this. You've been doing this for what, a week?” The scarred figure chuckled as he took care and tied up the man, making sure not to harm him too bad.

Izuku could only manage a few words before he was forced to stand up by the mysterious figure.

“First day.” He managed to say.

“Youre joking. This is the first day you've decided to do this, and you throw yourself head first into a fight you clearly can't win? Damn, I thought you'd be smart.”

The guy started wiping up the blood around Izuku's shoulder as the pain became a little bearable.

“Welp sorry I wanted to help a kid from being slashed in the throat.” Izuku said with the sass he used to give his mom before she died.

The figure started walking away as his job was done here.

“Wait!” Izuku yelled back to figure.
“Thanks for saving by butt back there.”

The black haired guy turned back to look at Izuku.

“No prob. Would've wanted someone to do the same if it was me.”

“Whats your name?” Izuku yelled back.

“Dabi. Call me Dabi.” The man said as he walked away and out of the alley.

Izuku realized he better call the heroes to tell them there was no immediate threat.

“Got it taken care of with some help. The guy's still here tied up securely. I guess I'll be on my way.”

Izuku ended the comms before he could make any odd noise, considering his shoulder.

He checked the time with his still good left hand.

2:53

Yeah Izuku would call it a night. He started running back to his apartment, wanting to get there sooner, rather than later.

When he arrived, he realized he'd probably need more medical supplies if he was to continue.

He made his way to his washer and dryer, taking off his shirt and sweatshirt as he walked.

He threw the pieces of clothing in there as he turned it on, and left them to wash.

Izuku then made his way into his bathroom.
Quickly making sure he wasn't still bleeding he disinfected the area. It stung, but was manageable. He put a bandage on it and wrapped it up.

He desperately needed a shower after that, so he did. He avoided putting his right side under the water, as that would probably not be good for the area.

He successfully showered and changed. Getting ready for bed, Izuku started thinking about how fortunate he was.

The small stab didn't touch anywhere that could've been fatal, he could still move his arm though it hurt, Dabi saved him before his

shoulder could've been stabbed through entirely, and just a lot of other things.

His arm should heal completely in probably a few weeks. Though he should avoid using it vigorously until then. It would help it heal better.

Izuku made his way into his room and onto his bed.

He plopped himself down while setting his training alarm for 6am. He would have to cut his strength training in half to accommodate fighting and stuff like that. He saw on a forum somewhere mentioning different martial arts being used widely until quirks came in. He could search some stuff up and hopefully find results.

He was quickly able to doze off into a peaceful slumber, unaware of the worry he caused the pros and Tsukauchi.

He slept blissfully, happy with how his first day went and the people he saved in the meantime. Izuku was also quite happy with getting some notes on Amplifier.

Hopefully Aizawa didn't recognize him when he went on all the comms tonight

Chapter End Notes

> Any tags or ideas let me know! pls keep commenting guys. Yalls comments keep me alive and motivated:)

Chapter 12: Training

Chapter Summary

Izuku starts training, and meets... Someone.

Chapter Notes

I had absolutely no clue how to incorporate this character, and this was my only actually good idea. Please, it might be corny. I know. :/

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku woke up to his alarm, and wished he hadn't.

He was so sore this morning, it wasn't even funny.

Izuku got up with a groan, careful with his right shoulder. It still hurt, but it felt better this morning. Thank goodness it was a shallow stab wound and not what it could've been.

He groggily walked his way over to his bathroom. Getting ready for training, Izuku re-rapped and rebandaged his shoulder. Get showered, then changed into a black tank top, and some joggers.

Izuku got some breakfast as well, pretty hungry from last night.

After that he stretched, and oh did that feel nice.

He grabbed his computer and put it in his backpack with everything else he needed for training.

Izuku made his way out of his apartment, locking it in the meantime.

He got going on his walk to the park, thinking about the previous night.

It had been a blast for Izuku. He finally felt like he was free for once, like he could finally help for once.

Izuku made his way into the park, glad to see it was empty.

Walking over to the opening, Izuku thought about how he'd incorporate fighting into his training.

He'd have to cut his strength training in half, or use ⅓ of the time for fighting. He'd have to figure it out when he got there.

He started jogging through, taking breaks a little further past the points yesterday. Though the heaviness of the computer was waiting him down a little, he managed to push through.

Izuku made his way to the S shape sprint, as he called it. Sprinting through it, Izuku realized just how free he felt. Running through the forest while training felt enticing.

He slowed his pace back to a jog while rushing through the rest of the trail.

Making his way into the beach, Izuku realized just how much of a difference he made from this view.

It wasn't much, but it was enough to keep Izuku going.

If he was to learn how to fight, he would have to move out a specific area of trash, which he could do while doing strength training.

Izuku grabbed his notebook, and started writing.

If I want to fight, I will need to move an area of garbage, which I can easily do.
I will also need to search up some videos and tutorials, which is why I brought my computer.
Maybe I can find some weapons to fight with here too.

That was it for now.

Izuku closed his notebook and put it back into his backpack. He set his bag down on the same bench, and went scouting for a good fighting spot.

He found what looked like a pretty good spot, all considered.

It had a lot of garbage, but where on this beach didn't?

The one thing Izuku noticed was the fact that the actual sand didn't have a ton of tiny pieces embedded in it. He wouldn't have to rake through it like he would the rest. Izuku got to work splitting up the few piles into piles of recycling and garbage.

Once that was finished he started moving the garbage pile to his garbage pile, once deciding it was good enough he took a break.

Checking the time, Izuku realized he had gone for a whole 40 minutes without a break!

Once he deemed himself able to go on he moved the recycling to his residential recycling pile.

There was still some stuff left that Izuku needed to move still, but he was pretty happy with himself.

He finished moving everything off of his fighting spot, and felt those eyes on him again.

He looked back towards the spot he felt the eyes coming from yesterday. The position was slightly moved to the right a little, though Izuku could still feel them.

He kept his eyes on it for what seemed like a few minutes until he finally felt it recede. Sighing a quick breath of relief, he grabbed his computer and opened it up to Chrome.

He searched common fighting styles, not knowing how else to word it.

He scrolled through the first few results, not finding much of interest.

Then he found some that sounded interesting. He read through what they were, and wasn't very surprised when all of them existed in the pre-quirk era.

There were 3 that caught his eye.

Jujutsu
Ninjutsu
Capoeira

They all had aspects that Izuku wanted to learn.

Capoeira combines dance and acrobatics in the martial art. It requires fluidity with your movements, which Izuku can definitely practice.

Ninjutsu includes unarmed combat, weaponry, stealthing and strategic thinking. It stresses the importance of a calm mind and body and mind harmony so people can react quickly and effectively.

Jujutsu is more combat, and relies on close-quarters combat, grappling, and submission. You use your opponents strength and momentum against them, allowing you to defeat larger and stronger opponents.

Izuku knew he would probably use ninjutsu the most, considering he needed to be stealthy and strategic when planning to go in. He also needed to react effectively, which is why he planned to focus on Ninjutsu today. Tomorrow he could work on Jujutsu, considering it would definitely be handy when dealing with larger individuals.

Also considering how short Izuku was.

He opened YouTube and searched up some beginner tutorials.

He found what looked to be a suitable video on basic ninjutsu fighting techniques.

The video had 8 basic Ninjutsu techniques that when watching, looked very handy.

Although it was confusing at first, Izuku started to get the hang of them. Some of them were just stepping back and stopping punches, whereas others were more on the offensive side.

Izuku had been practicing for what felt like an hour, and decided on a well deserved break.

He walked over to his stuff, and gulped down some water. He sat down on the bench to catch his breath.

Izuku could've sworn he heard footsteps, but it was almost impossible with the ocean and sand.

“Woah. This place looks so much better!”

Izuku jumped up, clearly not expecting someone to interrupt his training.

The boy clearly didn't see Izuku yet, and seemed like he was talking to himself.

“Did someone do all of this by themselves!? That would be impressive!" The yellow blonde said.

Izuku didn't know whether to talk to the boy or not. I mean, he did look to be Izuku's age give or take.

Izuku was about to put his waitressing skills to use when the boy finally noticed him.

“Wait, did you do this!?” He practically bounced over to Izuku.

“Umm.. Yeah..?” Izuku said sheepishly.

“Woah dude that's really impressive!” The loud blonde stated while walking over to him.

Izuku was expecting maybe yelling, a ‘why are you doing this’ but he wasn't expecting that.

Izuku looked at the boy with astonishment, though the loud boy couldn't quite comprehend what that look meant.

“Too much? Sorry, I get caught up with myself sometimes.” The boy said while rubbing the back of his head in embarrassment.

Thus causing Izuku to begin frantically waving his hands frantically in the air.

“No no! It's not like that! I just.. Didn't really expect anyone to say what I'm doing is impressive or anything.I mean, it's really not"

The blonde immediately looked at him with a newfound spark in his eyes.

“Youre joking! I'm training to be a hero and I don't even think I could do this! Wait, are you training to be a hero?” The blonde asked with expectancy in his eyes.

“Umm.” Izuku didn't think this random kid should know, so he went with the safer option. “Something like that?” Izuku asked as a question, even though he was trying to state it.

“Well I mean, to be honest I want to be a hero, buuuuut I don't really know how to train.” The blonde replied.

“I could teach you!” Izuku realized he came off with way more enthusiasm than he wanted to.

The blonde looked at him practically half to tears. “Yo-you'd really do that!?” The blonde asked, clearly excited.

“I-I mean yeah! If you wanted me to, that is! I don't want to pressure you or anyth-” Izuku was interrupted by the other boy putting his hand in front of him.

“Denki Kaminari!” Izuku took his hand and shook it.

“Izuku Midoriya.”

“Pleased to make your acquaintance! Wait, also were you training before I came here?” Kaminari asked with actual curiosity.

“Uh yeah kind of. It's no big deal though!” Izuku stood up to be in front of Kaminari, now looking at the boy who was only a few inches taller.

“Wait, I have time right now! We could start training now if you wanted.” Kaminari asked.

“Sure! I was working on something that would probably be easier with a partner.

Izuku realized that Kaminari didn't know he was quirkless. He didn't want to lose this new acquaintance right away, but he also didn't want to lead him on either. He'd find a way to bring it up, eventually.

What is it? If it's quirk sparring, we better nooot.” Kaminari ended with an unsure and kind of scared face.

“Oh no, that's not what I was working on! What I'm trying to learn right now is Ninjutsu. It's a form of martial arts that was popular in the pre-quirk era” Izuku hoped that didn't give Kaminari the idea to ask about his quirk. (Since its pre-quirk era stuff)

“Woah! That's so cool! I always find it fascinating to learn about pre-quirk era stuff! It must've been weird living without quirks! Not bad, but just weird.” Izuku had a weird look on his face as Kaminari spoke.

Great. Kaminari just had to ruin his new acquaintance with this guy. He seemed like a generally good guy too!

Izuku didn't know what compelled him to ask the question. “Kaminari, what do you think of quirkless people?”

Crap! Of course Izuku's mouth just had to move! Great, now he lost his training buddy!

Well, Kaminari just as well will answer his question before he's forced to leave.

“Quirkless people? Not really anything special. People say they're useless but I don't really think so. Why?” Kaminari decided to ask this Midoriya guy why he asked this peculiar question.

Izuku got an odd look on his face. It was a mic between ‘I don't trust

you', 'I'm on guard around you', 'why even bother', and 'are you serious?'

"Wait, so that means you don't think down on them?" Izuku asked with every last bit of enthusiasm he had left.

"No, not really. I mean, I used to know a kid who had an.. Interesting quirk. It couldn't be used in combat but he still managed to win against every single one of us in a fight! It was awesome dude!"

Kaminari took a pause for emphasis. " I realized even if he didn't have a quirk he could still kick ass!"
"Why… do you ask?" Kaminari asked.

Welp, it's better to just rip the bandaid off instead of getting too attached to him as a friend.

"W-well um, you see… I'm actually,-" Izuku started playing with his thumbs and fingers as he said it, avoiding eye contact. "-Sorta kinda maybe.. Quirkless..?" Izuku said sheepishly, ready for the yelling, for the attempt at violence, anything but the actual reaction Kaminari had.

"Wait, so you're telling me you did all of this here without anything to help you? Dude, that's so cool!"

Kaminari leaped forward and rested his hands on Izuku's shoulders, forcing him to look up at Kaminari's face.

"Dude, you have got to teach me your ways! Like seriously!"

By this point Izuku was starting to get a little flustered, unbeknownst to Kaminari. I mean, he hasn't been this close to someone in years! Let alone his age, or someone who was actively complimenting him!

"It's seriously not really a big deal! I mean, practically anyone could do this!" Izuku frantically waved his hands around in between Kaminari's arms rested on his shoulders.

"Okay dude, you've really got to give yourself credit here! Like c'mon!"

Kaminari was getting mad at Izuku for… Not giving himself… credit? Eh?

Normally people only got mad at him for being a useless Deku. Not

for.. Whatever was happening here.

“You know what? We'll work on that! For now, let's train!”

Kaminari backed up as Izuku's flusteredness began to recede.

“Sooo what is it we're working on?”

“Oh! Here, lemme grab my computer real quick. What I'm trying to learn is called ninjutsu! It's a martial art from the pre-quirk era! It includes unarmed combat, weaponry, stealth, and strategic thinking. It has other things as well, but those are the ones I'm working on.”

“Woah! I can see how that'd be useful! Whatever you're doing, do you have to learn it?” Kaminari asked.

“No I don't, but I think I'll incorporate it into how I fight, you know?” Izuku responded.

The two watched the first part of the video, and then practiced the first move.

Okay, get into position, and then you try!” Izuku said to Kaminari, who was rubbing the back of his head.

“Dang, this is a lot harder than I thought. How do you do it?” Kaminari said in a joking tone.

He made his way into his position, stopping as he stepped on something.

“Ouch! What is that?” Kaminari grabbed it and picked it up. “Woah, Midobro, it's the exact same color as your eyes! It's so pretty!”

Kaminari held it up right next to Izuku's face, comparing the two.

“Are you pulling my leg, Kaminari?” Izuku asked in a slightly joking menacing voice.

“No seriously! Here, you have it!”

Kaminari handed Izuku the crystal, feeling a flutter through his chest as they touched hands.

“Woah.” Izuku said while inspecting it. “I think this is green Jasper. It's pretty rare in Japan, so I'm surprised you found it here.” Izuku said to Kaminari.

Izuku was about to give the green Jasper back, when Kaminari stopped him.

“Nah, you take it. I'm not really a huge fan of rocks or anything, and besides. It fits you a lot better.” Kaminari said while trying to fake flirt.

Izuku was finally starting to let his guard down around Kaminari, and maybe even consider him a friend. If Kaminari wanted to be, of course!

Izuku just stared at Kaminari like a disappointed mother for a good minute.

“Kaminari if that was you trying to fake flirt you're terrible at it.”

“Oh come onnnnnn! Midobro!!!!” Kaminari whined.

Izuku just sighed and put the green Jasper in his backpack.

“Alright, let's try that again, shall we? Izuku said while pulling Kaminari to the correct place.

The two sparred for a while, or until Izuku thought it was his time to go.

“Bye Kaminari! See you tomorrow! Izuku was about to leave when Kaminari stopped him.

“Wait! Midoriya! Can I have your number so we can text about training plans?” Kaminari yelled to Izuku who had started walking back in his direction.

“Oh yeah sure! Here's mine.” Izuku hadn't had anyone's phone number from someone his age before. It almost felt like a small weight in his backpack.

“Thanks! I'll see you tomorrow!” Kaminari yelled as he started to walk away.

He finally made a friend.

Well, only if Midoriya wanted to be friends with him, that is! He didn't want to push the only person who thought his energy wasn't annoying.

He might just have to tone it down tomorrow so Midoriya doesn't find

him annoying and drops him.

Chapter End Notes

Anyways, how do we like it? I really don't know how to feel about this, considering I wrote it what seems like forever ago, but was only a few weeks.

I have now officially been working on this for a month, and my current word count is (>94,000) and I'm honestly kinda proud of myself ngl. Also, any tags are welcome!

Chapter 13: Vigilanting

Chapter Summary

Izukus first night as a vigilante. He meets.. A few people.

Chapter Notes

No I'm looking back at a few of the sentences from this chapter and I visibly cringe at some of the writing. Imo I've improved greatly, though I still probably have a good way to go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku finished up with all his assignments, and still had extra time before his shift.

He didn't really know what else to do, so he sat there for a bit.

A sly smile arose on his face as he began furiously typing into his computer.

He wondered how long it would take, but considering he still had 2 hours left he would definitely follow through.

Izuku was seeing how well his hacking had gotten since starting the elective. He had been able to hack into the cameras around the city, and wanted to see if he could hack into any… other cameras.

Also known as the police station. He knew he probably shouldn't, but it was surely enticing.

He got up his code, and started the hacking process. Now Izuku wasn't dumb, if anyone found out about his hacking, they could've easily tracked it back to his devices. Except for the fact that Izuku made them untraceable.

Hacking into the city's cameras took about 24 minutes, give or take. He assumed it would take a lot longer getting into the police cams, considering the high security.

It took Izuku about 37 minutes to hack into the police cams.

Izuku made sure the audio was on, and leaned back into his computer chair as he watched and listened to the chatter, quite pleased with

himself.

His sky smile remained as he realized just how fun it would be to mess with the heroes. (Only Eraser head). Izuku knew he worked at the police station, but he still had hellions to teach.

That was what Izuku thought until he watched Aizawa walk through a few of the cams.

Probably expelled the bunch, or he had some free time and needed to get work done.

That was until he watched Aizawa grab a yellow blob, and pile himself into it. Upon further examination Izuku realized it was a bright yellow sleeping bag.

Oh my gosh.

Izuku would never let Eraser live this down!

If Izuku could find a way to change his voice, Izuku would definitely taunt Eraser for it. Most definitely.

Izuku stopped laughing after a good 5 minutes while he watched Aizawa sleep.

He finally woke up about 10 minutes later, looking the same as usual.

Izuku was still cackling as he interlaced his hands behind his head.

He watched as Aizawa got up to his desk, and grumbled while he started paperwork for who knows what. (The villain yesterday that Izuku conveniently left. Shirakumo asked Aizawa to handle it for him)

Izuku realized he better get ready for work, seeing as it was that time already.

He changed, put on his makeup and hair chalk, and grabbed a quick bite to eat before leaving.

Locking the doors, Izuku got going on his way to the cat cafe, happy to see the cats.

He arrived there, and said hi to Aima who was working as well. Baking, Izuku thought about the blackmail to use for Aizawa, though

knowing the man he could probably care less if the world knew about it.

Izuku and Aima switched duties like usual.

Izuku watched as his favorite regular walked in.

He waited until Aizawa was seated before walking up to him.

“Heyy Aizawaaa.” Izuku said with a grin, knowing his antics were expected by Aizawa.

“The usual.” Aizawa said in his gruff voice, a hint of ‘I'm so done’ in it.

“Why so grim? I can see the storm hanging over ya by the way.” Mikumo said, acting like he was helping, which he knew he wasn't.

“Paperwork. Loads too.” Aizawa said with a dramatic sigh, knowing procrastinating will only mean he has to do it later.

“And why is that?” Mikumo wanted to know how Aizawa felt about the vigilante side of him, even if they haven't technically met yet.

“Vigilante. They're helpful, but I do hate them when it comes to paperwork.” Aizawa said, trying and failing to find any joy in his situation.

“A new one or something?I bet you just love that!”

“Yep. I was told he might be a kid, possibly your age. Decided to leave us with lots of paperwork last night.” Aizawa said gruffly, as if he was stating an everyday fact.

“Dang. Sounds brutal. Anyway lemme grab your coffee!” Mikumo replied, expecting a response like that from Aizawa.

He hopped away and grabbed Aizawa his coffee.

After Aizawa left the rest of the shift went by pretty smoothly.

Izuku clocked out, hurrying as he did.

He hoped to catch a local electronic shop while they're still open.

Izuku made it with just 10 minutes left.

He looked around the shop, hoping to find what he was looking for.

He found it, the last one actually. A voice modifier. He would be able to see it into his mask, and it would do the rest of the work. He had to charge it every other night, but it was worth it.

Luckily for Izuku it wasn't too pricey. He laid for it, and left.

He put it on and tested it out a few times.

He could change the volume, but it also had a setting to keep it the same volume as to how he was speaking.

Izuku started figuring out what voice would work the best for him.

A voice that didn't sound like a guy, nor a girl.
Soft maybe. That would probably work.

Maybe a little mechanical if he wanted it to be known he was using a voice changer.

Izuku hurried home as he wanted to sew it before he went to bed.

Izuku was able to find a comfortable setting for him on the way home.

He finally made it home, and rushed to get ready for bed as he did.

Once he was done with that he immediately got started on sewing the voice changer to his mask. It would leave a little bulge, but otherwise shouldn't be too noticeable.

He finished sewing as he left it to charge.

Izuku plopped down into his bed, ready for sleep. He set his alarm, and then dozed off peacefully.

Izuku woke up to his alarm, ready for another night of vigilanting.

He grabbed his shirt and sweatshirt from the dryer as he threw them on.

He changed, put his mask on, put his ear piece on, and grabbed his notebook and pen.

Izuku didn't really like carrying his phone around last night, so he found a way to connect his ear piece to the comms with his phone being long distance. It was nice.

He put his gloves and shoes on and headed out the door and into the world of heroes.

Izuku felt like he had been running for hours, though he knew it had only been around 45 minutes. It was about 1am, and Izuku hoped he could find something he could handle by himself.

That was until he heard a familiar voice talking to what seemed like a literal man child.

He recognized Dabi, the guy who had saved him the night before.

Izuku kept watch from the mouth of the alley as nothing was happening immediately.

That was until the other guy, who had some sort of blue hair grabbed Dabi's arm with 4 fingers.

Izuku watched as Dabi immediately tensed, clearly showing something was going to happen.

He turned on his voice changer and hopped on the comms.

He called Midnight, which was nearest. He knew how Midnight used herself to promote, but she actually worked mostly at night.

“Midnight, we got signs of potential violence. A guy threatening another, seems as if he has a finger activated quirk. The address is ###.”

Midnight was starting to freak out as the vigilante she had been told about had managed to get into the comms! Though she couldn't really refuse to help, made her way to the coordinates, seeming as she had nothing better to do.

Izuku watched as the blue haired guy put his fifth finger on Dabi's arm. Then, his arm started disintegrating, literally.

Izuku jumped in, using swift movements to make a solid punch on the guy.

The guy didn't seem to be very advanced in combat knowledge, or for that matter basic knowledge either.

The dude staggered up, blood dripping from his nose. He rushed forward to Izuku, who had the exact counterattack, which he learned earlier today.

He stepped slightly to the side, and put his arm right underneath the guys arm, making sure not to touch his fingertips. That created an opening where Izuku kicked the pressure point in his neck, temporarily paralyzing him.

“Damn you brat! You'll regret this!” The man child yelled.

Dabi was holding his left arm, clearly in pain as blood ran down his arm.

“Thanks kid. Guess you leveled up lots from last night, huh?”

“Yeah! I did, I'm learning a martial arts style!” Izuku said while Dabi looked confused.
“Oh my voice? Yeah don't tell anyone but I got a voice changer.” Izuku knew Dabi probably wouldn't tell, considering he was technically a vigilante too.

Izuku realized Midnight was probably on her way there, and would be there soon.

He called Midnight.

“Got it taken care of. Though there is someone who needs medical attention over here.”

Damn.

Kid really got it taken care of pretty easily, didn't he?

Izuku was trying to keep Dabi calm as he spoke, considering the pain he must be in.

“Guess we're even now, huh?” Izuku chuckled. “Also, how did you even end up in that situation anyway?”

“Well, long story short, this guy was trying to recruit me for something called the ‘league of villains’. Got all pissy when I turned him down.”

Izuku thought for a second before asking a question.

“Do you want to become a villain, Dabi?” Izuku asked with a smile, though it was clear he had bad intentions.

“To spite my old man? Yes. Any other reason? No.”

Izuku didn't know what caused him to say this, maybe his own hatred for the man came through.

“If your dad is Endeavor, I understand. I feel bad for his kids. Anyone else and I will personally lecture you for hours about why you shouldn't become a villain. Sound good?”

Izuku wasn't expecting the absolute belly laugh that Dabi let out. He was laughing so hard he fell to his knees and started willing tears from his eyes.

“Would-” Dabi took a second to regain his composure. “Would you believe me if I said my dad was Endeavor?” Dabi ended with a chuckle.

“If you said you were Touya? Yes. He burned alive but they never found any bones or anything. You also have the-” Izuku looked and pointed up and down. “-Scars I would assume he would have.”

Dabi laughed a little at that last comment. “ You hit the nail kid. Pretty impressive, you're caught up on your stuff!”

“Um vigilante? This is your definition of ‘taken care of’. He's passed out cold.”

“Oh yeah, sorry about that! Just a side effect of hitting a pressure point. He'll be fine in a few hours.”

“Wait, you successfully hit a pressure point? That's impressive, kid!” Midnight practically squealed.

“Really, it's nothing! Anyone could probably do that!” Izuku started frantically waving his hands around.

Midnight called the authorities and some medical staff on standby for Dabi's arm.

“Damn, he really got you good.” Midnight said while using some immediate first aid on Dabi.

“Well with that, I better get going! Have a good night you two!”

“Wait! Kid, what do I call you?” Midnight yelled to the vigilante while he was already running out of the alley.

Izuku thought about it for a second, before going with his first thought.

“Jasper. You can call me Jasper.” With that, Izuku ran out of the alley and out into the night.

Izuku found a clock and checked the time. It was about 2:30. If he ran into another incident, he would probably go home after.

He ran around for a solid 15 minutes before he heard a familiar voice scream.

He immediately ran towards the scream, hesitating when he saw Kaminari being pushed into a wall by two pretty strong looking guys.

“H-hey guys! We can talk about this, you know!” Kaminari was trying to negotiate his way out, which definitely wasn't working well on the guys.

Izuku immediately mentally checked who was nearby, immediately giddy when he realized Eraserhead was nearby.

“Hey ‘Raser! Your favorite vigilante here, we've got two guys closing in on a kid. Strength related quirks I think. The coordinates are ###.”

Aizawa sighed, before replying. “On my way. 2 minutes out.”

—

Of course right when Aizawa was just about to clock out and go home when he had gotten pinged by the new vigilante. He was the talk of the office, bit like any new vigilante isn't.

He started running over, hoping this wouldn't be too much paperwork.

—

Izuku watched as the guys raised what looked to be a small pocket

knife against Kaminari.

Izuku made half a plan before running in. He couldn't let his friend get hurt!

Using the element of surprise and stealth (and not being seen since they were in a corner) Izuku swiftly grabbed the knife before kicking one of them in the gut.

Apparently they were just buff and didn't have a strength quirk because Izuku could see the way the guy was rammed into the wall. (He was only a few inches away from it in the first place)

Kaminari took that as his chance to punch the other guy, though it did little.

It did however give Izuku an opening where he could correctly use one of the techniques and kicked him in the side.

The guy only slightly stammered before running towards Izuku again.

Izuku grabbed the guys arm, and using all his might flipped him over. In one swift move the guy was now on the ground, heaving as he tried to regain his breath.

The other guy finally regained his composure before he rushed forward into what looked like a right hook.

Izuku dodged to the side as he did, surprised when the guy quickly changed to a right kick.

Izuku quite literally dove out of the way, deciding to roll as he would be able to get up quickly.

Ouch

He definitely needed to learn how to roll properly, but he was glad he didn't just dive.

Luckily the guy was left unbalanced after the kick, so Izuku was able to swipe his feet out from under him.

Izuku quickly jumped on top of the guy before he could try anything.

The other guy was still trying to catch his breath, and failing slightly. Though he would recover.

Izuku rolled the guy over so he was on his stomach.

Izuku was so proud of himself he almost forgot about Kaminari.

“Woah dude that was so cool! Wait, you remind me of someone but I don't know who!” Kaminari turned to look at Izuku directly. “Wait, do I know you? You seem really familiar!”

Izuku really hoped Kaminari wouldn't figure him out. He really didn't need to drag his first true friend (he hoped) into this.

“Umm I don't know what you're talking about!” Izuku let out a nervous laugh after.

“Wait, I know who you remind me of! You remind me of Midoriya! You used the same moves and everything! You're of a similar build and height.” Kaminari looked at Izuku with a suspicious look.

“Waaaiiiit. Are you suuurree you aren't Midoriya?” Kaminari asked.

“Umm yes! I don't know who this Midoriya guy is!”

Kaminari walked over to where Izuku was pinning the guy down and leaned in close.

“Are you sureee?” Kaminari asked while he had his hand on his chin in a thinking kind of way.

Izuku was still not used to being close to people so he easily flustered when he was close with someone.

Kaminari then took down his hood temporarily to reveal Izuku's mess of green curls.

“Hah! I knew it! You are Midoriya! You've got the same hair and everything! Though seriously, I owe you! Like you literally started helping me train, then you literally save me from near death! Like c'mon! That's super impressive!”

Izuku sighed as he put his hood back up. “Guess you got me. Though call me Jasper while I'm In uniform please?”

“You betcha! Also is this what you mean by ‘sorta’? Dude cmon we both should know you have a better chance of getting into a hero school than me.” Kaminari said with a fake stoic expression.

Izuku looked away sadly. “No, I probably can't be a hero. It's just not

in the books for me. A quirkless person can't be a hero. You know that.”

“Dude, you've gotta recognize your own talents!-”

That was the moment Eraser arrived.

“You take them down?” Eraser asked the vigilante, who was on top of one of the guys effectively pinning him down.

Izuku's usual enthusiasm around Eraser jumped back. “Yup! I'd say I'm not doing so bad myself. Now sorry, but I'm gonna leave you with more paperwork. See ya!” When he was behind Eraserhead he waved a phone signal and mouthed ‘text me’ to Kaminari, who nodded in response.

Aizawa sighed before calling the police.

“You aren't harmed kid?” Aizawa asked gruffly while tying the guys up.

“Nope! Thanks to Jasper!” Kaminari enthusiastically said.

“So that's what he calls himself.”

“Yup! Pretty cool name, right?” That was when Kaminari remembered the green Jasper he'd found and given to Izuku earlier that day.

Wow. Did Midoriya really name his vigilante self after something Kaminari had given him? Maybe they were actually friends. (Not if Izuku didn't want to, of course)

—

Izuku made his way home, turning off his early piece and voice changer in the meantime.

When he got home he showered, changed, and went to bed.

Was this what it felt like to have a friend? If so, Izuku really didn't want to lose it.

Chapter End Notes

> PLEASE COMMENT! I love reading your guy's comments. It brightens my day significantly:) Also, if there are any tags I missed please feel free to comment!

Chapter 14: True friend

Chapter Summary

Izuku realizes he might finally have a friend.

Chapter Notes

I'm super excited to share the rest of this story with y'all so far. I've got over 120,000 words written total, and I barely feel halfway done yet:)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Awww man! Every single one of you has met the little listener except me!” Yamada yelled, practically across the room.

“Thats because you haven't patrolled in a week. Maybe make an effort before you whine.” Kayama said, almost mocking Yamada. (She was, that's what friends do)

Yamada slumped his head into the table and wrapped his arms around his head.

“Yeah bro! You could always take my shift tonight!” Shirakumo mentioned to Yamada.

“I also have patrol tonight, Kumo.” Yamada sulked, ending in a slight whine.

“And yet you want to meet him, but you don't want to patrol.” Aizawa said, knowing this would get a rise out of his husband.

“Shoooo!” Yamada screeched while half leaning on Aizawa, who made no effort to move him. “Yeah you're right.” Yamada admitted, still sulking.

“I mean, he's not all that special. Just another vigilante, is all.” Aizawa said, while gently playing with Yamada's hair.

“Literally all of you said he looks like a kid! Maybe not as young as our listeners at UA, but a kid no less!”

“I'd say the only thing that surprised me was the fact he recognized all of us. Even Shota!” Shirakumo half-yelped.

“Yeah, I'd agree with Oboro. He recognized me, not many people do.” Aizawa gruffly said.

“You gotta admit the kid’s pretty cute! Though he is kinda small, which does worry me sometimes.”

“Exactly Sho! I want to see what he looks and sounds like! I'm curious!” Yamada screeched, while latching onto Aizawa.

“I don't see a problem here. You want someone to take your shift, yet you want to meet him. Just don't have someone take your shift.” Aizawa logically said.

“That's what I'm doing Sho!”

“Also, sorry to disappoint, but I think the kid has a voice changer of sorts. The first day I saw him he had more of a kids voice, though I'm not sure if age. Then Nemuri told me that last night he sounded more of a mix, and definitely older.” Shirakumo announced.

“That's okay! I mean, I gotta admit that's pretty smart!”

“Yeah, I mean most Vigilantes don't. And he covers most of his face and hair with a mask and his hood.”

“You better tell me all about it tomorrow morning!” Shirakumo yelled to Yamada.

“I won't leave a single detail out if I do manage to meet him!” Yamada yelled back.

“Oh, also be aware of your comm, he likes to talk to you through those.” Kayama replied sweetly.

“Wait!? He managed to hack into the comms!? That's mega impressive!”

“Just don't let Nedzu find out, or that kid won't ever see an ounce of sanity again.” Aizawa half-muttered.

“So don't tell Nedzu?” Midnight asked the Quad Squad. (I love calling them this, I don't know why)

The other three responded with clear answers.

“Most definitely.”

“Yeah!”

“It's most logical.”

They clearly didn't see the short figure walking into their office.

“Tell me what, Kayama-san?” Nedzu chirped, clearly interested in the conversation.

“Oh nothing much, really!” Kayama let out a nervous laugh.

“No really! Enlighten me, please.” Nedzu let out one of those ‘I have something planned’ looks.

Aizawa knew they wouldn't get out of this without telling him. He let out a long sigh before looking at everyone else, who silently agreed.

“This new vigilante has successfully hacked into the comms and has basically full access.”
Aizawa said, looking at the rat - demon.

A spark of glee enlightened Nedzu's eyes.

“How interesting indeed.”

The four could tell he was definitely planning something, after all who was he if he didn't?

—

Izuku woke up, sore and slightly bruised. Last night he saved both Dabi and Kaminari! That was awesome, and as much as Izuku could be a Debby Downer, he was quite proud of himself.

He got up, showered, changed, ate, and got ready for training. It was a Friday, so luckily Izuku didn't have training tomorrow. He'd still go out as Jasper everyday, and consider that his training.

He was starting to be able to run a little longer, though it wasn't much. However he did feel like he was getting more fit.

He got his backpack and anything else he needed before setting out on his way to the park.

Once he got to the trail opening he started on his way.

Dang.

He really was sore.

Izuku pushed through, only to take breaks when he really needed them.

He sprinted the S shape sprint, and continued jogging on his way.

He told Kaminari that Izuku did go on a run beforehand, but he didn't have to join if he didn't want to.

They agreed to meet at Dagobah, which then they'd do strength training and sparring together.

Now that Izuku thought about it, he didn't even know Kaminari's quirk! He wanted to ask him, but didn't want to go up to him and ask him a million questions.

Though he might ask if Kaminari wanted help with his quirk, because Izuku could definitely help him.

Izuku finished his run, walked over to a bench and sat down whilst catching his breath.

“Heyyy Midobro! How are you doing?” Kaminari walked up to him, and leaned his arms against the side of the bench.

Izuku just held a thumbs up, trying to put on a small smile while he did. Too out of breath to talk for the moment's notice.

“No, because when I got home, I searched up what you were doing cus I was confused, right? And apparently what you're doing is called vigilantism! Is that what you're doing!?”

Izuku had finally caught his breath by this point, though not fully.

“Yeahhh sorry! I didn't want you to know!” Izuku managed to get out, earning a confused look from Kaminari.

“Dude, why not?” He asked in an actually sincere tone. “It's pretty dangerous and it's good to have people in your corner. Unless you don't want me in your corner, that is! I mean I don't want to force you to be my friend or anything!-” Kaminari was cut off by Izuku.

“No! I didn't want to drag you into it! You want to be a hero and if you were included in stuff like that it wouldn't be good for you!-” This time Kaminari cut Izuku off.

“Nah bro. It's not like I'm doing it myself! I just.. I want you to be safe, that's all.” Kaminari said while slightly turning away and avoiding eye contact. “And it just.. Lessens my worries if I know what's going on. Not that you have to tell me if you don't want to!”

Izuku looked at him with wide eyes. “Do-do you want to know? Also do you, w-want to be friends? Cause I'd like that.” Izuku replied sheepishly.

“Yeah. I would. And I do kinda want to know what my FRIEND is getting himself into. If that isn't too much trouble!” Kaminari put extra emphasis on.

This caused Izuku to smile a pretty wide smile, possibly the first real one he's had since before his mom died.

“Yeah. I would like that.” Izuku thought it felt weird to call Kaminari his friend, probably because he hasn't had any in basically a decade. (Not counting Bakugo, they're in some sort of weird friendship situationship thingy)

“Anyways! Let's get back to training, friend.” Izuku automatically softened to the word friend coming out of his mouth.

“Wait. Is it alright if I ask what your quirk is? I could plan some stuff with it!” Izuku tried not to be too enthusiastic, though he failed.

“Yeah bro! My quirks Electricity! I can produce electricity and output it, though I can really control where it goes. And I short circuit when I use too much.”

Izuku had already grabbed his notebook and started writing, unbeknownst to Kaminari.

A thought crossed Izuku's mind. “Oh, you don't mind if I write about it, do you?”

“Nope! You can write all you want about me!”

“I can help you with quirk control and upping your voltage amount before you short circuit.”

“Can we work on that on Monday? I'm already exhausted and we haven't even done anything!” Kaminari groaned.

“Alright! Anyways, wanna work on some more minjutsu, or just more quirk less sparring?”

“DEFINITELY quirkless sparring! Minjutsu is nice, but SO confusing!”

The two started with their strength training, then got going on quirkless training.

“Woah! You've improved a lot since we first started yesterday!”

“Thanks! You too!” The two took a few breaks, but finished up.

“Hey! You should so come with me to this cafe!” (Not the cat cafe).

“Nah, it's fine! I really don't want to be a bother.” Izuku sorta trailer off, but Kaminari still heard.

“Nope.” Kaminari grabbed Izuku's wrists, so Izuku was forced to look him in the eyes. “As my new friend, who DOESN'T get annoyed when I ramble, I REQUIRE you to come with me.”

“But-”

Kaminari put his hands on Izuku, and walked a step closer.

Now Izuku was starting to get flustered, not used to being this close to anyone really.

“Nope. You aren't being a bother, actually it will be a bother if you don't come with me. So what is it gonna be, Midobro.”

Crap, so much for toning it down.

“Ah sorry. I get kinda too excited sometimes. I understand if you don't want to g-”

“Kaminari, do you really want me to go with you?”

“Yes! Though I understand if you don't want t-”

“Then I'll go. I mean, you're kinda the first real friend I've had so I don't really know how to act sometimes either.” Izuku replied while rubbing the back of his head.

“Then let's go! I know a cafe about 15 minutes from here!”

Izuku had finished packing up all of his stuff and threw his backpack on.

The two started walking and talking about a lot of things.

“I can't stay for too long cause I've got to go to school in a half hour, but that should be long enough.” Kaminari said.

“That's okay! That means your school starts at around 9ish, right?”

“Yeah! I don't really care about getting there super early. None of my friends really want to listen to my ramblings.” Kaminari replied sheepishly.

“Kaminari, if they don't want to at least listen to your ramblings, I wouldn't call them your friends.”

Kaminari wanted to test something.

“But what if you had friends that did that to you?”

Izuku didn't even hesitate before saying. “I probably shouldn't have been as annoying. Simple as that.”

“ Midoriya, think about what you said to me, and then about yourself for a second.” He really wished Midoriya would see how great of a person he is.

“Well, you're not annoying, but I mean, I am most of the time.”

Kaminari stopped walking right there. He would not let his friend talk about himself so poorly.

Izuku turned to look at Kaminari before Kaminari grabbed his shoulders, yet again.

He decided to go for maximum impact.

“Izuku, if you talk about yourself that way ever again I will smack you over the head, okay?”

Izuku was surprised that Kaminari called him by his name, though he moved past it.

“What do you mean?”

“If you talk about yourself so poorly ever again I will smack you! No, even worse, I'll fake flirt with you for the rest of the day!”

Izuku wondered what it would be like if Kaminari fake flirted with him. It would definitely be pretty odd.

“Well do normal friends fake-flirt with each other?” This was a genuine question, as Izuku had never had friends after he was diagnosed.

“Actually, sometimes. I think. It depends on the people.”

“Then I don't have a problem with that, so I will continue saying the truth about myself thank you very much!”

The two continued arguing about it all the way to the cafe, which was about 5 minutes. They had about 15 minutes until Kaminari had to leave, though that was plenty.

They decided to drop the subject, as it was a pretty boring thing to talk about. (To Izuku at least)

The two sat down and ordered their drinks, getting them almost immediately after they ordered them.

“Wait, now that I think about it you haven't mentioned going to school. Where do you go to school?”

“Oh I'm home schooled! I do school online, so it's pretty nice!”

“That does sound nice!” Kaminari replied.

“Thats why you train so late!”

The two continued having small talk about everyday life, school, and even some of Jasper's activities.

“Dude! That's super impressive! Like, seriously! You hacked into the police cams?” Kaminari made sure to lower his voice at the last part, considering they were in a public place.

“It's not really that much, seriously! Practically anyone could do that!”

“Midoriya, what did I say about talking down about yourself?”

“Oh yeah I don't really care. Do what you must, but the truth will prevail.”

They were sitting side by side in a booth, more hidden from the rest of the cafe.

Kaminari leaned into Izuku's side, his face inches away from his ear.

“Are you sure about that?” Kaminari softly whispered into Izuku's ear.

Thus causing Izuku to brighten up like a tomato.

“Hey!” Izuku turned around to face Kaminari, who had a definite flirty face on. (Though is was supposedly fake)

“Hey you can't just say that!” Izuku sputtered out.

“And anyway don't you have to leave for school!?”

Kaminari checked the time, disappointed to see he had to leave his friend.

“Guess I do.” He put on another ‘fake’ flirty face while looking at Izuku. “We'll just have to hang out again sometime this weekend. I know you can't resist.”

Kaminari chuckled before walking away.

Izuku just sat there for probably 10 minutes just processing what happened, before using the money Kaminari left for his drink and paying for his own.

He left, walking back to his apartment.

Damn, maybe they would have to hang out this weekend. Maybe Izuku could invite him over to his apartment, and tell him the truth about Mikumo.

Is this what it felt like to have a friend? Izuku never wanted to let this feeling go, even if his friend fake flirted with him all the time.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo how do we like ittt??? Any tags, mistakes, or anything of the sort I would like if y'all commented. PLEASE COMMENT! :)

Chapter 15: Vigilanting around

Chapter Summary

Another night of Izuku going out as a vigilante

Chapter Notes

I'm looking at some of the old lines from this chapter and it's.. Interesting. Maybe bc I wrote it, idk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku had finished up his school work for the day. His mind was still in a loop thinking about what Kaminari had said earlier that day.

Izuku was wondering if he wanted to invite him over this weekend or not. He could maybe tell him about Mikumo, though he didn't want Kaminari to think less of him or anything. Or for him to absolutely hate him, yell at him, or anything normal people would hear when learning your friend has a fake identity.

Welp, now Izuku just had some free time before he had to get ready for work.

Izuku's new favorite things to do in his free time was A) hacking into random things to ‘test’ his hacking skills. B) hack into the police station and watch Eraser head have fun with all the paperwork Izuku would leave him.

Though Izuku had only hacked into the police station once, Izuku knew Aizawa wouldn't be there if he still had a class. So he concluded that Aizawa must have expelled his class or something.

Izuku hacked into the police cams, and saw Aizawa in his usual spot of two. He was taking a nap in his usual yellow sleeping bag.

Izuku peacefully watched around the station, feeling unhappy when he didn't find anything of interest.

He wondered if he could hack into anywhere more secure, and pondered where that could be.

I mean, he had a few ideas, but really didn't want to intrude on the place.

I mean, knowing what place he had In mind he wouldn't make it out in one piece.

Of course Nedzu would have top-notch security. I mean, they were one of the best hero schools in Japan.

Eh, Izuku could still try. I mean, if he successfully hacked into the cams his computer was untraceable.

And if he didn't, his computer was still untraceable. Though knowing Nedzu you never knew what you were getting yourself into.

Izuku would take his chances.

He started hacking into UA, careful not to let off any of the tripwires Nedzu was sure to have planted.

After almost 52 minutes, he successfully hacked into the cams.

A grin appeared on Izuku's face, knowing he was getting better and better at this.

He switched through some of the cams, not knowing which one to keep an eye on.

He switched through them until he switched to the teachers lounge. It wasn't anything special by any means, but it was nice enough for the teachers.

He saw Present Mic, (Present Mic!!!), Loudcloud, and Midnight chilling and talking while grading papers.

Izuku didn't know if he was able to turn on the audio or not, but decided to try anyway.

After about 5 minutes he finally found the toggle allowing him to turn on the audio.

He caught a part of what Present Mic said.

“-eah! I still can't believe Sho expelled his entire class! I liked some of those kids!”

Who was ‘Sho’? He knew Eraser might've expelled his entire class, but he didn't know his full name. He knew his last name was Aizawa, and that was about it.

“Yeah! Though I do understand why he did though. I've gotta admit some of those kids had zero potential, though I still feel bad.” Loudcloud mentioned to the trio.

“Yeah! I think after only one kid passed the twin tests he had he was just kinda done with the class. Especially after he already expelled half of them at the beginning of the school year.” Midnight chimed in.

Izuku knew Midnight and Present Mics full names, though he would never purposely tell anyone. Probably because the info was supposed to be private, but Izuku still found out anyway.

Wait. Midnight talked about how only one kid passed the twin tests. Aizawa had talked about how he only had one student pass the tests he made.

Izuku started to think Present Mic, Eraser, Midnight, and Loudcloud were closer than most people thought.

But, he didn't think Eraser would have the first name of Sho. Perhaps it could be a nickname of sorts? Izuku started to wonder about the relationship between Present Mic and Aizawa.

That was until Izuku's eye caught the sparkling metal on Present Mic's left hand. Now this wouldn't be uncommon, considering a lot of heroes wear rings in their hero costume. Though Izuku didn't think this was a mere coincidence, especially because the ring was placed on his ring finger, on his left hand.

Izuku quickly switched tabs to the cams at the police station, hoping Aizawa was done with his nap. He found Aizawa overlooking paper work at his desk.

Izuku searched for it, and finally found what he was looking for.

There was no way this was just a coincidence.

A metal ring, identical to Present Mics.

Huh. Izuku actually found actual black mail for not only Aizawa, but

also Present Mic. (Though he would never blackmail Present Mic if he had the chance).

Now this, was interesting.

Izuku realized the time and closed his computer. Izuku got ready for work, making sure to eat something before he left.

___

Huh. This was definitely intriguing indeed!

There had been few people who had successfully hacked UA in the past, but now it seemed this hacker upped their game.

Nedzu wondered who had successfully hacked into UA, but not taken anything. No data, training plans, nothing.

Whoever it was had just hacked into the cameras.

Nedzu tried to trace the device, like he had done with all of the previous people. He found every single person who had hacked I to UAs system, but he could not this time.

Whoever this person was, Nedzu definitely wanted to meet them.

Maybe he'd get the chance to meet them sometime.

___

Izuku had just finished his shift, and was headed home. He really just wanted to go straight to bed before a night of vigilanting.

He was really starting to get the hang of it! Though he realized in the few days he had been out he only really ran into people who either didn't use their quirks, had mental quirks, or didn't know how to fight very well.

I mean, Izuku wasn't complaining! He would rather run into a fight he could win than not.

Izuku got ready for bed and fell asleep the moment he hit his mattress.

Izuku woke up at 12 to his alarm, and actually felt well rested.

He changed into his usual vigilante outfit and grabbed his notebook.

Izuku knew he definitely needed to find some weapons soon, though he really didn't want to buy them.

He'd have to search for some at Dagobah beach.

That was when Izuku checked his phone, and was surprised to see a text from Kaminari.

‘Be safe! I texted now cus I didnt really know when you go out lol’

It definitely made Izuku feel nice, though he felt bad for making him stay up this late.

‘Thank you! Though you really don't have to stay up late to text me!’ Izuku replied.

‘Nah bro, I'm up this late anyways! There's quite literally no reason for me not to’

‘Thank you!’

‘No problem! Also you better text me when you get back.’

‘It's fine! I don't really want to bother you anyways!’ Izuku didn't really know where this conversation was going.

‘Midoriya, it will be a bother if you don't text me. I will probably not get to sleep if you don't text me’

Izuku knew he couldn't reason with that.

‘Fine! But tell me if I'm being annoying and I'll stop. Anyways I have to go, byeee!’

‘Byeeee! Be safe’

With that Izuku closed his phone and put it down. Luckily he didn't need to take it with him anymore, because it was really just extra weight in his pockets.

He put his mask, shoes, and gloves on and walked out the door.

___

Izuku had been patrolling and running off and on for what felt like an hour.

He checked the time in a local building and it had actually been an hour.

Izuku wondered how much more effective he would be if he was able to run on the roofs.

He'd need to learn how to jump far enough though.

He quickly tucked that thought away as he heard a scream from a local convenience store.

Izuku looked into the store from a window, seeing two guys threatening a few people at gunpoint.

Izuku quickly called the comms, unsure of who was closest.

“Theres a robbery at ### convenience store. I'm unsure of who's closest, but there's people being held at gunpoint. I'll do what I can.” Izuku hung up the call, not having enough time to wait for a response.

He watched carefully, knowing it could end badly if he just jumped in.

One of the two guys openly used his quirk, which was perfect for Izuku.

The man could make blades from his hands anywhere from 1 inch, to about a foot long.

The blades definitely held some sort of fire or heat on them, seeing as he could melt through anything with them.

The other one turned slightly, just enough so Izuku could see his eyes.

They looked like googly eyes to be honest.

Izuku assumed they allowed him better vision or something of the sorts.

Izuku knew he probably couldn't win in a fight against them, maybe one of them at best.

Izuku watched as googly eyes were about to pull the trigger.

His body moved on its own, luckily still following the plan he made earlier.

Izuku kicked the gun out of the first one's hands, then using the surprise from the other guy he managed to kick the gun out as well.

He just had to keep the attention on him as either the others escaped, or a pro showed up. Either way would work.

He ran backwards, so he could get a clear view of the two.

He gestured to the others to run.

Most of them stood there for a few moments before getting the idea and leaving. Now there was no one in the way to get hurt.

All Izuku had to do was keep their attention on him while waiting for a hero to arrive.

Izuku was glad he watched some Capoeira videos, because they just kept going back and forth.

Izuku mostly dodged while the two guys tried to get a solid hit on him.

This is definitely one perk of running every single night and morning. You start to gain stamina and speed, which is what Izuku was solely relying on.

These guys were brutes, so Izuku really didn't want to test his chances by landing a hit on them.

Izuku still wasn't very strong, and he couldn't really kick or punch very well yet.

He mainly relied on lunches though, considering he had his metal gloves.

The three continued going back and forth in a little dance of sorts, until a hero did actually arrive.

Rocklock quickly locked the guys while he tied them up.

“Nice job kid.” Rocklock said. Vigilantes were fine in his book, but he really didn't like kids running around and acting like heroes.

Izuku practically beamed at the praise, I mean after all he didn't really deserve it.

“Thanks!” Izuku started writing down how Rocklock took them out in his notebook.

“Umm, kid? What are you doing?” Rocklock was genuinely curious and confused.

“Ehheh, just um, taking notes, is all.” Izuku kinda trailer off at the end, because honestly he knew once the heroes found out they'd probably think he's weird or something.

I mean, who didn't?

“Wait, on me or these guys?” Rocklock asked. He'd never experienced a kid who takes notes on heroes. That was actually kind of impressive.

“Ummm. I plead the fifth?” Izuku asked sheepishly.

Of course the kid would know even American laws. He seemed pretty smart if Rocklock was being honest.

“Kid, I don't care if you take notes. Just be careful if you do, and don't let the wrong people get a hold of them.” Rocklock would've told the kid that it was kinda impressive, but he really didn't want to encourage him.

Izuku knew this was the closest thing he would get to praise or compliments from Rocklock.

He finished writing in his notebook, considering there wasn't really much to write about.

He tucked it away in his sweatshirt and went on his merry way.

Running around definitely tired Izuku out, but in a good way.

Izuku had about 20 minutes left with his patrol before he heard a scream coming from an alley.

He made his way to the mouth of the alley, making sure not to be too loud while assessing the situation.

This time it was a woman who looked to be in her 20s.

There were no obvious signs of her quirk, so Izuku was blind in that region.

The victim was crying on the ground. He was tied up with rope while the woman brought a metal stick over his head.

Izuku checked who was closest, and was honestly looking forward to it when he remembered Present Mic was closest.

He called over to Present Mic individually.

“Present Mic? You're closest and there's a woman over here physically assaulting a kid. No obvious signs of a quirk. The address is ### 8th street.” He tried to whisper quietly, but apparently not.

He hung up the call, and focused on the woman who was staring directly at him.

Then, she charged.

Izuku was able to move under and past her, so they weren't fighting directly in the street.

No matter what Izuku did, she was always two steps ahead.

Izuku had gotten hit a few times, and was starting to wonder what her quirk was.

At this point his advantage was just being unpredictable and moving around a lot.

That was until the lady started talking to him, in a maniacal voice.

“You know, you're not too bad! First guy I've fought that actually holds their own against my quirk!”

Izuku hoped she'd take the bait.

“Really? What even is your quirk! I could write all about it and help you improve it!” Most people took the bait when he said that, so he hoped this one would too.

“My quirk is already to its fullest potential, kid! I can hear almost anything you know! I heard you when you first walked to the mouth of the alley! I wondered what you'd do until you talked into that little comm of yours! I can hear your movements and the air before you even do anything!”

Yes! She took the bait!

Alright, so she could predict his movements based on the sound of the air and stuff. Then Izuku would just have to make sure she couldn't do

that.

That was his plan until she completely over powered him and kicked him into the brick wall.

Ouch. That would leave some bruises.

Izuku slowly got up, acting dramatically as he did. Maybe she'd think he couldn't fight to his full potential. I mean, he couldn't, but his adrenaline says otherwise.

That was actually the perfect time to drag something out, as Present Mic arrived.

She was completely no match for the voice hero, considering his volume.

He was able to yell, with barely any volume before she was on the ground, hand over her ears.

As much as Izuku didn't like villains, he couldn't help but feel bad for some of them.

Izuku took out his notebook and started writing notes on Present Mic's strategy to quickly subdue her.

After Present Mic tied her up and untied the kid, he came over to Izuku.

“Kid! That was a pretty nasty kick! You good?”

As much as Izuku knew most people would call him Jasper, the pros would probably never stop calling him ‘kid’.

Izuku completely disregarded Present Mic's worries as he continued to write in his notebook.

He didn't even realize he was mumbling, but apparently he was.

“Present Mic had to have known her quirk as he toned his volume down a lot more than normal. Then again we are in an alleyway. He could've also known that move would've completely disabled her, and so used it. It's pretty effective-...” Izuku finished rambling and writing as he realized Present Mic was standing right in front of him.

“Listener? Are you taking notes on me and the fight?” Present Mic asked, though he sounded almost impressed.

“Oh yeah… sorry! I can rip the page out if you want! I know it's kinda creepy and-”

Izuku was cut off.

“Listener, I wish my students would do that! That's impressive! Is it a hobby of yours?” Present Mic asked, excited he finally got to meet this vigilante.

Izuku looked at him in complete astonishment. The Present Mic wished his students did this. What!??? That makes no sense!!!

Present Mic asked as the kid went from almost excited, to deflating.

“No really, it's fine! You don't have to lie to me about it! I mean everyone thinks they're just creepy stalker notes and-”

Present Mic looked at Izuku with his most determined but still soft look.

“Little listener, if anyone says they think notes on heroes are creepy, they clearly need their heads checked. I think they're nice, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise!” Present Mic actually wanted to go beat some kids up, but his husband would probably best him over it.

Or, even worse, make him sleep on the couch! Ogh Hizashi could not let that happen again. Last time it was for a week and it was hell.

Izuku thought he might actually cry, but made sure to keep the tears in.

“You really think so?” Izuku asked in a tone that sounded way more grounded than he felt.

“Yes! Don't let anyone tell you otherwise!”

Izuku decided to change the subject, because he might actually cry if he didn't. He looked at Present Mic's hand, and remembered his hypothesis he made earlier.

Izuku got a sly smile on his face, though Present Mic couldn't see it.

His tone matched his facial expressions.

“Hey Present Mic. That's a really pretty ring! It looks like a wedding ring. Hmm, I wonder what that could mean.”

While Present Mic was still shocked from that comment, Izuku ran off and back to his apartment.

—

Kaminari had been waiting for a text from Midoriya for almost 3 hours.

Did Midoriya really patrol that long? I mean, Kaminari knew the heroes did, but Midoriya?

Alright fine, Kaminari would admit it. He was worried about his friend. Probably even more so than his other ‘friends’. Midoriya was the first one who didn't find his personality ‘annoying’ or ‘overstimulating’. He couldn't really help it at times!

And he really wanted to help his friend overcome his own issues. I mean, he never thought that anything he did was impressive!

He always said ‘Really, anyone else could do this.’

Like what!??

Kaminari could not have started moving the trash on Dagobah. He could not have ever become a vigilante, considering he'd probably short circuit. Kaminari could not teach himself how to fight off tutorial videos. Like, who watches tutorials and successfully does exactly what the video says? Definitely not Kaminari!

Izuku even says he analyses quirks! Like, Kaminari could definitely not do that. Like, especially while quirkless! Kaminari didn't really know anyone quirkless before Midoriya, so he didn't really know how to react around and about them.

But he thought it was hella impressive that Midoriya did all of that without a tool of sorts!

Kaminari was really starting to worry about his friend until he got a notification from him.

Thank goodness he's okay! Okay, maybe he worried more than he had too, but that's what friends do, right?

Izuku: ‘sorry! I forgot to text you before I got ready for bed!’

Kaminari: ‘No worries dude! Just glad you're alright! You didn't get hurt, did you?’

Izuku: ‘nope! I did get kicked like 5 times though but I'm fine. It's really nothing's

Kaminari: ‘dude! You said you didn't get hurt and that qualifies as getting hurt! Are you alright?’

Izuku: ‘yup! I put some bruise cream on them. I did have a little trouble with my back though’

Kaminari: ‘dude! You got kicked in the back! That had to be mega painful! You sure you're alright? I can go over to your house if you want’

Izuku: ‘no! I'm fine, really! I don't want to bother you at all! Really, it's not a big deal! and it's not like I was kicked in the back, I was kicked and I flung onto my back. Not as bad’

Kaminari: ‘dude! That's even worse! If I knew where you lived I would go over there right now, seriously. Like, it would be a bother if I didn't’

Izuku: ‘Wait, really? Maybe we can hangout tomorrow and you can see how I'm completely fine. And then maybe I can show you my place’

Kaminari: ‘yeah! That would be awesome! Though maybe in the afternoon since I like to sleep in a lot lol’

Izuku: ‘yeah! That's totally fine! We can meet at Dagobah since we both know where it is’

Kaminari: ‘yeah! That works! I'll see you at 3? How does that sound?’

Izuku: ‘yeah! That definitely works! See you then! Anyway, goodnight see you tomorrow!’

Kaminari: ‘Goodnight! Sleep tight and see you tomorrow!’

With that, both of them put their phones down and went to bed.

Kaminari was peaceful now that he knew his friend was alright.

Izuku was peaceful with the fact that maybe Present Mic did actually think what he said, and wasn't just lying. Also from the fact that maybe Izuku finally had a friend that maybe cared about him.

Chapter End Notes

> Yesterday I wrote so much. I'm kinda proud ngl. Any tags you think I could add please comment! PLEASE COMMENT:) I love reading and replying to halls comments:)

Chapter 16: Suspicions

Chapter Summary

Hizashi is a little.. Worried. And probably other things I forgot about. Oh, Izuku and Kaminari hang out.

READ END NOTES!

Chapter Notes

I barely remember writing this chapter. It felt so long ago. (I'm currently working on chapter 57)

READ END NOTES!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hizashi had been in some sort of daze ever since Jasper had basically told him he knew he was married.

Only the quad squad, Nedzu, recovery girl, and Tensei knew about their marriage. Oh, don't forget the 4 cats they have!

Hizashi had gotten back from patrol, and Aizawa immediately knew something was wrong.

“Okay, Zashi what's wrong. You've been spacing out.” Aizawa said, making sure to talk the slightest bit gentler.
“Please don't tell me this is about Jasper.”
Aizawa groaned while stuffing his head in his hands.

Hizashi finally got out of whatever daze he had been in previously.

“Okay, this is going to sound weird, but I think the listener knows we're married. Or at least the fact I'm married.” Hizashi said, knowing

he probably couldn't keep it from his husband even if he tried.

Aizawa looked surprised, but not shocked.

“What did he say?” Aizawa asked.

“He said something similar to, “ pretty ring you got there. Looks like a wedding ring.” Before getting some mischievous look in his eyes. I don't think that was what he said exactly, but close enough. If he didn't have a mask on I could've sworn he was grinning.” Hizashi said with a sigh. It was definitely better to tell his husband the full story.

“So he didn't mention me or a partner at all?”

“Nope. Just that. Or something.” Hizashi said.

Aizawa sighed before saying, “I don't even know why I can see him doing that. I've met him once.”

This definitely caused Hizashi to laugh, and lightened the mood along with it.

“I mean, so long as he doesn't tell anyone it's fine for now.” Aizawa said. I mean, yes it wasn't preferable to have a kid know something like that. But if their estimates were correct on his age (17-19) then he should know better.

Aizawa doesn't know why he has a sinking feeling they were wrong regarding that estimate.

“I'll try to find out more without giving anything away if I see him next time.” Aizawa said, knowing it would help make his husband feel better.

“Thanks Sho. You're the best.” Hizashi said surprisingly softly, despite his loud nature.

___

Ugh. What time was it? Izuku had no idea. When figuring out his training he decided that weekends should be spent resting and focusing on vigilante work. Maybe he could find some weapons to fight with.

Izuku checked the clock, not surprised to see that it was 9am. His body was used to not getting much sleep, though it probably wasn't good for him.

Kaminari said that 3 worked for him, and Izuku agreed. They would meet at Dagobah, since they both knew where it was.

Izuku dragged himself out of bed, grabbing some food as he did. Some peanut butter toast, considering it kept him full for a while.

Izuku ate pretty slowly, considering he had no rush to be in. He basked in the glory of the morning, realizing he missed the feeling of waking up for training though he had only started it that week.

Izuku was already starting to see improvements, as his speed and

stamina was improving rapidly.

His strength was slowly getting better, though he didn't think he was seeing any immediate improvements. Izuku was surprised he was seeing any improvements at all though, so he was grateful.

Izuku wondered what he wanted to do until he hung out with Kaminari. He took this evening off because of his plans with Kaminari.

I mean, he did need some weapons for fighting. Early on just his skills were effective enough, but now he really needed to up his game.

Izuku wondered what weapons he'd want, though he wouldn't spend the money on them.

He would want something effective, sturdy, but also compactable. Maybe something small, but accurate.

Izuku could find some metal pipes and fix them so that they are compactable. But he did still want something small and accurate. Like something he could throw.

Izuku hopped on his computer and searched it up.

He did find what he was looking for though. Ninja stars. They could be small, and they would be pretty half- decent for long distances. Izuku could easily make them from different scrap metal on the beach. There was plenty of it too.

He might not get them back each time, so it was good to have a lot. He would however, have to find a way to store them in his hoodie or a belt somehow. He could probably see something together.

Izuku decided to go on a little walk over to Dagobah, with a different bag. Though he did get ready for the day first.

He started the walk over to Dagobah, thinking about different designs.

Izuku was able to build a variety of different gadgets, though he never had a reason to. It was another hobby of his including analysis. He had gotten into it when he was little, starting off as small things.

Izuku arrived at Dagobah, happy to see the albeit small amount of progress on the beach.

He started looking around for any type of metal he could bend and weld into a ninja star.

He definitely found some of what he was looking for. Izuku found a lot of aluminum, copper, and iron which was perfect for ninja stars. He could bend this metal, unlike most.

Izuku was looking around when he spotted the other thing he thought about. Some metal pipes.

He needed some technology for it, which he could make if he found the right parts.

Considering the sheer amount of junk here, there had to be at least some of the stuff Izuku needs.

Izuku looked around the entire beach for about an hour, happy he found what he needed.

Izuku made his way home, surprised when he saw it was 12pm.

Izuku got going on bending the metal into stars, happy he got the result he wanted. He successfully made 11 basic shaped ninja stars. Though they were small, they were exactly what Izuku was looking for.

Surprisingly that didn't take as long as he thought it would. Izuku still had enough time to start on the contractible metal pipes. The idea was that they were 4 inches long until you pressed a button on them. Then they would return to the normal 2 feet they were. This would definitely help for keeping them places and stuff.

Izuku was able to get started on them, though was kinda sad in one way when he checked the time and saw it was time to leave. However he was excited to see Kaminari.

He didn't even realize he hadn't had lunch, though he didn't really want it.

He grabbed his phone, his wallet, and got going on his way to the beach.

—

Kaminari had gotten to the beach 10 minutes early. For him, it was the only way to avoid being late. He left on time? He still arrived late.

He was happy however, to hang out with Midoriya. He was the first genuine friend he had, and Kaminari was grateful for that.

—

Izuku arrived at Dagobah, seeing Kaminari patiently waiting for him.

Izuku couldn't help himself, and ran forward.

“Kaminari!!!”

Kaminari's face immediately brightened as his eyes laid upon Izuku.

“Hey dude!! How you doing!?” Kaminari yelled across the beach while also running towards Izuku.

“I'm good!!! How are you?” Izuku forgot how sore he was, and visibly winced when he ran wrong. His back still kinda hurt after getting thrown into a brick wall yesterday.

“No, you're clearly not! Is there anything I can do to help?” Kaminari asked as the two were finally caught up to each other.

“Nah it's fine. I'm probably just overreacting anyway.” Izuku said as nonchalantly as he could.

“I wish you'd take better care of yourself.” Kaminari huffed out. Okay, he was worried for his friend, alright? He was worried about him constantly going out and risking himself.

Izuku looked at Kaminari in astonishment for a good 30 seconds.

“Umm you good?”

“Oh sorry! It's just,” Izuku scratched the back of his head sheepishly. “Nobodys ever really cared like that for me before-” before Inko died. “Before my mom passed.” It was a tough topic, but he felt Kaminari deserved to know.

“Awh dude I'm so sorry!” Kaminari embraced Izuku in a hug, which Izuku hadn't felt in years.

He gratefully accepted the hug, melting into Kaminari's embrace.

“D-do you live with your dad then?” Kaminari didn't want to ask the wrong question, but he was pretty curious. The two broke the hug and separated. “You don't have to answer it if you don't want to! Sorry if its a sore subject I shouldn't have asked-”

“Kaminari, seriously, it's fine! And that's another reason I wanted to meet up today.” The two started walking towards the cafe they went to the previous day.

“I honestly really don't know how to say this. But it does also have to do with my parents” Izuku half-chuckled.

Kaminari looked uncomfortable. “Are you sure you're comfortable talking about this? I mean, you really don't have to!”

“Ive gotten over it a long time ago. It's fine, really!” Izuku responded.

“Alright if you're sure.”

Izuku put his hands in his pockets as he and Kaminari walked side by side.

“To be honest my dad left the moment I was diagnosed. I hardly even remember him now. Don't care for the guy. Then my mom died of a villain attack.” Izuku decided to let Kaminari digest that.

“Wait, if you don't mind me asking, who do you live with now?” Kaminari asked.

“Thats where I have to swear you to secrecy.”
Izuku stopped and looked at Kaminari with an intense look.

“I promise I won't tell! No matter how bad it is!” Kaminari exclaimed.

Izuku's sweet look returned. “Good! Anyway, I went in and out of foster homes. When I turned 13 they told me they were gonna put me in an orphanage.”

“That sucks dude!” Kaminari really didn't know how to respond. (He would but I don't know how to either, so I can't really write it:/)

“Thats when I got pretty bold. I spent all of my free time fabricating a completely fake identity.”

“You're pulling my leg, right?” Kaminari asked.

“Nope! I bought some stuff to change my appearance temporarily. I was later successfully in adopting myself, with said fake identity. Still don't know how it worked, but they bought it. Probably wanted me gone if I'm being honest.” Izuku chuckled at the thought.

I mean in all honesty Izuku thought it was funny.

Kaminari just stood there in total and utter shock at what he just heard.

“Wait. So you've been living alone for a year!?”

“Yup. I don't know how, but I managed to get a pretty nice and cheap apartment. 2 bed one bath.” Izuku replied. He never thought it was anything to flaunt, but it was nice.

“Wait, so what's your fake identity? And you're seriously not pulling my leg!?” Kaminari asked. He felt like his friend was definitely joshing with him.

The two arrived at the cafe, and found a nice place to sit down.

“Nope, I'm seriously not pulling your leg. I can pull out my fake ID if you want.” Izuku asked.

“Yeah, that's actually kinda cool! Especially since you live in your own apartment! Though it must be lonely living by yourself sometimes.”

The two ordered their drinks before resuming their conversation.

“Yeah, it can be lonely sometimes. But I met you! And besides, I love talking to the heroes at night! But I especially love messing with Eraser.”

Kaminari looked confused for a little bit.
“Who's Eraser? I've never heard of him.”

“Oh yeah! His full hero name is Eraserhead! I'd expect you wouldn't have heard of him, considering he's an underground pro-hero and all!”

Izuku could go on about him for ages, though he probably shouldn't ramble too much. Kaminari might think he's annoying.

This made Kaminari look even more confused.

“What's an underground pro-hero?” Kaminari asked sheepishly while rubbing the back of his head.

“Oh sorry I didn't specify! An underground pro-hero is a hero who avoids the spotlight, and focuses more on the silent takedowns, more nighttime stuff, undercover work and information gathering! They often use more stealth, intelligence, and surprise! They do more of the ‘dirty work’ as more people call it. Ah sorry, am I rambling too much!?” Izuku quickly digressed.

“No no! That actually helped me get the full picture! Thank you!” Kaminari quickly reassured his friend, not wanting Midoriya to further crumble in on himself. “I guess I never thought about that type of work! I mean, someone's gotta do it, right?” Kaminari chuckled.

“Yeah! Some of it is super interesting too! Though don't get me into it, or I'll be rambling for the entirety of today.” Izuku sighed as he ended his sentence. He knew how risky it was to get him started on things like that. He would never stop talking about it.

“Dude, me too! There's some stuff you don't want to ask me about, or I'll be stuck talking about it all day long!” Kaminari cheerfully replied, happy someone could relate with him.

The two continued with small talk about different hobbies, interests, etc.

“Wait, you can build support stuff!? That's mega cool!”

“It's really not much. I mean an-”

Izuku was cut off by a steaming Kaminari putting a finger on his lips.

“Don't you say another word about how “Oh anyone could do this, really!” My guy I could not do a fraction of the stuff you can do! Stop talking low about yourself!

Kaminari took his finger away, hmphing and crossing his arms as he did.

“Fine! Fine! But anyway I'm building some stuff right now. We can go to my apartment and you can take a look if you want.”

“Oo sure! Then I can see where the infamous Jasper lives.” Kaminari put on a sly grin, probably trying to fake flirt. (Izuku assumes he does this with everybody, which he does)

“Let me lead the way then, oh so wise one.” A mirroring expression on Izuku's face was enough to shut Kaminari up.

The two walked to Izuku's apartment.

“Wait, this is actually really nice considering the condition of the outside!” Kaminari said.

“I know right!? That's what I said! Anyway, this way.”

Izuku led them to the room where he kept his support, vigilante, and other miscellaneous stuff.

He kept a table there for working in things.

The two talked for a while.

When they got bored of that Izuku suggested the grand idea.

“Wait!?? You can hack into UAs and the police stations cameras!? That is hella impressive, you've gotta show me!”

Izuku opened his computer to the two tabs he had opened, and watched as Kaminari's face went from shock, to impressed, to utmost respect.

“Dude!” Kaminari looked half to happy and proud tears. “I have utmost respect for you and your abilities. They're seriously top tier!”

Izuku and Kaminari switched between the UA comms and the police comms, wondering if anything exciting would happen on a Saturday.

Izuku saw a blue of yellow, and knew he had to show Kaminari.

“Kaminari, meet Eraser head. Who ironically sleeps in a yellow sleeping bag whenever he has extra time.”

Kaminari burst out in laughter as he watched Eraser head make his way into his office with a bright yellow sleeping bag.

“That's absolute gold! Who knew a hero-” Kaminari laughed even more. “- would sleep on the job, in a yellow sleeping bag!”

The two laughed about it for a while, before deciding to watch a movie in Izuku's living room.

He kept a TV in his living room over his bedroom. It was a pretty cheap tv, but worked nonetheless.

“Soo what do you wanna watch? These are the disks I have.” Izuku pointed to a small stack of DVDs.

“What's this one about? Looks pretty good.” Kaminari asked.

“Oh that one? It's called the Prince of Egypt. It's a pre-quirk animated movie! Although it is religious you can set that aside from the movie! It's really good!”

“Let's watch it!” Kaminari said enthusiastically.

The two made their way to the one single couch Izuku had. On both sides it had a button you press to bring out a foot rest and to lean back. It was pretty nice when Izuku had someone over.

Though Kaminari was the first person he had over.

—

The two must've fallen asleep somehow while watching the movie. The tv was now on a screen saver, and Kaminari noted how it was now 1:34 in the morning.

“Midoriya, wake up! Wake up!” Kaminari half yelled while trying to wake Izuku up.

Izuku woke up just enough to register the situation.

“Midoriya, is it okay if I spend the night? It's pretty late, and my parents don't really care. Is it okay with you?”

Izuku, still groggy, said, “ Yeah that's fine. Just go back to bed.” He kept his eyes mostly shut while Kaminari went and turned the tv off.

Sensing discomfort, Izuku mentioned. “Blankets in the hall closet. Get one for us both please.” Izuku rolled around, still laced with sleep.

Kaminari grabbed one for the both of them, making sure to drape one over his friend.
He honestly thought Izuku fell back asleep.

Until Izuku spoke, definitely still laced with sleep and fatigue.

“Thanks for being my friend, Denks.” Izuku rolled around on his spot on the couch, pushing his face into the other side of the couch.

Kaminari was surprised at the nickname, but quickly softened to it.

“Thanks for being nice to me, and being my friend, Izuku.”

Izuku almost missed it by the way he was half-asleep, but he still heard it.

“Thank you.” Izuku said gently, choosing that moment to drift back to sleep.

With that, Kaminari curled up on the couch, and fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

> Idk how to feel about it, so I opt to simply not think about it. Does that make sense?
>
> Read end notes: I'm thinking of making this story a little scarier, including some old Japanese horror myths. (Teke teke, etc) I don't know how I would incorporate this while still keeping on the main idea of the story. (Izukus will suffer from this). Any ideas are appreciated! I'm still deciding the entirety of the story at this point. PLEASE COMMENT ANY IDEAS!

Chapter 17: Hangouts

Chapter Summary

> General fluff I guess. I'm too lazy to read through the chapter to make sure that's actually what it is, so pre prepared for the unexpected.

Chapter Notes

> I've forgotten basically everything thats happened before chapter 40 at this point, so expect this fic to be all over the place. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Awgh what time was it? Izuku clearly didn't know. He groaned when we remembered he fell asleep on the couch with Kaminari a square over.

He saw the light pouring in through the curtains, so it had to be after 6. Though it looked more like it was 9ish.

Sure enough Izuku checked the time and saw it was 9. Shoot! He forgot to set an alarm to wake up last night! Oh well, he'll have to run or something today.

Izuku saw Kaminari's still slumbering figure, and Izuku didn't really think he'd wake up anytime soon.

Izuku got up with a groan, and went to the bathroom to change and get ready for the day.

After that, he really didn't know what to do.

I mean, he was kinda hungry so he could make something for both of them.

I mean, he had some pancake mix, and pancakes weren't really too hard to make.

He got going on them, taking about 10 minutes to make the batter.

Izuku decided to make some plain and some chocolate chip. Finishing up with the batter, Izuku grabbed a pan and sprayed some oil on it.

Kaminari groaned before opening his eyes. Though they did take a few minutes to adjust.

“W-what time is it?” Kaminari asked as he ended that sentence with a yawn.

“It is about 9:38! Rise and shine sleepy head!”

“It's too early for this!!! I'm going back to bed!”

Izuku couldn't really think of a way to get him to stay up, other than using food of course.

“Awh! But then you'll miss the delicious pancakes I'm making!” Izuku whined.

Kaminari shit straight up on the couch, hair still messy.

“What. Kind?” Kaminari dangerously asked.

“Plain and chocolate chip!” Izuku yelled back smugly.

“Nope I'm up!” Kaminari said while still yawning. “Wheres your bathroom though?” You could tell he was still half asleep.

“Down that hall, to the right.” Izuku said.

Though Izuku really didn't plan on having Kaminari over for the night, it was fine. I mean, even he fell asleep watching the movie.

Izuku started on some of the pancakes as Kaminari went to the bathroom.

“Yo dude! I'm so sorry for just crashing here!” Kaminari said, now more awake while he came trudging out of the bathroom. “I kinda just fell asleep, and I woke up in the middle of the night. You know how much of a putz I can be at night.” Kaminari admitted sheepishly.

“No worries! No harm done other than the fact you made me forget to wake up last night!” Izuku playfully yelled at Kaminari.

“Actually I did wake you up. You just went back to sleep.” Kaminari said while sitting at the small table Izuku had.

“Yeah you're right! I do remember that. I mean, to be fair I didn't expect to fall asleep watching the movie.”

“Me either! Your couch is so comfy though!” Kaminari replied.

“Yeah it definitely can be. Also can you grab us plates? I'm finishing up with the last of the pancakes. They're in the cabinet over there.” Izuku said while pointing across the small kitchen.

Yeah dude I got you!” Kaminari said while grabbing the plates.

Izuku brought over a plate of fresh, fluffy, perfectly made pancakes. There were about 8 in total, 4 plain and 4 chocolate chip.

“Okay Izuku, you need to teach me how to cook sometime!” The first name slipped out of Kaminaris mouth before his brain could be like, ‘wait!!’. Kaminari immediately tensed when he finished his sentence.

“Sorry dude! I didn't mean to-”

“It's fine! If you want to call me that then please, feel free to do so!”

Kaminari took an audible breath of relief. “Okay good, cause I didn't really know what to call you after last night and-. Dude, you good?” Izuku's face went pale at the thought.

“Oh my gosh I'm so sorry! I called you a nickname when we didn't even go with first names!”

“Dude, it's fine! To be honest I kinda liked the nickname! It's kinda cute.” Kaminari admitted.

Now it was Izuku's time to take a breath of relief.

“Okay. Maybe I'll start calling you that from now on. Only if you want me to!” Izuku quickly digressed.

“Dude it's totally fine! I'd prefer that over my normal name to be honest.”

After that the two ate while talking.

“Okay, I'm gonna walk you home, because I'd feel bad if I didn't.” Izuku said.

“Thanks! I'd appreciate that!” Kaminari responded.

The two left Izuku's apartment after they cleaned up and got ready.

They finally arrived at Kaminaris house, which was about a half hour away from Izuku's.

“Thanks for walking me home!” Kaminari called back.

“No problem! Take care, Denks.” Izuku said while walking away.

That nickname just felt right somehow. Just like his friendship with Kaminari felt right.

——

Izuku was walking back to his apartment until he heard a yell from behind.

“D-Izuku!” Bakugo yelled from across the street.

“Oh hey Kachaan.” Izuku didn't really know how to address him. After he half-apologized back at the cafe he hadn't messaged Izuku at all. He also really wasn't used to Bakugo calling him by his first name. Maybe he'd have to get used to that sometime.

Bakugo ran to catch up with Izuku, though it was clear he was with the rest of his group.

Bakugo didn't really know what to say, so he said the first thing on his mind. “Do you, um, wanna hang out with us? I can introduce you to these extras.”

Izuku really didn't know where this nice Kachaan came from, but he kinda liked it in some ways. In others it was uncanny.

“Sure!” Izuku made sure to mask his enthusiasm well enough.

Izuku started walking with the group, unsure of their destination.

“Alright, this guy.” Bakugo pointed at a guy with black hair.

“My name's Eijirou Kirishima! Nice to officially meet you!”

“Nice to meet you!” Izuku smiled at him while the rest took the

initiative.

“The name's Neito Monoma! Don't you ever forget it!” Monoma said, his condescension coming out in his tone.

Shinsou was still a little nervous talking to new people, though everybody else seemed to trust this guy.

“Um, Shinsou Hitoshi.”

“Nice to meet you all.” Izuku said.

“Eyebags, this is the extra I was talking about who'd have a whole fucking field day with your quirk. Just don't tell him if you don't want immediate analysis and improvement on it.” Bakugo said matter-of-factly.

Izuku rubbed at the back of his head in embarrassment. He really didn't know if Bakugo was talking about his analysis in a positive or negative way. He just really hoped they would be alright with that.

“Do you really analyse quirks?” Shinsou asked towards Izuku.

“U-um yeah. Though I completely understand if you find it creepy or something!” Izuku started frantically waving his hands in the air.

“It's not fucking creepy so stop saying it is. I know the buffoons at Aldera called it creepy, but it's honestly impressive.” Bakugo surprised Izuku by what he said.

Now Bakugo had never been the one to call Izuku's analysis creepy, but he never defended him at all.

Izuku returned his attention back to Shinsou.
“Really! You don't have to tell me if you don't want to!”

“I mean, I don't know. I have a pretty villainous quirk, so most everybody gets uncomfortable when I mention it.” Shinsou said in a stoic expression.

Izuku chimed in quickly. “There is absolutely no such thing as a villainous quirk! It's the person who makes it villainous!” Izuku stated.

“Y-you really think so?” Shinsou asked, hopeful for Izuku's answer.

“I don't think so. I know so! Izuku retracted as he realized he let himself get the better of him. “Ah sorry! I let my excitement get the better of me!” Izuku sheepishly murmured.

“It's fine. Though I do want to improve my quirk, and I do want to be a hero.” Shinsou muttered.

“I think anyone can be a hero!” Izuku excitedly replied.

“Yeah, even you dipshit.” Bakugo butted in.

“M-maybe not me.” Izuku sadly replied. “But I know you can be a hero, Shinsou! You just have to put the work in!”

“Really? Even with brainwashing as a quirk?” Shinsou group didn't mind his quirk, so he hoped Midoriya wouldn't.

“Thats. So.-”

Yup, there it was. Calling Shinsou a villain. All of that. But surprisingly, it never came.

“-Awesome! You could handle fights so easily! You would be such a great underground hero, you could gather information super easily! You could end fights before they even started!-” Izuku continued muttering as he grabbed his phone and started writing notes.

Bakugo chuckled before saying. “I fucking told ya.” Shinsou looked very dumbfounded. Yeah, his group didn't mind his quirk, but no one had ever thought it was awesome before.

Izuku started asking a bunch of questions, letting his curiosity and excitement get the better of him.

“I'm so sorry! I let my excitement get the better of me!”

“No seriously, it's fine. Like no one has ever reacted like this over my quirk before.” Shinsou responded.

“Your quirk is just so interesting!”

The group continued to talk amongst themselves as they walked to the cafe about 15 minutes away from Izuku's apartment.

“I better get going! I still have a few things to do. Thank you for

welcoming me though!” Izuku replied.

The things in question were his support pipes he was currently working on.

“He extras go find a table or whatever. I'm going to walk this nerd home.” Bakugo said to the group.

“Alright bro! We'll be waiting!” Kirishima replied.

Izuku and Bakugo got on their way back to Izuku's apartment.

“You really didn't have to walk me home! Seriously, it's not that big of a deal!” Izuku yelped.

“I wanted to. To talk and shit I guess.” Bakugo replied. “Look. I wanted to properly apologize in person instead of on a shitty note or whatever. I'm sorry, okay? For being shitty, for bullying you, for acting opposite of what a hero should.” Bakugo stated.

Izuku looked half to tears, probably since he'd never thought Bakugo would actually say it.

“Th-thanks, Kaachan. It means a lot.” Izuku said.

The two continued talking about life on their way back to Izuku's apartment.

“Okay, so what's the shitty deal with you and that Mikumo guy.” Bakugo asked.

“So, you're probably not going to believe me on this, but bear with me. After mom died, I went in and out of foster homes until I was 13. Got pretty brave and created a fake ID and identity. That is who you know as Mikumo Sochi, aka the legal guardian of me.” Izuku said.

Bakugo started laughing. “Holy shit! That's pretty fucking smart!” You regained his composure as he said. “You know the old bag would definitely adopt you though, right? She probably loves you more than me if I'm being honest.”

“No really! It's fine! I wouldn't want to be a burden on her! I mean, she already has you to take care of! And besides, I'm doing pretty good on my own! Anyways, here we are, my apartment.

The two said their farewells as Bakugo left.

He found his way back to the cafe and hung out with his group for a while.

Izuku on the other hand, got pretty excited to finish his pipes. (Mei Hatsume excited)

“Yes! I finally finished!” Izuku yelled to no one but himself as held up his new masterpiece.

They were four inch metal rods until you pressed a button on the sides, causing them to elongate into strong metal rods. You just press on the end to get them back into their 4 inch size.

Izuku was extremely excited to use them tonight, including his ninja stars. Though he would have to keep them in his pocket.

Luckily he found a way to protect the edges while they were in his pockets. Just some easy, moldable clay that could be quickly taken off.

This was going to be fun.

Chapter End Notes

> Slightly shorter chapter! I don't know how to feel about this, so I'm not going to think about it. I think I have the ending/ planning mostly done for this fic. I'm so excited to share more with you guys.
>
> Once I finish this fic, expect me to drop all chapters. I'm going to post them all once I finish. (Which probably won't happen for a while;/)

Chapter 18: Practice makes perfect

Chapter Summary

> Izuku starts practicing his throwing abilities with his ninja stars, and probably other things I forgot.

Chapter Notes

> I feel like I'm yapping about nothing in this fic. Prepare for this to be a slightly longer fic, or maybe just what you're used to. It's long for me and my writing abilities, so far. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku had a delightful supper. He was so ready for tonight he barely even wanted to go to bed when the time came.

I mean, how could he not be excited?? He finally figured out some weapons, though he should probably refrain from using the ninja stars until he had decent aim.

Wait, that was a good idea. He could go to Dagobah and practice his aim with his stars. I mean, it was only 6:30.

That sounded like a plan to Izuku, and he grabbed all the stuff he needed.

His notebook, phone, wallet, ninja stars, water, a sharpie, and determination.

If he wanted to get good at using them, he'd probably be there a while.

Maybe he could add that into his schedule sometime. If he has any extra time, it would be good use to practice throwing.

Izuku got on his way, making sure to lock his apartment as he left.

Once Izuku arrived at Dagobah, he really needed to figure out a target of sorts.

I mean, a metal sheet should work, right? He could use the sharpie he brought to draw a target on it. That could work.

Izuku got started on his project, and was surprised to find it only took around 5 minutes. It wasn't perfect, but Izuku was happy with it.

Okay, now the hard part.

How do you even throw a ninja star?

Izuku opened up chrome on his phone, and saw some good results quickly.

He found a 10 minute video explaining 5 different ways to throw a ninja star.

The first was overhand, which Izuku knew he'd probably use the most and have the least trouble with.

The second was underhand. Izuku didn't really think he'd need to learn this one, so he mentally crossed it off.

The third was backhanded. This would definitely be effective, so he should work on this one a lot.

The fourth was a sidearm throw, much like a Frisbee. This might honestly be effective and helpful, so Izuku would also work on that one.

The last, which Izuku knew he'd probably be working on the most, was no reload. You can use any technique, though you hold multiple stars in your hand so you don't have to reload. That would be nice.

Izuku started with what in his opinion would be the easiest. The overhand technique. He shouldn't spend too much time doing it though, so he can work on others.

Izuku found an empty spot on the beach and set up his target. He decided that starting close, 6 feet would be a good starting point.

Izuku didn't know how badly he could miss, but supposed he better put something behind in case. He found some old blankets and put them behind. After all, he really didn't want to lose his ninja stars while practicing.

Izuku started with the overhand throw, and was surprised to find he got the edge of the target. The target was about 4 feet in diameter, and about 6 feet high. It was a pretty big piece of metal, but he made sure to keep the targets smaller.

Izuku tried again and again, either completely missing the target or hitting the edge.

He worked on it for probably 15 minutes before he realized he wasn't really aiming at all.

After he fixed that he started hitting the targets more often and frequently.

He decided to switch to the ‘frisbee’ as he called it.

He was fairly successful, though never hitting the inner bullseyes. After he worked on that for a while, he grabbed his stars and began working on the backhand technique. It was pretty confusing at first, but Izuku got the hang of it pretty quick.

Once Izuku thought he was fairly half- decent in that aspect, he decided to try the no-reload. This was going to be kind of hard for Izuku.

The first five times were complete and utter failures, resulting in him either dropping a star, or accidentally throwing more than one at a time.

Izuku persisted, determination spiked in him.

He finally got it after what felt like an eternity, and Izuku decided he'd try every technique a lot further back.

About 131 feet, or 40 meters.

Izuku practiced and practiced until he felt fairly confident in his newly - acquired skills.

Izuku went home happy with himself, and excited for what the night would bring.

___

Izuku woke up to his 12AM alarm, excited to test out his ninja stars and his metal poles.

The night before Izuku had sewn a black belt for his rods and stars.

The two rods were placed on each side of his hip with fabric successfully holding them there.

He created a small bag, similar to a belt bag, but a lot smaller and easier to open.

Since the ninja stars weren't very thick, Izuku created an opening where he could easily grab them. Basically the main opening was a sturdy zipper, accompanied by a small opening where he could easily grab stars.

Izuku tried it on in the mirror the night prior and was happy that no one could see the small opening.

Izuku changed into his vigilante persona, grateful for his voice changer and earpiece.

He shoved his mini - notebook and pen into his usual pocket, hoping maybe today he'll actually be able to take some notes.

I mean, it was definitely cool actually fighting, but Izuku really loved seeing heroes in action!

Izuku put the clay-like substance on the ninja stars before putting them in his bag, which was stuffed to the right side of his belt, near one of poles. He threw his poles into their respective loops in the belt.

Izuku checked his phone, and surprisingly saw a text from Kaminari.

‘Be safe, I'm going to bed, I'm honestly tired so goodnight! Though pls still text me when you get back!”

Izuku texted back saying, “I will! Goodnight!’

With that Izuku set his phone down, not needing it for patrol anymore.

Izuku walked out the door, and into his patrol route, mentally noting the fact that Eraser, Midnight, Loud cloud, and apparently Present Mic, (who took someone's shift) were patrolling around his area.

They obviously patrolled a larger region than Izuku, but Izuku was alright with that.

He ran quietly to his patrol. Izuku was honestly getting a lot better at running quietly and stealthily. Izuku knew it was probably from all

the extra practice he got at night.

Funny enough Izuku didn't really have a specific route, he just kinda ran around and followed the screams. It worked for him.

Izuku ran out into the night, taking in every ounce of beautiful moonlight.

He loved running around at night, especially when he was able to help people. Now, he had some upgrades to hopefully help even more people!

Izuku had been running around for what felt like an hour, though it was only 45 minutes.

He heard a scream, and immediately ran towards it.

The situation was a petty thug trying to steal from a girl. Izuku was easily able to take him down, and concluded that a pro wasn't really necessary.

He called up a very special person, who he had recently learned he was able to call.

“Heyyyyy. How are you doing Tsukauchi? I'm doing pretty good, considering that I've got a thug for you to take in. The address is ###. Signing out, Jasper~.” He hung up the call, imagining the face of Tsukauchi.

Oh, and what a sight it was to behold. It was only his imagination, but I was still pretty funny to think about.

Izuku made sure the victim was okay, and he stayed with her until he heard the police sirens.

With that, Jasper was off and into the night again.

—

Aizawa was not expecting a call on his comm from Tsukauchi this late at night.

The man was busy as it was, already working well into the early morning.

“Hey Aizawa? Did you perhaps know that a vigilante can hack into the comms?” Tsukauchi asked with a hint of ‘would've been real nice if you told me’ type of tone.

“Yes. Did he call you?”

“Yeah actually. He very much so did. He reported a thug trying to steal from a girl. The last time I checked, not even Nedzu could hack into the comms.”

“Yeah. Came as a surprise to us all. Nedzu knows and is probably trying to plan something to meet this kid.” Aizawa said.

“Wait, kid? Just how old do you think Jasper is?”

“We've speculated around 16-18, though he does seem physically small we think it's from malnutrition of sorts. We don't think a kid younger than that could do what Jasper did.”

“Great. Another vigilante is just what we need. I don't completely mind them, though they leave lots of paperwork behind.” Tsukauchi sighed as he did.

“Speaking of hacking, Nedzu detected someone who hacked into UA. Apparently all they do is look at cameras. Nedzu thinks that's related to our little vigilante, but I'm not sure.” Aizawa answered in his usual gruff tone.

“Now that's surprising. I've never heard of someone who's successfully hacked into UA and gotten away with it.” Tsukauchi explained.

“Nedzu tried to trace the device used, but he said it was untraceable. I know he'd love to teach whoever did it if they are of teaching age.”

“I'm honestly not surprised. Nedzu is always planning something of the sorts.” Tsukauchi laughed.

“Yeah. Well, I better get back to patrol. Bye.” Aizawa said.

“Bye. Talk to you later Aizawa!”

With that, the call ended.

—

Izuku was still running around, kind of disappointed he hadn't had a chance to use his weapons yet.

He stopped for a small break of walking, when he saw an entire group of villains attacking a local convenience store.

Izuku mentally counted how many there were, and was a little nervous to see that there were 17 villains in total.

Yeah, he'd need all the heroes who were nearby.

He called the comm, not having enough time to listen for a reply.

His earlier playful personality is now gone and replaced with determination.

“All heroes on deck. This is Jasper with a convenience store robbery. The address is ###. I'm pretty sure there's 17 villains in total. I'll keep watch unless I need to intervene.”

Izuku was about to hang up when he heard the gruff voice of Eraser and the rest call out.

“Copy, 5 minutes out.” Eraser replied.

“On my way! 8 minutes out.” Came a cheery Present Mic.

“I'm on the way there! 7 minutes out!”

“I'm running a little late I guess!” The voice from Midnight said. “Ill be there in 12 minutes!”

“Good.” With that, Izuku ended the call and kept an eye on the group.

The group didn't look very strong individually, but I guess they were smart in one way with coming in as a group.

Izuku watched as they threatened the clerk, and basically held everyone hostage. Izuku couldn't do anything for the moment. He couldn't fight the whole group! Maybe a small amount of them, but some of their quirks looked strong.

Izuku watched as what he presumed to be the leader of sorts, grabbed out a knife and held it to the clerk's throat.

Weirdly, Izuku had a strong sense of deja vu as he grabbed a ninja star, and aimed as best he could.

He couldn't risk missing this shot. Someone's life was at stake! He aimed, grateful he practiced today, and threw the star overhand.

He quickly hid behind the outside wall, as he really didn't want to get noticed.

Izuku let out a sigh of relief as he heard the star grab hold of the knife and hold it in a part of the ground.

“Hey, you three! Go check out the outside. We can't have little heroes running around and stopping us, can we?” The man laughed manically, though seemed unimpressed with the ninja star.

Izuku started tensing as he heard three sets of footsteps walking over to his exact location.

Think, Izuku, think! He had to come up with a plan.

He looked down at his belt, and an idea came to mind.

It shouldn't be too long until Eraser arrives. He could use the element of stealth and surprise and hit the three over the head with his metal poles!

Though he'd feel bad, so maybe he'd have to hit their pressure points instead.

Izuku grabbed his metal rods, extending them as he did.

He backed up a good few feet, and when he thought the guys were close enough, he pounced.

He hit them over the head just enough to confuse them for a few seconds.

He ran around to the backside of them while they were still regaining full consciousness.

He swiftly hit each one of them on the back of the neck with blade-like hands.

That easily did the trick, and got them down on the ground. Unmoving, but unharmed.

He thought to himself while he moved away from the sight of the group.

He really, really needed to improve his jumps. Maybe even learn how to jump from building to building! That would be so much more effective!

Izuku took a sigh of relief as Eraserhead rushed into the scene, easily taking out the guys.

Izuku thought he could finally take some notes, but the universe had many, many, other plans.

Izuku watched as a guy grabbed another knife and started walking over to the clerk, who was still tied up with rope.

Izuku's body grabbed his metal pipes, and rushed forward without his mind's consent.

Apparently the guy noticed, and easily moved out of Izuku's way.

Izuku clearly met his match, and the two started going back and forth with blows. Izuku managed to land some half decent ones, but so did the other guy.

Maybe if Izuku- oh.

He really needed to pay attention to his movements.

He wasn't using his metal rods at all! Like, they were just some metal in his hands.

He started using them to his advantage, and getting some good hits in on the guy with them.

Izuku quickly started realizing the dude was extremely wobbly on his feet. Yes he was able to move quickly, but it looked like an ant could push him over.

Izuku started going for the knees, successfully getting him down and on the ground.

He flipped the guy over, and hit his pressure point. He'd be down for a little bit after that.

Izuku walked over to where his ninja star was, and threw it back into his pocket.

Eraser was having a little bit of trouble with the last guy, who he recognized as the leader.

Izuku untied the clerk first, making sure he wasn't physically harmed in the process.

Stealthily walking behind the leader, Izuku came up with a plan.

If Eraser could give him an opening, he could easily hit the guy's pressure point.

That should do the trick.

Izuku patiently waited for that opening as Eraser gave him a puzzled look.

Now!

It was Izuku's time to help!

He quickly ran forward and placed a blade-like hit to the back of the guy's neck.

“Nice one kid.” Aizawa said stoically, though there was a hint of amusement in his voice.

Aizawa was honestly quite surprised with the kid. He definitely upgraded to some weapons, finally.

But what really impressed Aizawa was the fact that the kid knew different pressure points, but was able to execute it correctly without

injuring the person.

Barely anyone knew how to do that today!

Aizawa was sucked out of his thoughts as Present Mic and Loudcloud arrived.

“You didn't leave any for me!” Loudcloud stated, clearly joking with a friend.

“Or me! Cmon Sh-Eraser!” Present Mic knew he just about slipped up, but caught himself in time. Earning a glare from Aizawa.

Izuku just laughed at it, wondering if he wanted to let it be known he knew about the two.

“Nice matching rings you two got there!” Izuku said between laughing as Erasermic looked at him in shock, and understanding.

“Well, I guess that is my cue to leave! See y'all later!” Izuku said before looking back.
“Dont miss me too much!” The sassy side of Izuku showed as he left.

“Umm. Do you guys think he knows?” Loudcloud asked.

“Yeah, most definitely.” Present Mic said with a sigh. “Dont know how he found out though. We're always super careful in public and stuff!”

“Yeah. Me either. Very kindly, don't tell Nedzu.” Aizawa looked at

both of the guys who were starting to tie up the group.

“Yup! I wont tell a soul! Except for Nem.” Loudcloud said.

“Hey guys! What did I miss!?” Midnight walked in.

“A lot.” Loudcloud sheepishly admitted.

“So did you two. All three of you missed a lot.” Aizawa said.

“Ooo! Tell me!” Midnight blue red out, helping tie up the guys.

“So the kid got some weapons. Some metal poles and some ninja stars from what I could see. He also knows pressure points, and I think he knows about.” Aizawa looked at Mic.

“How!?” Midnight yelped.

“Beyond us! Just please, don't tell Nedzu.” Mic asked.

“Yeah, next time we won't discuss such matters at UA. He'll always find out if we talk about it there.” Midnight continued.

“Yup. Caution is key.” Present Mic said.

Chapter End Notes

> You guy's don't know how fun it's been to write this so far. Also, y'all are probably going to hate chapter 54-59. I love them though.

Chapter 19: Nice chat..?

Chapter Summary

> I wrote this chapter so long ago I completely forgot what it is.. I'm pretty sure it's one of Izukus shifts at his actual workplace.

Chapter Notes

> The plots really starting to become a little think for this fic, and I'm super excited to share it with y'all. :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku and Kaminari had finished with training as they had been for the past few weeks.

Izuku was definitely starting to feel and see physical gains.

He even saw improvements in Denki as well.

Izuku was starting to get the hang of being a vigilante. Though he really wished he was able to run across the rooftops. That would be so much easier.

Imagine the wind in your face, the moonlight shining on you! Oh Izuku wished he could.

He really didn't know how to though.

He tried searching up different things online, but nothing offered the results he was looking for. Often they included support items that had too many components to build.

Or they had different quirks doing most of the work.

Izuku wondered if there was anything from the pre-quirk era, as it had lots of different fighting styles.

The pre-quirk era was back when people actually had to use their basic strength, intelligence, and everything else without the help of a quirk.

It was such an interesting time period to learn about in Izuku's opinion.

Izuku was walking home and was thinking about how to word it if he searched it up.

Pre-quirk era jumping across roofs safely

Izuku really didn't know how to word it.

What he was looking for wasn't really a fighting style.

I mean, maybe what Izuku was looking for did include acrobatics.

No matter what you do, in Izuku's opinion it's always better to be flexible.

Izuku finally got home to his apartment. He showered, changed, and finished all of his school work.

School was like a breeze now. Izuku's grades were immaculate. Light years better than at Aldera. He really wondered why that was.

Izuku was now able to finish his school work in under 2 ½ hours, considering there were no distractions for Izuku.

He did have social media accounts, but he never posted and barely spent time on them.

Sometimes he'd search stuff up on them if Google was lacking.

Izuku finished his school work at around 11:20, the perfect amount of free time before he had to go to work and bother Aizawa with questions.

One of Izuku's favorite hobbies was bothering Aizawa at work and asking him about his ‘favorite vigilante’. It was quite entertaining to hear what Aizawa had to say about him, and now he'd know the perfect way to slightly irritate Aizawa, not enough to infuriate him, but to minorly inconvenience him. It was hilarious to watch the cameras when Izuku set up one.

Izuku quickly learned that Aizawa and most of the other pros didn't think he'd last long. Apparently according to Aizawa, vigilantes rarely lasted, especially younger vigilantes like himself.

Another one of Izuku's favorite hobbies was messing with Aizawa in said vigilante form. It was a very humorous experience sometimes.

(Let's get back on topic after my little tangent)

Izuku started searching some stuff up, hoping to find results.

He searched up things like ‘pre-quirk era running across roofs’, ‘pre-quirk era acrobatics’, ‘pre-quirk era jumping’

Izuku found some interesting results, but none that seemed exactly what he was looking for.

To be honest, Izuku didn't even think he'd know what he was looking for until he found it.

Izuku started thinking about what exactly he was looking for.

Something where you jump, climb, roll etc over stuff safely without a quirk.

Okay, maybe stuff wasn't the best term for it, but Izuku didn't really know what other word to use.

What Izuku was thinking of was some sort of hurdle, something to overcome. Y'know?

So, that led Izuku to the famous search.

‘Pre-quirk era quirkless running and jumping over hurdles’

Izuku knew he was desperate at this point, but really wanted answers.

There had to be something similar to what Izuku was looking for, right?

Izuku searched for probably a half hour before finding anything remotely of interest.

This led to a desperate Izuku searching up, ‘synonyms for hurdle’

Izuku searched for much less time this time, before finding a word he knew would bring better results. He tried again, searching up, ‘pre-quirk era quirkless running and jumping over obstacles’

He searched for a few minutes, until finding something he decided was worth his time.

Parkour.

Apparently after searching it up it was a sort of physical discipline of sorts. It uses just your body to run, jump, climb, etc across different obstacles of sorts.

This was exactly what Izuku was looking for actually. Like, Izuku was surprised he actually found something.

After about an hour and 15 minutes, it was definitely worth it.

He searched for some beginner tutorials, hoping someone still made

videos about it.

Izuku did not know what he was expecting, but it definitely wasn't what he found.

The tutorials were super simple looking, compared to the videos he saw earlier.

I mean, baby steps right?

Izuku found a tutorial that had 10 simple moves, and such would actually benefit Izuku.

He changed into comfortable and bendy clothing, planning to use up the last of his time until he had to work.

He grabbed everything he needed to start learning this stuff. He was going to learn at least a few moves today.

Izuku made his way to the beach, making sure to grab a few pillows for his landings.

Izuku practiced and practiced 9 of the moves until he felt fairly decent about them. Some of these moves were different flips, rolls, and general ways to get over things.

Izuku was honestly surprised he managed to learn how to do multiple flips and rolls. The rolls would definitely come in handy when dodging different attacks. Maybe he could try to jump and roll from building to building! Maybe he'd try that tomorrow.

The 10th one, called a cat walk, had to be learned in a sort of alleyway. This is one of the ones Izuku thought would be the most helpful.

The catwalk was a move where you ran and jumped up on one side of the alley. You run up a few steps before jumping into the other side of the alley and grabbing onto the top of the building before getting yourself the rest of the way up. (If you're confused search it up)

First, the tutorial started out with being able to successfully fail, which Izuku thought was odd until it was explained. This helped reduce injuries if you do fail, and overall helped you get the feel of it better.

Izuku practiced until he finally got it, in which he actually celebrated. I mean, this was awesome! Izuku could successfully get on to the roofs without using a fire escape, or other ladders. This would also be useful if he had a taller opponent, or had to run away.

Izuku really didn't know if he wanted to try to jump over an alleyway yet. I mean, maybe if he found a narrow one sure. Izuku honestly wondered if practicing it at night would be better. I mean sure he could practice it now and risk getting caught.

He'd rather just try it tonight, as he could also practice in his vigilante persona. That way Izuku and Mikumo wouldn't be doing anything illegal.

Izuku found a fire escape and safely got down from the building, and began his journey home.

He successfully made it home, and was happy to see that he still had

20 minutes before he had to leave for work.

Izuku ate a quick lunch, consisting of a turkey sandwich and a salad.

Getting ready for work, Izuku started to think about any improvements he could make to become a better vigilante. I mean, he could save people yeah, but Izuku wanted to get better somehow. Maybe become stronger to be able to fight better, or be able to fight more people at once!

Izuku stopped his train of thought, knowing he better not delve into that rabbit hole right before work.

I mean, after all he had a hobo to interrogate. (About himself, just in vigilante wear)

—

Izuku arrived at work and said hi to Aima. She was honestly a really sweet person, and Izuku wished the best for her.

Izuku got going on baking, pricing himself in his work.

He made 5 dozen chocolate chip cookies, a few pans of brownies, and 4 dozen chocolate chip muffins. When you make them in big batches, they actually don't take too awful long.

He slipped them into the oven, and tagged Aima down for their duty switches.

Izuku watched as his favorite hobo walked in, and waited for him to sit down.

“Heyyy Aizawa! How are you doing today?” Mikumo asked brightly, seeing that Aizawa might not be in the bestest of moods. (When is he ever?)

“Could be a lot better. I'll take the usual.” Aizawa said, a small bit of anger in his voice.

“Okay! Coming right up.” Mikumo tried not to be too annoying, considering he did care for the hero. (Maybe more paternal than he should, okay?)

Mikumo brought Aizawa over his coffee, and addressed the elephant in the room as he did.

“Okay, what's bothering you? I can tell some things wrong, though I won't force you to tell me.”

“I suppose you'd find out anyway at this point. Nedzu had me and Vlad co-teach 1-B for today, and it was absolute torture.” Aizawa responded.

“Let me guess, it's because you expelled your entire class?” Mikumo asked.

“Yes. Classes have less potential than I do in my backbone. My old class even had more potential than them.”

“Let me ask, how bad is it?” Mikumo thought he might regret it, but right now he was genuinely curious.

“Lets take some of them not knowing how to use their quirk as well as they should, plus some who can barely hold their own against general studies students, plus some who fail so badly in academics I would compare them to 4th graders. Combine that all together, and you've got class 1-b.” Aizawa gruffly said.

“So what you're saying is most of the people in that class might not make it as heroes in the real world.” Mikumo replied.

“No, it's so much worse than that.” Aizawa put his head in his hands. “It was an absolute disaster.” Aizawa said while sipping his emotional support coffee.

“That's rough buddy. (Atla reference). I mean, all I can really offer right now is some coffee and desserts when they come out of the oven.” Mikumo tried to bring some light to the situation, though it might be in vain.

“It's not as bad as some of the paperwork that's been left as ‘gifts’ from a vigilante.” Aizawa sighed. “Sometimes I wonder what goes through his head.”

Though Aizawa would never admit it, he did worry about the kid. If the estimates were correct, this kid might be Mikumo's age.

In Aizawa's book, he was still a kid.

Well, all Aizawa could do now was make sure he didn't get seriously hurt. I mean, the kid had definitely gotten better in the few weeks he's been out. That was at least good for now, though it might not be enough in the future.

“Guess he loves leaving the boring parts for you and the other heroes.” Mikumo ended with a chuckle.

“Yup. Loves messing with me too but acts like an angel around everyone else.” Aizawa hid his face in his capture scarf, hiding the small grin evident.

Sometimes having Jasper mess with him was actually quite entertaining. I mean, sometimes it was annoying but it was honestly nice to see how creative he got with stuff.

Mikumo chuckled at Aizawa's comment, most likely for different reasons than what he thought.

The two wrapped up their conversation while Aizawa paid and left.

Izuku finished his shift, excited for another night of saving people

Chapter End Notes

> Idk how to feel about this chapter, considering my old writing style. It was.. Interesting to say the least. Please comment, y'all keep me alive sometimes: >

Chapter 20: Introduction!!

Chapter Summary

Izuku meets someone. And probably lots of other stuff I forgot.

Chapter Notes

I don't know how to feel about this chapter, but I am excited for the general idea of the chapter. Does that make sense?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku woke up with a yawn. It was already 12AM, wasn't it?

Izuku loved getting up to save people, but Izuku hated actually waking up at times.

Izuku changed into his vigilante gear and grabbed the necessary items. He figured that he would practice rolling and jumping over roofs for a little bit before patrolling. That way if he needed to roll while fighting, he would be able to.

Izuku walked out of his apartment towards the few narrower alleyways he knew of.

Once Izuku arrived at the alleyways, he easily cat-walked up. Now, it was really just a matter of mindset. He was really nervous. Like, Izuku had never done anything like this before!

This was definitely a new experience for Izuku, and he was ready to conquer it.

Izuku tried hyping himself up for probably 5 minutes before actually

attempting to jump over the alleyway.

This alley was about 5 feet in width, and it was the narrowest one Izuku knew about.

Izuku took a leap of faith, watching the alleyway down below as he did.

Ohmygosh Izuku was actually doing it!

Okay, remember it isn't impact that hurts your body, but if motion suddenly stops.

Izuku put one foot on the edge of the other wall, and continued running while he did.

Izuku slowly came to a stop, panting as he did. He wasn't even out of breath, but his adrenaline said otherwise.

He successfully jumped across an alleyway! This was awesome! Izuku could maybe try wider alleys next.

Izuku made sure to jump across it a few more times, mostly for his nerves and muscle memory.

Once Izuku felt confident, he moved to a wider alleyway, one he estimated was about 7 feet across. The widest alley Izuku knew of was about 8 ½ feet, which Izuku really didn't think he could cover.

Izuku calmed his nerves, and went for it.

Yes! It felt like he was falling, but his foot eventually made contact with the edge of the wall.

Izuku practiced it a few times before finally leaving for his patrol.

___

Damn problem child.

Of course the vigilante child had to go and start learning Parkour. Aizawa found out about it in his first year at UA. It greatly helped him with things like what this problem child was attempting.

Aizawa did also have his scarf for support, though he wanted to learn how to do it with his own strength. You never know when you might not have support items with you.

That was exactly what this problem child was doing.

Unless he had made some way to get over it himself, Aizawa assumed that the kid learned what Parkour is, and is now practicing it.

Aizawa didn't want the kid to learn it, because that meant he was getting that much deeper into this stuff.

Aizawa would never admit it, but this kid who had been out for just a few weeks, had more potential than Class 1-B in its entirety.

He really didn't understand why the kid just wouldn't admit that he can be a hero too. Aizawa and his group had been trying to convince the kid that he could be a hero too, but the kid always dismissed it or changed the subject. Maybe it was quirk related, Aizawa might never know.

___

Izuku had been running around for probably 30 minutes, and hadn't seen anything yet.

He was now upgrading to the rooftops, which offered much better views of everything.

Izuku heard a scream, and immediately ran towards it.

A guy was hovering over what seemed like maybe a relative, considering they looked similar.

Izuku watched from above while he called the nearest hero, Eraserhead, to the scene.

Izuku watched the guy as his body started looking all pixely. Izuku assumed it had something to do with his quirk. Izuku knew he was right when he saw the man's body disappear and reappear at the end of the alleyway, looking out.

Izuku started mentally taking notes about the quirk. It seemed he could keep the image of his body where it was before while moving. When he got to his destination his body reappeared in its correct spot.

Izuku could not win against this quirk. It was definitely overpowered compared to Izuku's skills.

Izuku was laying down on the roof when he noticed the guy's quirk seemed to activate again. His body became misty and pixely.

Izuku felt the air move around him before he moved back and felt a nice blow to his shoulder.

Izuku immediately stood up as he saw the guy in front of him on the roof. He must've used the fire escape.

Izuku knew if he engaged in combat he would quite frankly be toast.

That left only one option left for Izuku.

Run!

Izuku started running as the man's body became misty and pixely again. Izuku could only assume the guy was chasing him.

So Izuku did the most logical thing to him at the moment.

“Hey Eraser! Guys chasing me, I'll link my location in the chat!” Izuku said to his comm.

“Got it. I'm at the old coordinates you gave me, but the guy’s still on the roof?” Aizawa asked.

“That's his quirk!” Izuku said while running. “You see how his body is misty and pixely? When he wants to go to a destination his body remains where it is, then when he gets to that location his body reappears. I can only safely assume he's chasing me.”

“Most logical call.” Aizawa said while climbing to the roof and putting his fingers through the man's body. “His body is like a mirage. I'm on my way to your coordinates.” Aizawa gruffly said while taking off in the direction Izuku took.

“He is invisible while running, so I don't know-” Izuku huffed into the comm. “Where he is.”

Izuku said that a few seconds before he was punched in the back. Ouch, that'll leave a bruise. The only good thing out of this was the fact that the guy became visible for a few moments before his body got misty and pixely again.

“Nevermind! He's right behind me!” Izuku half-screeched into the comms.

“I'm gaining on you two.” Aizawa said while clearly running.

“I'm coming up on an alleyway, I'll jump over it and hopefully he won't be able to follow me.”
Izuku said into the comms.

“Alright, I see it. Hopefully I can cancel his quirk if I find him.”

Izuku was running up to the alleyway before realizing it was a wide one. 8 ½ feet.

Crap. Izuku couldn't jump over that but maybe he could jump and roll over it?

Well, only one way to find out.

Izuku ran up to the edge of the alleyway, running on pure adrenaline.

At this point he wasn't even the one controlling his body.

Izuku jumped from the edge of the alley.

He jumped up more than he normally would've, but you can't roll if you don't get over it.

Izuku reached his arms forward, knowing if he didn't make it he would most likely break some bones.

Izuku's arms and shoulder made contact with the edge of the alley.

The breath of relief Izuku let out was incredible.

He watched as Eraserhead successfully erased the guy's quirk, and made quick work of tying him up. As impressive as the guy's quirk was, he really didn't seem to know how to fight at all.

He heard Eraser through his comms. “Nice roll kid. Didn't think you'd make that for a second.” Aizawa replied snarkily, though you couldn't tell if you didn't know him.

“Hey! I made that just fine. Thank you very much!” Izuku stated in the comms.

“Yeah whatever.” Aizawa said back into his comms, a hint of amusement evident in his voice.

Izuku was wondering if Aizawa was starting to mess with him, just like he messed with Aizawa.

I mean, it would only be fair.

Izuku ran off into the night, oblivious to the smirk Aizawa was hiding behind his scarf.

Oh my gosh.

Izuku just realized he actually jumped and rolled over an alley! He was so adrenaline fueled before that the severity of the situation hadn't dawned on him completely.

Izuku was most definitely going to rant to Kaminari later or when they

had training.

The two started to hang out more outside of training. It was actually quite nice! They both enjoyed each other's company.

Izuku and Bakugo had even started to become better friends. They took the process slow, which was good for both of them.

Izuku was also getting so much better at fighting!
So was Denki. There were about 9 months left until the UA entrance exams, and Izuku wanted Denki to be as ready as he could be.

Izuku felt so free running on roofs. Even more so then when he used to run around on the ground.
He really loved being a Vigilante. It was honestly the best part of his day. (Other than training with Denki)

Izuku's thoughts were cut short when he heard a scream. He realized he had been running for a while now, actually. He would take care of this, and then go home.

Izuku ran toward the scream, much faster now than he was when he first started.

Izuku's body moved on its own when he saw what was going on. A girl was on the ground, covering her face with her arm.

The girl in front of her honestly looked around Izuku's age, though he wouldn't know for sure.

The girl was holding a pretty long knife and was holding up above her head. She was probably going to try and bring it down on the other girl's head, though Izuku didn't know for sure.

He quickly grabbed a ninja star before side-arming it to get the knife out of the girl's hands.

Izuku succeeded and watched as the blonde girl who was previously holding the knife turned to look at Izuku.

Izuku saw a face of utter sadness, guilt, defeat, and worst of all frustration.

It seemed like the blonde girl was doing that for necessity, or something quirk related.

The girl who was on the ground quickly got up.
“You're a monster!” The girl screamed before running out of the alleyway.

Izuku watched as the blonde girl's face faltered, tears already falling freely.

Izuku almost couldn't hear the words that came out of her mouth, but he did. And these were probably some of the saddest words Izuku had ever heard.

“I.. Know.” The girl said before crumpling on the ground.

Izuku didn't know why he sympathised with this stranger who was just previously trying to kill someone.

“Wh-why can't I just be normal..?” The girl spoke quietly and softly.

Izuku's body moved with some ounce of agreement as he put an arm on the girl's back.

“I-its okay.” Izuku said in the most calming voice he could.

With that, the blonde girl broke down in wet sobs, and Izuku didn't really know what to do.

“Do you.. Want a hug?” Izuku asked, not knowing how else to comfort the girl.

“You'd probably think I'm a monster once you knew what my quirk was!” The girl spat out, but not fully rejecting the comfort.

Izuku knew this may be his one chance to help the girl feel better.

“I love learning about quirks! Even though I..” He trailed off.

“What?” The blonde girl asked, the venom vacant.

“Even though I'm quirkless.” Izuku let out, hoping this girl would understand.

The girl looked at him with more clarity and surprise this time.

“M-my quirk.. I-its a villain's quirk.” The girl finally let out.

She watched as Izuku got a look of determination and confidence.

“Nu-uh! No quirk is a villain's quirk! A villain makes their quirk villainous!” Izuku said with full confidence.

The girl looked extremely surprised by his statement, and she wondered if she should tell this fellow stranger.

“Oh and also? Please don't tell anyone I'm quirkless. I'm kinda a vigilante so that'd be a lot of trouble for me.” Izuku rubbed the back of his head as he talked.

“S-sure. My quirk is.. called transform. When I drink a person's blood, I can transform into them. It makes me have lots of cravings for blood.” She expected some kind of yelling, scolding, lecturing, maybe even a beating but what she did not expect was the way that this guy acted.

“Woah, that's so cool! That could be so useful in heroics! Wait, I have a question. When you transform, do you also copy their blood type and stuff?” Izuku knew his excitement was getting the best of him, but he thought that this might be what this girl needed.

“U-um yes, why?” The girl asked skeptically

“You could donate blood to literally anyone! If you copy their blood types that would make you a perfect match no matter what!” Izuku started rambling before realizing he was definitely doing too much.

“Sorry! I get caught up in learning about people's quirks and stuff. It's kinda creepy, I know.” Izuku admitted sheepishly.

The girl looked at him for a second before asking, “Do you r-really think my quirk could be useful?”

“If there's a way any quirk could be useful, I would probably end up finding it.”

The girl looked half to tears when she smiled. “Thank you. The name's Himiko Toga!”

“My vigilante name is Jasper! Though I suppose you already know about my quirk status.” Izuku looked around for a second before whispering, “My real name is Izuku Midoriya, though please don't tell anyone!”

“I won't, silly!”

Izuku grabbed a piece of paper out of his notebook and wrote something down before giving it to Toga.

“Heres my phone number if you ever want to contact me!”

“Thank you. And you're the first person who's actually been nice to me, so of course I'm going to contact you!”

Izuku smiled at the fact that he had a new friend, who would probably benefit from their friendship the most.

Izuku and Toga said their goodbyes while Izuku went home.

Toga looked at the note while smiling. Did he really think her quirk could be useful? Well, considering he told her that he's quirkless, and he told her his real name she'd consider that a win.

She definitely wanted to be this boy's friend, though hopefully he won't get weirded out by her cravings.

Toga hoped this wasn't just a plot of sorts.

Though he did actually seem genuine! Maybe Toga would never know.

She tucked the note back into her pocket while she went to her makeshift home. (A shack she built in the woods)

Chapter End Notes

> I wasn't even going to originally add her, but then I'm just like why not? PLEASE COMMENT! I love reading what y'all have to say about anything:)

Chapter 21: ??

Chapter Summary

> I completely forgot what this chapter Is, but it includes Toga and Dabi, sooo.

Chapter Notes

> Y'all don't know how excited I am to post more chapters. I'm currently just finishing up the entrance exam, and I feel like I yapped sooo much in everything I've written so far... Hope y'all like long fics.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku was walking back from his training with Kaminari when he noticed an aura of blue coming from an alley.

This street Izuku took home was probably a pretty poor and maybe villainous district.

Izuku quietly walked forward to the edge of the alley, being careful to not be seen.

This thoroughly surprised Izuku when he saw Dabi standing with fire lit in his fist, clearly trying to intimidate someone or something.

Izuku waited, hoping to see what this was all about.

“I did you the favor, and now you don't have my money. I'm not feeling too friendly right now, considering I need that money to live.” Dabi was definitely on edge about something, and Izuku wished he knew exactly what this fiasco was about.

Izuku looked in a little further and saw two guys cowering into the corners.

“L-l-look, dude! We c-can uh, figure out some sort of d-deal! Like, y-you give us a few d-days to come up with the m-money! And then we pay you extra!” One of the guys said, clearly trying to lighten the situation.

“Now I would consider that, but I need this money!” Dabi yelled, getting more and more frustrated as time went on.

His fist raised, and the flames became a brighter shade of blue.

Izuku knew this was his time to step in, and he really didn't want Dabi to go down the wrong path.

“O-no-no-no.” Izuku said while stepping into the alley. “You are not doing this right now Dabi. You know better!” Izuku honestly felt like a mother berating or lecturing her child.

“Kid? What are you doing here?” Dabi asked, not really wanting to burn people alive in front of a kid. “Look, we're discussing business related things so-” Dabi was cut off.

“Yeah no. I know what you were about to do, and I do not stand for that. I'm also not letting you lead your life in villainous ways.” Izuku started full on lecturing Dabi.

“You really don't understand, kid. Rent is due, and I need that money. They promised to pay me today, but they showed up with nothing.” Venom evident in Dabi’s voice as he spoke.

Izuku started violently shaking his head with his eyes closed. Like that thing little kids do when they know they're right.

“And how much rent do you owe? How well maintained is the place for the price?” Izuku asked.

“Well um. It's not very pretty but it's the cheapest rent I could find. It's about 1200 per month.”

Izuku quite literally scoffed at that. “You know, I could find you a place that's pretty well taken care of and about 400 less than that.” Izuku did the ‘I know I'm right’ chuckle.

With that, Dabi was practically gaping before quickly regaining his composure. “I don't believe you.” Dabi said firmly.

“What if I told you, I live in that apartment complex?” Izuku said triumphantly.

Dabi's eyes opened wide at that.

“You're kidding right?” Dabi asked hopefully.

“Nope! I can take you there right now and show you my own apartment!” Izuku said cheerfully.

He narrowed his eyes on that.

“What do you mean, ‘your own apartment’? You're a minor, and don't you live with your parents or something?” Dabi asked.

Izuku got a very mischievous and sly smile on his face. It would honestly be pretty unnerving if he was a villain or hero of sorts. It could probably send the inexperienced on the other side running.

“What do you mean?”Izuku said sarcastically while reaching into his backpack to grab his wallet. He grabbed his fake identity. “I'm legally 18 years old after all.” His sly face still evident.

Dabi got a mischievous look on his Facebook while dropping his fist and walking over to Izuku.

“Kid, you smart bastard!” Dabi started laughing maniacally, though only for a short time.

Dabi slung his arm around Izuku as they started walking out of the alleyway. “If you would be so kind, I'd like to see this illustrious apartment of yours.”

Izuku was honestly just glad he was able to save those other guys' lives. Maybe if Dabi needed a job he could work at the cat cafe.

“I'd be glad to.” Izuku said, happy to hopefully help Dabi out.

Wait. Izuku just realized something.

“How'd you recognize me out of costume?” Izuku asked dumbfounded.

“Pretty simple kid. When I saved you I saw a peak of your hair. Same color. Most of all I recognized your voice. Yes you got a voice changer, but ya didn't have it that first day.”

Dabi took his arm off of Izuku's shoulders and flung his hands in his pockets.

“Makes sense.” Izuku pondered. “It's about 10 minutes to the apartment complex. The outside isn't very pretty, but the actual apartments are quite nice.”

“Also kid, I swear if you're pulling my leg I'm going to-”

“Nope. You're not resulting to violence anymore. If you need money and a job, I will gladly hire you at the cat-cafe I co-manage.”

“Damn. You Co-manage an entire cafe? That's hella insane for what, a 14 year old kid?” Dabi replied.

“Yup! We're not particularly looking for new staff at the moment, but the help is definitely handy.” Izuku said, full confidence in his voice now.

“Damn, I would probably scare people off knowing my face.” Dabi chuckled.

“I can guarantee most people will not be fazed by you. One of my co-managers' quirk makes her appear like a spider. When she first started working she was really insecure, but she quickly learned the people

who come to a cat cafe don't care.”

“I mean, I have income but it isn't really reliable.” Dabi replied.

“Yeah see that, Is not a good way of income. Doing favors for people and expecting money back isn't very reliable, I hope you know that.” Izuku always clocked people with his facts.

“Yea I know. Only way I get money though.” Dabi admitted.

“What do you mean?” Izuku asked, curious about the reason why.

“I tried getting work but nobody would hire me.” Dabi sighed.

Izuku kept his head forward as he confidentially spoke. “Their loss.”

The two talked about different things, finally coming to the topic of heroes. (How did they even get there?)

“All Might used to be one of my favorites, but then I met other heroes, and essentially liked them better.” Izuku said, very simply.

Dabi chuckled. “I used to be a big hero geek before.. An accident of sorts. After the accident I was walking around and apparently I was looking like a debby-downer.” Dabi laughed remembering the experience. “That hero kinda became my favorite, considering I passed multiple other heroes that day.”

“Ooh, who is it!? Is it a daylight or spotlight hero? Or limelight or underground!?”

“Hold your horses there. I have absolutely zero idea.” Dabi replied half-truthfully.

“What did they look like!?” Izuku realized he was getting way too caught up in his passions, and toned it down a notch. “Sorry! I'm kinda a hero geek, and I get too caught up with my excitement!” Izuku rubbed the back of his head in embarrassment.

Dabi just laughed. You could call it a deep, belly laugh. “Okay so one, I ain't telling ya. That shits too sappy. And two, I know they're not a daylight/ spotlight hero.”

Izuku decided to just leave it be, considering the fact that Dabi might not trust him with such ‘sappy’ and personal information.

“Well anyway, we are here at the apartment complex! It's nothing fancy on the outside.”
Izuku mentioned.

“Yeah I can tell.”

“The rent for apartments differ. The smallest ones they got are 2 bedrooms and 1 bath. That's the one I have with the cheap rent. Though the more rooms there are the more the prices spike.”

“Yeah I kinda assumed that.”

The two walked up to Izuku's apartment.

“This is my apartment. You can choose to get one or two keys. I always keep an extra in my room.” Izuku unlocked the door and gestured for Dabi to walk in.

“Damn, you lucky bastard! Shit this is nice!” Dabi practically cheered while looking at the living room that's combined with the kitchen.

“Yup. I would show you one of the rooms, but one has my vigilante stuff and the other is my personal room.” Izuku said.

“The kitchen is pretty basic. It has a small fridge, a microwave, and a small oven. They're nothing expensive, but they work.” Izuku mentioned to Dabi.

“Yeah, plan on seeing me a lot more after this. If I'm able to get an apartment like this, legally, I'm so renting one.”

“The guy allows basically anyone to rent so long as they have money. Though you might have to tell him your actual name to get one.”

“So yeah. There's kinda just a slight problem with that.” Dabi said amusingly.

“May I ask what? I'm not going to force you to tell me but I'm all ears if you do.” Izuku really didn't want to push this guy out of his comfort zone, considering the fact that he might go straight back to villainy.

“Just a slight problem is all. My actual identity has been declared dead for, lets see, like 8 or 9 years?” Dabi said, chuckling a bit while he did.

“Umm yeah. Just a slight issue.” Izuku said sarcastically. “If you don't mind me asking, how does ones self manage to do that?”

“Yeah um, great question. Quirk accident.” Dabi replied more casually than anyone else would've.

“Is that where you got your scars from?” Izuku asked.

“Yup!” A deep belly laugh followed after.

Izuku's eyes widened as he came to a realization.

“Don't tell me you just put two and two together.” Dabi sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose, much like his favorite hero is.

“Eight or nine years ago there was a quirk accident with the eldest of the Todoroki family. He was assumed dead but they never found any remains.” Izuku's tone started becoming more accusing and suspicious before returning to normal with the next thing he said. “If you are Touya, I don't really care. You don't have to tell me if you are or not. It's not really my place to barge into your personal matters and such.”

Dabi just laughed at that. “Thanks kid. You're honestly a lot more mature for your age than I ever was.”

“Yeah, that kinda happens when you've been living alone for almost a year now.” Izuku replied.

“Dang. That sucks. Why does a nice kid like you live alone?”

“If I'm being honest I just didn't want to go through the foster system and end up getting placed in an orphanage.” Izuku answered truthfully.

“Very valid. That system sucks.” Dabi replied.

“Do you know what else sucks?” Izuku gained a menacing look in his eyes.

“Endeavor.” Dabi laughed, knowing that probably isn't what Izuku was talking about.

“Yup! Guy sucks, guess he's a pretty decent hero though.” Izuku answered.

“Wait really!? Yes! That's what I've been trying to tell everyone but no one will listen!” Dabi's raspy voice coming out even more.

“Exactly! My guy strokes his ego like Rapunzel every day!” Izuku screeched, happy to have found someone who probably equally hates Endeavor, or hates him even more.

That comment got Dabi burst out laughing, a deep, belly laugh. At this point Dabi was wiping tears from his eyes while doubled over.

“You-you are never going to believe why I'm even alive!” Dabi answered.

“Wait, quick pause, this means that you are in fact Touya Todoroki?” Izuku asked.

“Yep. I miss everyone but my old man. I used to hate my littlest brother back when I was a kid, but I simply don't really care anymore.” Dabi stated matter-of-factly.

“Dang. I guess it makes sense though.” Izuku answered, unsure of the actual reason.

“Me and all of my siblings were made for my sperm-donors selfish desires. He simply wanted a child strong enough to beat All Might, so into a quirk marriage he went!” Dabi laughed.

“You're joking!? Right!? Quirk marriages were outlawed years ago!” Izuku screeched.

“Yup.” Dabi leaned back and put his hands behind his head as he continued speaking. “That's why I always hated my littlest brother. He was the masterpiece, he got all of the attention.”

“That's so messed up! No wonder you left!” Izuku yelled.

Dabi chuckled at that.

“Ima vote to change subjects right about now.” Dabi asked.

“That is perfectly reasonable. Wait.” Izuku grabbed his phone as it rung with a text notification from an unknown number.

‘Hey this is Toga. Do you mind if I spend the night at your place?? It's supposed to rain tonight

Izuku quickly saved the number and replied.

Of course! I can send you my address. I would normally walk to find you but I have work tonight

Toga: thanks!!!!! I greatly appreciate it!!!

Izuku: no problem! Happy to help when I can

Izuku sent Toga his address as he realized Dabi was peaking over his shoulder.

“Who's that? A giiirrlll?” Dabi asked in that accusatory voice with a smirk on his face.

Izuku just looked at him, completely unimpressed with a look that screamed ‘really.?’

Okay okay! I get it's you're not interested in her! Got it! Maybe, you're just interested in guys.” Dabi said with a smirk.

At that comment, Izuku just realized he had options. His eyes flew open in realization. This just caused Dabi to laugh for a good 5

minutes while Izuku rethought his entire existence.

“Kid just realized he has options! Maybe it's time for ya to come out of the closet! It's glass y'know!” By this point, Dabi was hurled over laughing, wiping tears from his eyes.

Izuku was pulled out of his thoughts as he felt his phone buzz with another notification.

Toga: do you mind if I come over relatively soon? It's totally fine if not! I have nothing else to do and I'm bored. I need something to do before the cravings kick in: <

Izuku: I don't mind! Though I do have to leave in the afternoon for work. And right now there is currently patches over here doubled down and laughing at me. Just be warned.

Izuku pondered for a second before thinking about some way to get Dabi just as flustered.

“I mean, you're still hiding behind the glass closet too, so I don't know what difference it makes.” Izuku smugly said.

This made Dabi stop laughing a bit. “Kid, I've accepted a long time ago that no one probably will ever like me, so I've kinda given up on that fact.” Dabi said so casually it was like an everyday fact.

“I hope you know there are 8 billion people in the world, there has to be someone who'd like you. Do you have any childhood friends that you remember maybe liking, or having a crush on?” Izuku asked, hoping to bring back at least an ounce of Dabi's hope for himself.

“I plead the 5th.” Dabi replied.

“Dabi, we live in Japan. That doesn't coun- wait! So there is someone you remember!”

Dabi just crossed his arms and started pouting like a kid.

“There isn't, and if there was I wouldn't tell you about him.” Dabi knew he slipped up when the word came out of his mouth.

“The closet is glass after all.” Izuku said proudly, while wiping fake tears out of his eyes. “I'm not going to force you to tell me, but you're not hopeless Dabi.”

“Thanks for trying, kid, but someone like him would never even notice someone like me.” Dabi answered.

Izuku pondered for a moment before answering. “Something in my gut is telling me he's a hero. Is it your ‘favorite hero’ by chance?” Izuku asked slyly.

“Clearly you're much smarter than you look. Yes he is a hero, and no he's not my favorite. He's… one of two, I guess.”

“Oohhhh so you have two favorites, one of which you like and the other is just a hero essentially.”

“Yes! For goodness sake they're my favorites for different reasons!” Dabi frustratedly yelled.

Thus causing Izuku to double over in laughter. “I-” Izuku finished laughing enough to talk. “I never saw you as a hero fan.” Izuku started laughing harder.

“Shut up you brat!” Dabi wondered if this was what it was like to have a younger brother. Okay, maybe he did miss his siblings, even Shoto. And maybe he considered Jasper to be like a younger brother to him.

A doorbell could be heard on the couch where the two were sitting.

Izuku got up, still laughing his butt off while opening the door.

“Hi Toga! Welcome in!” Izuku said while still laughing.

Toga now knew if Izuku didn't like her or wanted her to leave, she could just bite him and take his blood. Though she'd still feel bad doing it.

Izuku grabbed Toga's arm as he walked to the living room where Dabi was still sulking.

“Toga, d-d” Izuku continued laughing until he could properly speak again. “ Do you imagine this guy here, being a fan of two heroes?”

Toga started giggling, while putting her oversized sleeve up to cover it.

Though she failed completely and ended up as doubled over as Izuku was.

“Hey you two brats! This is not funny!” Dabi yelled.

“You're so silly!” Toga managed to get out between laughs.

Okay, maybe now Dabi would have two extra brats to look out for. He'd never admit it though.

The three continued joking like that until Izuku realized he really needed to get his work done. (He was still ahead)

Toga and Dabi watched him as he did, having absolutely no understanding of anything. (Izuku is extremely advanced in everything)

Toga and Dabi introduced themselves to each other, and thus started their brother-sister relationship.

Izuku finished all his school work for the day.

“Okay, Dabi, do you want to work at the cat cafe? If you do, you're coming with me so we can fill out a form.” Izuku asked.

“Actually uh, that'd be nice.” Dabi looked away. Probably from the fact he hasn't had anyone do anything nice for him in years.

“Also maybe tomorrow we can get started on the paperwork for your apartment if you want one here.”

“Damn right! This place is so much better and cheaper.” Dabi replied.

“Alright. Toga, we do have to go to work now. Yo-” He was then interrupted.

“I'm just going to follow y'all and probably watch y'all inside the cat cafe. I don't want to be stuck here all day!” Toga admitted.

“That works! We do have to leave in 14 or so minutes, and I do have to get ready for work, so if you'll excuse me.”

Izuku got ready for work while Toga and Dabi talked.

“I saw on Izuku's phone you said ‘it's supposed to rain tonight’. What's that supposed to mean?” Dabi asked. He really hoped Toga had an adequate place to stay.

Toga thought for a second before replying. “When it rains it gets into the shack I live in. It gets cold at night.” Toga admitted.

“Yeah no. That's not gonna work.” Dabi shook his head. Okay, maybe he felt like he had to help her, okay? No bad intentions.

“It works for me! There no one can..” Toga trailed off as she realized Dabi didn't know about her quirk.

Dabi saw her visibly tense at that. “Girl, tell me whatever you're thinking about.”

“W-well..” Her bubbly self from earlier gone.

“If you can stand this hatchypatch of a face, I can handle whatever it is you're thinking about.” Dabi said with full confidence.

Toga laughed at that, surprised by his statement.

“Well um. My quirk allows me to transform into someone when I drink their b-blood.” Toga looked away as she talked. “I-it also makes me crave blood, and sometimes I can't h-help these cravings.” Toga quietly admitted.

Dabi thought for a second before replying. “Cant you go to different blood drives? I'm sure if it was quirk related they'd let you have some.”

At that comment Toga perked up. “Y-you really think so!?”

“Yeah. I mean, I think that's a pretty cool quirk. You could just turn into someone.”

This was only the second person she'd had tell her that her quirk wasn't villainous or disgusting or monstrous.

Toga started tearing up at that, and embraced Dabi in a hug.

“Th-thank you.”

Dabi really didn't know what to do in this situation, so he just accepted his fate and wrapped an arm around Toga.

“You're welcome kid.” Dabi replied.

After the two finished embracing, Izuku walked out. He laughed at the shock on the two's faces at the differences.

“You're like, so the same but so much different!” Toga exclaimed looking at him.

With that, the three got going on their walk to the cat cafe.

Chapter End Notes

Anyways! You do we like it? PLEASE COMMENT!!! I love reading and responding to y'all! :)

Chapter 22: A safe place to stay

Chapter Summary

We find a safe place to stay for..

Chapter Notes

I can't believe how far I've come so far. It's actually crazy to think about

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Toga do you… not have a safe place to stay?" Izuku asked.

Toga had stayed at Izuku's apartment for a week now. She didn't really want to overstay her visit, but she had no other choice really.

Her shed wouldn't fully dry from the rain for at least a few more days, and she learned that it can get cold there.

"Of course I do silly! It just gets pretty cold and wet there when it rains." Toga mentioned like it was an any-other day fact.

This made Izuku stop cold in his tracks. What does she mean it gets wet when it rains? Yeah Izuku can understand cold, but wet?

"Hey Toga, where do you live?" Izuku asked.

"Oh my shack is in the woods off of.. 3rd street? I think? As long as I remember the way back." Toga joked.

“Toga, if you are living in a shack, I'm going to force you to stay here. No way am I letting you go back and live there!” Izuku looked sternly into Toga's eyes.

“Izukuuu!” Toga whined. “It's not like it isn't a normal place to live in!” Toga complained.

Izuku looked Himiko in the eyes with fierce determination. “Himiko,” That got Himiko listening, considering he never used her first name. “Living in a shack, is not. Normal.” Izuku emphasized the not.

“It isn't?” Toga genuinely asked. She did in fact not know living in a shack was not normal.

“No! It isn't!" Izuku exclaimed. At this point in time Izuku felt really bad for Himiko. This just shows how bad anyone with a ‘villainous’ quirk can be thrown off to the side, left to fend for themselves.

When Toga first stayed the night, Izuku realized she was far behind in school. So Izuku did the only logical thing and helped her start back up. She seemed to actually enjoy doing the online school under Nedzu, though she was pretty far behind.

So Toga started learning lots of different things, and learned that she actually liked doing the school work, and not going to actual school.

Izuku was trying to teach her different things too, but apparently the fact that living in a shed is not normal never crosses his mind as ‘something to teach’.

“How long have you been living in a shed?” Izuku asked.

“Hmm. That's a great question! I'm not sure… Probably since I was 13, and I'm 15 now so I'd say about two years!” Himiko exclaimed.

“Well, since we're done with our school work, I don't have to work for another few hours, we'll go grab your belongings. I am not letting you spend another night in a shack.” Izuku knew that if he didn't do this, it's possible Himiko could get sick, especially with the humidity.

“Are you sure!? You've already done so much for me! I simply couldn't acce-” Izuku cut her off.

“Nope. I do not give you the option to refuse help from me!” Izuku humphed.

“Fineeee!” Toga whined.

Dabi assumed that was the best time to walk in unannounced.

“Guess who finally has an apartment here?”

“Dabi!!!” Himiko ran and embraced Dabi. The two were practically like siblings at that point. (Though Dabi never showed it) “Zuzu says staying and living in a shack isn't normal!” Himiko whined.

“Wait a damn minute. So you're telling me you weren't pulling my leg when you told me that you actually lived in a shed?” Dabi asked. “I thought you were joking!”

“Nope!” Himiko pulled away from Dabi. “Zuzu says living in a shack isn't normal! He told me we're going to my house and grabbing all my belongings.” Toga mentioned.

“You don't have any extra rooms.” Dani pointed at Izuku. “I do. So long as you pay at least ¼ of the rent you can stay with me.” Dabi suggested it like it was common sense.

Himiko lit up at that comment. “Really!? Then we can visit Zuzu a lot! And I can still do online school with him!” Himiko bounced up and down.

“That works!” Izuku announced. “Why don't we all go and grab your stuff?” Izuku suggested.

“Sure. I don't have nothing better to do until I work.” Dabi announced. It was now his one week anniversary of working at the cat cafe, though most of the time he was in the back being taught how to do stuff. Which is the reason he never saw a certain someone come in on the daily.

“Let's go! Also um.. Thanks. You guys.” Toga admitted.

Dabi ruffled Toga's hair, though he couldn't do much damage considering Izuku put her hair into French braids. (He watched about 5 tutorials on YouTube and he still thinks it looks terrible) “No problem, leech.” Dabi laughed at the nickname. I mean, he still had a list of other nicknames for Himiko. Izuku was just ‘kid'.

“Hey! I'm much better than a leech! I go to the blood drive for some blood every few days now!” Himiko screeched.

“Right.” Dabi loved to mess with Himiko about her quirk, though he made it obvious he could care less.

“I haven't had any urges to completely attack someone and take all their blood since I've been here!” Himiko yelled. “Unless you'd like me to take all of your blood anyway.” Himiko said menacingly.

“Woah me need to get all Vampire on me. I don't think my blood would taste very sweet after all, considering my sperm-donor.” Dabi announced, thus causing Himiko to curl her face back in disgust.

“Eew, Eneadvor's/ Todoroki blood must taste disgusting. I wouldn't drink his blood if I had to.” Himiko hissed.

Dabi just started laughing as Izuku chimed in. “If I had a quirk that relied on me having to drink blood to survive, I'd die before drinking his blood.” Izuku stated matter-of-factly.

This caused a domino effect of Dabi laughing harder, Himiko finally breaking down in laughter, and Izuku started laughing as well.

“Oka-” Izuku finished laughing. “We better get going if we want to be back on time for work.” Izuku huffed out.

“Yeah you're probably right, kid.” Dabi said while dragging himself off of his knees.

The three sibling-like duo started on their way to Himikos shed and finally arrived after 20 minutes.

“This is quite literally just a fort built with sticks. This is not a suitable home, Himiko.” Dabi said sternly, surprising Himiko by the use of her name.

“Yeah I get it! I'm living with you now so it doesn't matter.” The three grabbed some of her things, Dabi and Izuku thinking the exact same thing.

‘Yeah, we're gonna need to get her some new stuff.’

The three walked back to the apartment complex, stopping at Dabi's apartment.

“I haven't moved a ton there yet.” Dabi said. “Not like I really had much to begin with.” He muttered to himself.

“Okay, I already claimed that room, so that room over there is yours. Though we will have to get you a mattress.” Dabi said while looking away, not used to having positive influences in his life.

“Thankyouthankyouthankyou!” Toga yelped while jumping up and down.

Izuku looked like a proud big brother, though he was still younger and slightly shorter.

“No probs squirt. Not like I'd use that room anyway. Though I am going to force you to find work and pay me at least 200 a month, considering you'll be using everything too.”

“Of course silly! I was planning on it anyway, though I don't know what to do for a job.” Himiko half-trailed off.

“I mean, if you can't find anything of interest you can always come and work at the cat cafe!” Izuku chirped up.

“Maybe! Ooo, ooo! Maybe I could donate blood to the blood drive! Though I would have to..” Himiko stopped as she realized she'd have to tell everyone her quirk, and she'd probably get kicked out.

Dabi put a supportive hand on her shoulder. “I'll go with you if you do decide to do that. If they kick you out I'll give them a piece of my mind. How about that?” Dabi mused.

“That's perfect! Thank you Touya, for everything really.” Himiko stated.

Dabi hadn't been called Touya in years, but coming from Himiko it just felt right in a way. Maybe he did see her as a sister? So what? So what if he was a slight fan boy of a few heroes? Only his closest companions would know that.

He did wish he could go back to his siblings, but knowing his flaming piece of crap was still there. And it might be just a little awkward going back after 8-9 years of being dead.

Like “Hey guys, how are you doing? I'm actually your brother Touya and I never really died but I finally got the courage to come back!”

Eh whatever. Touya would worry about that later.

Right now he had two hooligans in his apartment.

—

“Ah Aizawa-san! Just the person I'm looking for!” Nedzu happily chirped.

Great. What did the rat want this time? No one would ever know unless he said it.

“Since I've uploaded my online school I've had two students join!” Nedzu happily said.

Great. He really hoped these two children would make it out of Nedzu alive.

“I'm honestly quite interested in both of their studies! Considering they both log in on the same device.” Nedzu said, obviously planning something.

“What do you mean?” At this point Aizawa didn't even want to ask.

“My very first student excels in everything. He is merely 14 years old, and already on some senior level academics. His quirk and hero analysis level that of top notch analysts.”

Oh great. Nedzu absolutely wanted to personally teach this kid.

“I honestly think he could make it as a hero in the hero course when he is old enough.” Nedzu said.

“So you basically want to recommend him to the hero course?” Aizawa asked.

“That is if we can find him. I know his name but I tried searching it up and I haven't found an official address. The last one was before his mother died 5 years ago.” Nedzu entertained.

“Interesting.” Aizawa quizzed.

“Indeed. The other one has advanced knowledge in medical studies, though her other courses suffer. She took three elective courses all including some sort of medical study. I think she would be a great candidate to intern under Recovery Girl. She has also been looking for an intern for quite a while now and this girl's medical knowledge is far greater than anyone of her age.”

“Makes sense.” Aizawa hummed, unsure of why Nedzu wanted to talk to him about it. “Why did you want to talk to me about it though?”

Nedzu got a manic look on his face, which Aizawa had already gotten used to a long time ago.

“The thing is, the device is untraceable.” Nedzu stated.

Wow, maybe this kid was pretty good.

“Okay, can't you put something on his studies for when he does that?” Aizawa asked, not very great with technology.

“The thing is,” Nedzu entertained. “He hacked his device so no one can alter anything on it. Not even I can pass through it.”

This kid has to be good if Nedzu can't get through.

“But you can change your website, can't you?” Aizawa really hoped this wasn't a dumb question considering that he wasn't a technology geek.

“I could try that, yes. But it might also show up on the other girls' accounts as well. I'm sure there should be something I can do around that though. Thank you for your input, Aizawa-san!” Nedzu gleamed.

Aizawa might have to pray for these kids, after all that might be the only thing he can do to help.

Chapter End Notes

I know that Nedzu could probably do this or something like this, it's for the plot.

Also, PLEASE COMMENT!!! I love reading halls comments:)

Chapter 23: Options..?

Chapter Summary

> Denki meets Dabi and Himiko. Izuku starts.. Thinking about stuff. I think.

Chapter Notes

> I wrote this so long ago I don't even know if the summary is accurate. Please proceed with caution.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku was peacefully waking up this Saturday morning. It was nice having Himiko over, but it was also nice having the place to himself once in a while.

Izuku was planning on hanging out with Denki for the day and planning on him spending the night at Izuku's. They would go to the mall before heading to Izuku's apartment, unless they got hungry. Maybe Izuku would have to invite Touya and Himiko over to introduce them to Denki.

Izuku and Denki's training was going considerably well. Denki was learning new ways to use his quirk without short circuiting and how to use that in the way he fights. Denki was also getting considerably better at hand-to-hand combat. He was actually pretty well considering the fact he had no clue how to fight before.

Izuku was also starting to put on some slight muscle, though nothing crazy for only doing it for a month. There was about 9 months left until the UA entrance exam, and Izuku was confident Denki could easily pass it.

Apparently Bakugo's group had been training together as well.

Izuku knew all of them could easily get into UA, though the entrance was built for better quirks. He did feel kind of bad for Shinsou, as he'd practically be going in quirkless.

Izuku got up and got ready for the day. He made himself some peanut butter toast, something that became a staple in his life.

They weren't supposed to meet until one, but Izuku's body never really let himself sleep in late anyway.

He could visit Himiko and Touya and see how they're doing.

Apparently Touya convinced Himiko to go to the blood drive, and actually tell them her quirk.

She was able to give lots of blood, all of different kinds. According to Touya she was a hit there, which was really good.

Himiko had continued to come over for school, advancing incredibly in her elective classes.

Izuku wondered if Himiko and Denki would get along. Touya would probably make fun of him, though Denki would probably just laugh at any comments Touya made.

Welp, Izuku still had groceries to run beforehand.

Izuku went and bought his groceries, which wasn't much. He was only one person, after all. Though he did buy some cinnamon, apples, and

sour cream on top of his usual products.

He made it home around twelve, apparently just in time for a visit from his favorite siblings.

“Hey kid! Whatcha doing!?” Dabi asked in his usual manic voice.

“Not much honestly. Just waiting for the time to leave. I'm hanging out with a friend.” Izuku mentioned casually.

“I bet it's a guy!” Dabi laughed at that.

“Do I even want to know what's going on in your head?” Izuku sighed.

“He probably thinks that's the guy you have a crush on!” Himiko chimed in.

Both Izuku and Touya looked at her with very different looks. Touya looked extremely proud, and very amused. He would probably break out in laughter any minute now. Izuku on the other hand looked half horrified, and half ‘I'm not even surprised at this point’.

Izuku shook his head, honestly quite done with the situation.

“I mean, the closet is glass!” Himiko stated. “It's time for you to crawl out of it, Zuzu.” Himiko stated matter-of-factly.

This causing Touya to promptly burst out in laughter.

“Leech is right!” Touya yelled between laughs. “It's pretty obvious you aren't straight!”

“Hey! I just.. Haven't had the time to think about it, that's all.” Izuku stated.

“Yeah right! You're just avoiding the truth!” Touya yelped.

Izuku started yelling at the two while they were dying of laughter. Honestly, this is a perfect description of their relationship. Touya was like an annoying younger brother who was probably annoyingly right.

“I bet that guy you're going to hang out with is the guy you like!” Touya successfully ragebaited Izuku.

Though Izuku didn't crash out, he just stood there, face blank and mind racing.

He didn't like Denki like that, right?? He was his first friend, after all! It was normal to feel like that around him, right? Yeah, these two were just rage baiting Izuku. Yeah.

What surprised Touya and Himiko was his calmness.

“No. We're just friends, that's all.” Izuku stated in his calmest voice, though a little unsettling.

“Anyways, don't you have work, Touya?” Izuku turned to look at Touya with the most unsettling expression he could muster. “And Himiko, didn't you say you were going to volunteer and help out at the blood drive?” Izuku said, turning to look at Himiko.

“Yup! Guess we better get going! See you Zuzu!” Himiko said before grabbing Touya and running out of Izuku's apartment.

Izuku grabbed all of the things he needed and left.

The two had decided to meet at the mall. It was logical since going to Denki's or Izuku's place would add extra time to both people.

Izuku walked all the way to the mall, which was about 38 minutes. Denki arrived at basically the same time, so they were walking in together.

“Hey bro! How are you doing?” Denki asked.

“I'm doing pretty good! How about you!?” Izuku asked while they started walking to the first shop.

“I'm good! I also don't plan on getting very much stuff, considering I don't really need much.” Denki mentioned.

“Yeah me either. Maybe some extra stuff but I don't want to waste all my money.” Izuku answered.

“Me too! So, what do you need to get?” Denki asked, genuinely

curious about his best friend's answer.

“Nothing much. Some black cargo pants for going out at night considering mine are getting kinda old.” Izuku chuckled at the end. “I also need some new notebooks for my own analysis and for school analysis. I also kinda need more..” Izuku trailed off at the awkwardness of admitting what else he needed.

“Dude I promise I won't judge! I need some pretty shady stuff every once in a while!” Denki admitted.

Izuku pondered for a second, thinking of a way to explain. “You know how I have my fake identity, and I'm apparently 18 years old but with a slight youth quirk?” Izuku asked.

“Yeah! Why though?”

“So, I kinda wear um.” Izuku just didn't really want to say it. It wasn't bad, it was just awkward for Izuku.

“Oh, do you mean makeup? I've seen you wear it a few times as Mikumo.” Denki casually said.

“Yes! Sorry, it's just kind of awkward for me to say, considering it's more of a girl thing.” Izuku sheepishly admitted.

“Dude, you're good! Even I have some stuff and sometimes do makeup for fun! It's not limited to just one gender! Though I do understand where you're coming from.” Denki said.

“Thank you.” Izuku looked at Denki. Really looked at him. “Anyway, what do you need?” Izuku asked, stopping their pace.

“Not much really. I need some new shirts as literally all of mine are like 100 years old.” Denki exaggerated. “I need a new phone charger because the last one I had kinda blew up.”

Denki said it so casually Izuku started laughing, though he tried not to and partly hid his mouth behind his hand.

“Hey! Don't laugh!” Though he had to admit Izuku was really pretty with a smile on his face.

“What-” Izuku finally composed himself. “What else do you need?” Izuku asked.

“Actually I also need some sticky notes for class. Thanks for reminding me!” Denki exclaimed.

“No problem..I guess?” Izuku said uncertainly. “Well, you need a charger and we're closest to there. How about we go there first?” Izuku suggested.

“Yeah that makes sense!” Denki exclaimed.

The two walked and talked over on their way to the electronics department.

“Holy moly! This place is huge! They have stuff for days!” Denki

exclaimed.

Izuku just gaped at the sheer size of the shop. He knew they had a good mall but seriously?

Izuku decided to look around while Denki had to grab and ask an employee where the chargers were.

Denki finally found what he was looking for and walked around to find Izuku.

Izuku on the other hand was single handedly staring at the latest and greatest compatible keyboard.

It was originally a bracelet on your wrist, which you could then press a few buttons and enable a keyboard to show in front of you. The bracelet never dissipated though. It had a lot of other functions on it too.

You could press some buttons on the keyboard and allow other things to be shown. Kind of like on a phone, just you can see through it.

Some of the other functions were a clock, a weather app, an app store, the messages app, and some other random installments.

The nice thing? It was currently on sale. 20% off. Now this device was normally expensive, but ⅕ off? Izuku simply couldn't pass this deal.

“Umm Izu? What are you looking at?” Denki asked, surprising even

himself by the nickname slipping.

“Look. At. This. It's 20% off! I can't pass a deal like this!” Izuku exclaimed.

“I'm just going to nod my head and pretend I know what that is.” Denki said matter-of-factly.

Izuku wondered if it was worth explaining to Kaminari, but eventually decided against it, going for a simple explanation instead.

“It's a bracelet that can project a keyboard and connect to something by Bluetooth. It has other functions too, but that's what it's mostly used for. Lots of heroes use it!” Izuku exclaimed.

“Okay.” Denki shrugged. If it made Izuku happy he was fine with it.

The two checked out while Izuku was fanboying over the device.

“It looks like a simple bracelet to me.” Denki said, not really understanding the hype yet.

“Wait! Let me connect it to my phone and then show you! Izuku said.

“Here!” Izuku put the bracelet on, which was just a simple black band that spanned about 2 inches in width. Izuku pressed a few buttons on the bracelet, causing a cyan-blue see-through keyboard to appear in front of him.

“See how cool this is!?” Izuku was flowing with excitement at this point. Some heroes connected this to their comms to be able to send silent messages in case of issues.

“Dang that is cool!” Denki exclaimed.

“You can even install some apps! Though most of them are restricted due to the compatibility issues.” Izuku said.

“This is so cool!” Izuku squealed.

Izuku took a deal breath, calming his excited nerves while remembering he was here for his best friend, not a gadget.

“Sorry! I kinda freaked out there a bit.” Izuku admitted sheepishly. “I will not freak out about it now.”

Denki was kinda glad to have Izuku's full attention back now, though he probably wouldn't admit it.

“Alright! Since we're close, let's go to um, that store!” Denki furiously pointed at a store diagonal to them.

“Oh yeah, that's the school supply store. I have no clue what the name of it is though.” Izuku admitted.

The two got everything they needed at the school supply store, as Izuku called it, and were now on their way to the clothing store.

“I honestly don't understand how girls can shop for hours!” Denki huffed.

“Probably because they can find a lot of stuff here that interests them. Think about it. If what my mom told me is correct, lots of girls go shopping for makeup, clothes, and general hygiene stuff.” Izuku stated.

“Yeah so?” Denki asked, actually curious.

“You can find lots of that in malls.”

Denki was waiting to see where his best friend was going with this.

“Yeah?”

“Think about two or three things that really interest you.”

Denki thought for a second before answering. “What does that have to do with anything?” Denki genuinely asked.

“I know that I would have to go searching for specific stores to find the three things I am thinking of. Whereas there's already lots of stores here where girls might find items of interest. I mean, if half of the stores in malls had at least one item of interest to you, how long do you think you'd be shopping?” Izuku asked.

Dang. That was a pretty good point. As always, Izuku was the brain.

“I guess I never thought about it like that! Dang, you know basically everything!” Denki said.

Izuku, still not very used to praise, started waving his hands in the air. “Really, anyone could've known that!”

“Izu, remember what I said when you talk down about yourself?” Denki got a playful and amused look on his face.

Izuku sighed in defeat, knowing that Denki wouldn't let up if he forced his agenda more. Though was there a way to stop him in the most unexpected way? Izuku thought so. I mean, you have to outmind the mastermind once in a while.

Izuku mirrored Denki's face on his, a grin resting on his lips.

“Oh I forgot! Would you care to.. Enlighten me?” Izuku challenged, leaning slightly into Denki's personal space. Thus causing Denki to jump back in surprise, shock, oh-my-gosh-that-was-hot, I can't think my best friend is hot!, and woah.

Denki landed on the safest possible answer at the time. “Hey! I'm supposed to be the one doing that! You're supposed to be a cute innocent cinnamon roll!” Denki exclaimed.

Izuku just sighed, and thought about what Touya said.

“Try having someone who acts like your brother tell you your closet is glass when you didn't even know there were options.” Izuku laughed at the memory.

“Damn! You just realized that?” Denki didn't even know why his mind jumped to the first thought it did, but he tried to push it to the back of his mind. (And only half-failed)

“Yup.” The two continued walking to the clothing store. “Before I met you, I had so few social interactions that I never even thought about it.” Izuku admitted.

“I guess that makes sense.” Denki mused.

“I mean, his closet is glass too so I don't know why he's making fun of me.” Izuku huffed.

“That's kinda funny!” Denki said while slightly laughing.

Izuku looked over at the fact of his best friend, and instantly softened at the sight.

The two finished with the clothing shop and made their way to the makeup section.

“Okay, what do you need here?” Denki asked.

“Some liquid concealer for my freckles and some liquid contour to make me look slightly older but still child-like. Does that make

sense?” Izuku asked.

“I'm gonna pretend I know what those things are!”

Izuku already knew the exact products he wanted, considering he tested them the last time he went.

“Found one of two items.” Izuku announced it to his friend.

“Dang! Why is this stuff so expensive!?” Denki was looking at the prices on some tinted moisturizers.

“Oh yeah. Those often cost more than everything else from what I've seen. Also, this is drugstore stuff. Try buying from the high-end beauty brands and you'll quickly see prices that quadruple that. Maybe even quintuple.” Izuku stated, leaving Denki to gape at more prices.

“I found the second item I need. We're able to check out now.” Izuku said to Denki.

“Okay but seriously this stuff would look so good on you! It says it gives you wings on the eyes and it sounds cool!” Denki mused.

“Oh that's a liquid eyeliner. I don't really need it but I guess it would look cool.” Izuku found it was pretty cheap, so if it doesn't work it's not a huge deal.

Izuku checked out while Kaminari was right behind him.

The two walked to Izuku's apartment and talked while doing so. Nothing special.

And here we are! Finally.” Izuku said.

The two walked into the apartment, ready for some relaxation of sorts.

What Izuku wasn't expecting was a visit from his step-siblings.

“Oh I'll get it. You can make yourself comfy!” Izuku stated to Denki.

Izuku walked to the door, not surprised when he found Touya and Himiko.

“Zuku!!!” Himiko yelled while running up and hugging Izuku.

“Hi Himiko! And didn't you have to work Touya?” Izuku asked, clearly not impressed.

“Nope! And I wanted to meet your little friend here.” Touya said.

“Fine. Come in.” Izuku knew he probably couldn't get them to leave even if he tried.

Denki saw Himiko rush up and hug Izuku, and didn't know why he felt the way he did. Was it.. Jealousy? No, it couldn't be. He was just

Izuku's best friend. That's all.

“Umm Izuku, is she your..?” Denki really didn't want to say the actual word so he trailed off.

“Denks! Meet the strays I adopted off the street and who I see as siblings. No more, no less. The patched one’s annoying though. Be aware of him.” Himiko finally unmatched herself from Izuku.

“Hey! I am n-” Touya was cut off.

“Yes you are and we all know it.” Izuku stated.
“Anyways! This is Himiko.” Izuku turned to look at Denki and pointed at Himiko. “She's literally like my little sister except she's a year older than me.”

Denki took an audible breath of relief as he realized these were his siblings, though not biological.

“I'm Himiko Toga! Nice to meet you!” Himiko stuck her hand out to shake with Denki.

“Kaminari Denki. Nice to meet y'all!” Denki hoped he could get to know these two as well as Izuku seemed to.

Dani came up and bumped him on the shoulder before whispering into his ear. “Your closet is glass. Just so you know.” Touya hoped he could get under this ones skin just to annoy Izuku.

Denki doubled down though, and was not about to let Touya get the best of him. “The last time I checked yours is too.” Apparently everyone heard him.

“Yeah everyone knows Touya-nii is definitely gay. There's nothing else to it.” Himiko stated bluntly.

“Fine! You caught me!” Touya said dramatically before dropping and holding his hands over his heart.

The four continued chatting and laughing, getting to know each other better and better.

Chapter End Notes

> I have no idea what my thoughts were when writing this, because I decided to be dumb and not write notes for a majority of my chapters. I also just discovered tabs on goodle docs, and what? This would've made my life so much easier. Also, I love reading yalls comments, so please keep commenting!

Chapter 24: Fluff, I think

Chapter Summary

> Izuku magically fixes something, with getting the least involved as possible. I think. And some family fluff. And Izuku makes apple bread.

Chapter Notes

> I don't even remember writing this chapter. Please, do with that information what you will.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hey, do y'all want to watch a movie with us?" Denki asked. He did want to spend some alone time with Izuku, but he really didn't mind these two.

"I mean, we were planning on staying anyway so why not?" Touya said, his usual madman voice still there.

"Hey I was gonna bake something. You all can watch the movie while I bake." Izuku stated. I mean, he didn't buy the cinnamon, sour cream, and apples for nothing.

"Ooo! I bet you can bake really well! What were you planning on baking!?" Himiko asked, probably wanting to try whatever Izuku made regardless.

"Oh nothing much really! Just some apple bread! Though it is more like handheld cake when you take a slice." Izuku said.

"Okay, that seriously sounds amazing. Like I've got to try this! Wait." Denki looked at Touya and Himiko. "Have you guys tried this?" Denki asked.

“Nope! Not this thing at least.” Touya mentioned.

Denki took a sigh of relief because what do you do if you're the only one in the room who hasn't tried it? It's like torture. “It's sooo good!” “You have to try it when it's done!” To Denki it's like being left out of a secret.

“How long does this stuff take?” Denki turned to ask Izuku.

“I'm not sure. I haven't made this specific dessert or recipe before, so it's kinda new for me.” Izuku rubbed the back of his head while saying it.

“Yeah there's absolutely no way I'm not staying to see this. Imagine you can't cook or something and your kitchen explodes.” Touya mentioned it like that was any other casual Saturday.

“Touya, you know I bake at the cat cafe. And also didn't you almost set the oven on fire when you tried to bake chocolate chip cookies?” Izuku stated smugly while looking straight into Toya's eyes.

“Honestly reminds me of when I try to bake or cook.” Denki admitted sheepishly.

“Wait, what happens when you try to bake?” Izuku asked, genuinely curious.

Denki rubbed the back of his head while looking away. “Because of my quirk there's almost always some sort of current either just below

my skin or sometimes above. When I touch different appliances it messes with them pretty badly sometimes.” Denki admitted.

“Wait, that actually makes sense with your quirk.” Izuku said, not wanting to delve any deeper than that.

“Hey! Chef, get going to the kitchen, I'm hungry!” Himiko yelled, basically hitting Izuku over the head.

“Alright alright I'm going! You guys can go watch a movie or whatever.” Izuku said while walking to the kitchen

“Nah, I'd rather watch you make this apple bread. I wanna make sure you didn't put any poison or something in it, you know?” Touya said sarcastically.

“Yeah sorry Izu but I think we've all decided we're going to watch you.” Denki commented.

“Yeah! There's no way we aren't going to watch you!” Himiko chimed in.

“Well then.” Izuku huffed, knowing they might have to grab chairs.

“Okay, two of you sit here, then someone else can either stand or go grab a chair. Up to them.” Izuku calmly stated while grabbing everything.

Izuku was muttering the ingredients to himself while he got them,

oblivious to his own tendencies. Denki honestly kinda liked that about him, though he didn't even know why.

“Umm kid, you're muttering.” Touya mentioned, while he was standing and leaning against a wall.

“Sorry! Yeah I kinda figured that. I can stop if you guys want?” Izuku hesitantly asked.

“I don't care. Do whatever you feel you need to do while making it.” Denki stated, wanting the best for his friend.

“I don't either! Though it would be nice to talk to you while you're working to figure out what you're doing at times.” Himiko said.

“Alright! I know grumpy hatchypatch over here wouldn't like anything I do, so his vote doesn't count.” Izuku bluntly stated.

“Hey!” Touya screeched, not paying any attention to the two teenagers laughing at the table.

“It's true!” Izuku stated while starting to peel, core, and cut the apples. The recipe called for two, but Izuku wanted more so he's using three.

“How do you peel apples so nicely!?” Toga screeched.

“Because I got an apple peeler from my mom. Basically all of my baking stuff is actually from her.” Izuku stated.

“What's that got to do with anything?" Touya asked, clearly not impressed.

Thus causing Izuku to drop the apple he was peeling onto the cutting board and whizzing around at lightning speeds.

“I've searched for almost all of this stuff online before to check prices and stuff. You do not. Know how expensive all of this stuff is.” Izuku said threateningly.

“Okay I get it!” Touya raised his hands defensively, though he was clearly joking around. “All this stuff costs so much money!” Touya sarcastically said.

“Yes.yes it does.” Izuku stated, now onto mixing the apples with 1 ½ tablespoons of the cinnamon sugar mixture.

“Touya, your big back isn't getting any of this. I'm going to force you to watch us eat it.” Izuku stated, though he was joking.

“Yeah right!” Touya rasped. “You couldn't stop me if I wanted to!” Touya definitely took the joke seriously, and was now making threats to Izuku.

“Touya, It's a joke. Though it is really amusing to see how long it takes to ragebait you.” Izuku smirked, knowing this would shut him up for a while.

“Hey! Wa-” Touya realized he was also getting ragebaited, so he just

shut up, not wanting to further amuse these three.

So Touya sat with his arms crossed and pouted basically the entire time, though at least he did still talk to the group.

The four continued to talk about different interests and things, until it landed on Izuku.

“What are some of your interests!?” Himiko asked, not thinking about the fact that Izuku was currently baking.

“I like baking! It's kinda relaxing and very rewarding.” Izuku replied.

“Yeah we know that dummy! What other interests do you have?” Himiko asked.

“I mean, I like saving people, so vigilantism I guess. I also like working with tech and support gear! Though I'm not very great at it. I guess that's all I can think about off of the top of my head.” Izuku stated.

“Yeah I'm gonna have to add one or two to that list.” Denki bluntly stated.

“What are they!?” Himiko excitedly asked.

“First of all, guy’s practically a master at ninjutsu, he could probably fight for days, and he never stops telling me about how he loves messing with Eraserhead.” Izuku turned around just in time to see

Touya perk up slightly at the name.

“I guess.” Izuku stated while thinking about the subtle hints Touya was giving off.

“Touya.” Izuku stated while turning to look at him. “I think I just found out who your favorite hero is.” Izuku said with that tone.

“Nope! No you don't!” Touya quickly squealed.

This causes Izuku to just grin wider and wider. “It's Eraserhead, isn't it?”

Touya just sighed, knowing he was fighting a battle he couldn't quite win. “Fine. Whatever.”
Touya looked away.

“It is!! I can so see why you fanboy over him though!!” Izuku stated. “Even though he's an underground hero he's still really good!”

“Why do you-. Wait. You must like him too!! Touya stated. “You're a fanboy too!” Touya was really trying to ragebait Izuku, but I guess it just wasn't in his cards.

Izuku just stared at him, unimpressed for probably 30 seconds.

“Umm Touya, we knew this. Get in the game.” Izuku exclaimed, though in a calm fashion before returning to his apple bread.

Touya just sighed his defeated sigh, knowing he wasn't winning this battle anytime soon.

Touya remained quiet for a few seconds while Himiko and Denki spoke up.

“Waitc you're making this with sour cream!? Isn't that gonna make it like, super bad!?? Himiko screeched.

“Nope. This should enhance the flavor, according to this recipe.” Izuku calmly said.
“Oh crap! I forgot to preheat the oven!” Izuku said while walking over to the oven and preheating it.

“Silly Zuzu!” Himiko giggled.

“Honestly I would probably forget to do that too.” Denki said.

“I always forget to preheat the oven until the very end! Let's just hope we're not stuck waiting on the timer.” Izuku grimly stated, though it wasn't a big deal really.

“Timer?” Touya spoke up.

“Yes. To preheat my oven you gotta wait 10 minutes so it can fully warm up.” Izuku stated.

“Ohhhh gotcha!” Himiko chirped.

Izuku finished making the dough and put it in the 9x5 bread pan.

“Wait. Don't you have to let it rise first?” Denki asked, curious as he always had to let bread dough rise.

“Only if you have yeast or other components like that. This is more like hand held cake, so it doesn't have yeast or anything like that.” Izuku calmly explained.

“That makes sense!” Denki exclaimed. “Also, how long do we have to wait for this to be done?”

“Anywhere from 40 minutes to 70 minutes!” Izuku exclaimed, expression immediately dropping.

“Welp, we might as well watch a movie while we're waiting.” Touya said while walking over to the living room part of Izuku's apartment.

They bickered about movies for probably 5 minutes before Izuku finally recommended one.

“This one's called Ford vs Ferrari. It's a pre-quirk era live action movie. Izuku showed them the case, though it was ancient.

“I'm going to put this in, and you all are going to watch it and enjoy it.” Izuku stated threateningly. “No more bickering, no more arguing.”

The three agreed pretty quickly, seeming as no one had really seen him like this before.

They started watching the movie with Touya squished on the far left of the couch, Himiko right next to him, Izuku next to her, and Denki against the far right side of the couch.

No one had complete room, but it was enough to still comfortably move around.

Denki would never admit it, but he felt butterflies in his stomach for a reason he didn't really know. Maybe it was close proximity, maybe it was meeting new people, maybe it was sitting right next to his best friend, maybe he'd never know.

Eh whatever. Denki would focus on the movie instead of his gorgeous friend next to him.

Izuku heard the timer he set for 45 minutes ring, so he got up and checked on the bread.

It did still have another 10ish minutes to go, so he put it back in the oven.

“Hey Izu.” Denki asked when Izuku sat down.
“How long until the bread is done?”

“Probably around 10 minutes.” Izuku said, surprised to hear all three of them groan

“It feels like forever! At least this movie is pretty good.” Himiko said, distaste in her tone.

The three sat unhappily while watching the movie.

Izuku jumped up first at the sound of the timer, and the other three immediately followed.

Izuku did want to mess with them a little bit.

“Sorry guys, about 5 minutes until it's done.” He pretended to put it back in the oven while all of them groaned and creaked.

“You're joking!!” Denki stated.

“Yup. It's actually done. Grab some of the small plates from that cabinet over there.” Izuku pointed at a cabinet across the albeit small kitchen.

“Why do you only have 4 of these small plates?” Himiko asked while grabbing all of them.

“Because I live alone. There isn't really a need for me to have more.” Izuku stated, already cutting up and slicing the bread.

“This will be very hot, so be careful.” Izuku said while placing a slice on each person's plate.

The four did end up waiting another 5 minutes for it to cool down before actually trying it.

“If anyone wants forks they're over there.” Izuku pointed to a drawer.

Everyone was too hungry to care about a fork.

“This is so good!” Denki stated. “Like, the apples are absolute perfection!”

“I've never had a dessert this good in my life!” Toga said while quickly finishing her piece and grabbing another.

“Gotta admit kid, you're pretty dang good in the kitchen.” Touya said while finishing his slice and going to grab another.

“Dang. This recipe is really good! I'll have to make it again sometime.” Izuku stated while also grabbing another piece.

“Please! Invite me over the next time you do. I can't ever miss out on this heavenly apple bread.” Denki half-muttered while also grabbing another piece.

The four continued to joke around and talk while slowly eating their second pieces.

This was honestly really fun to have Touya and Himiko over, but now

he wanted to spend time with his best friend.

“Okay, now that it's like 8, you guys can go now.” Izuku said to Touya and Himiko.

“Yeah Touya-nii can we go?” Himiko said in between yawns. “I want to go to sleep.”

“Fine. We'll get out of your hair.” Touya said to Izuku, though he also wanted to get some sleep.

“Good night you two!” Denki yelled while they were walking out of the door.

Now it was just Izuku and Denki alone.

“So. Do you wanna watch another movie or something?” Izuku asked Denki.

“Eh, not really. I'm kinda movied out for the night.” Denki admitted.

“Yeah me too honestly. What do you want to do?” Izuku asked, not knowing what to do himself.

“You got any ideas? Because I've got none.” Denki admitted.

“Me either.” Izuku sighed.

“We could always watch some of the cameras at UA or the police station.” Izuku mused.

“Do you think anything is going to be going on at 8:14 PM on a Saturday?”Denki asked, crossing his arms and putting on an unimpressed look.

“Probably not at UA, but there should still be stuff going on at the police station.” Izuku mused.

“At this point, sure. I got nothing else.” Denki said.

The two watched the police cams for probably a half hour or so until they were bored.

“I'mma just see what's going on at UA for a few seconds. Just wanna check on the place I guess.” Izuku didn't want to admit the gut feeling pulling him to check the cameras at UA.

“Um Izu, what is that?” Denki asked.

“I don't know. It's some kind of warp quirk, though it looks to be combined with other quirks, but that's not possible.” Izuku said, watching the figure.

This is what they were going to turn Oboro Shirakumo into, but they failed at gaining his body. So they made due with what they could find, and found another guy with a similar enough quirk.

“Yeah this may be a good time to email Nedzu.” Izuku kept the cams pulled up, and quickly created an unidentifiable email. He would never use his personal one for such affairs.

The email stated:

Dear Nedzu,

This is your fellow hacker speaking. You may want to check your cameras in UA, as there is what appears to be some sort of warp quirk in the building.

Izuku attached a picture of it, and sent it to Nedzu.

“Okay! I don't want to be any more involved in this than I have to be, so let's go watch something on the TV!” Izuku exclaimed, grabbing Denki's wrist and dragging him to the living room.

And Denki had butterflies again as soon as Izuku touched him. Ahh, he'd really have to get his stupid emotions under control. I mean, why did his mind react this way to his best friend?? Denki really wanted to know.

The two watched some natural life documentaries before turning off the TV, and falling asleep on their respective sides.

___

Nedzu was about to go to bed when he got an email from an unknown identity.

Apparently it was from the person who hacked into his school, but made no effort to get any information.

Nedzu quickly checked his cameras, and dispatched some heroes to deal with the warp villain. Nedzu found that the villains tried to loop the cameras, but apparently failed due to the hacker dropping in.

Who was this person, and why did they help UA when they could've easily just left it?

Whoever it was, Nedzu thought they'd get along just splendidly. He really wanted to meet this hacker after all.

Chapter End Notes

> Oh my gosh. I had a debate in english today, and I felt like I was utterly cooked. I didn't do.. Terrible? I talked a lot more than I thought I would. My team had like 7 people compared to the rest of the class, which was like, 14? 15? Two people were gone, and got added onto my team. We kinda cooked? We won 10-9, so that's something. Anyway, enough about my rant.
>
> Please comment!!!

Chapter 25: Shopping! (What?)

Chapter Summary

Toga and Dabi go shopping. They unexpectedly run into someone.

Chapter Notes

I actually remember writing this! Mostly fluff. I think.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So, you ready to go? You got your extra money?" Touya asked.

Touya and Himiko had planned a shopping trip, considering Himiko desperately needed new clothes. She didn't have very many to begin with, and Touya really wanted her to have better ones.

The ones she currently had were not completely bad, but definitely worn.

It had been a week since they hung out with Izuku and his friend. Himiko had donated about 4 times since then, gaining a pretty decent amount of money.

(Guys, I don't know if people earn money irl from this)

Touya had required a shopping trip to get her some new clothes. He could probably stand to get some new clothes as well, but didn't need them as much as Himiko did.

"Touya! This is so pretty!!" Himiko was looking at a skirt, which Touya had figured she took a liking to over pants.

“It's cute. You should get it if you want it.” Touya really didn't know much about clothes, so he really didn't know how to be of much assistance.

“This one's cute too! They're pretty cheap too! I could get 15 of these with my budget if I wanted!” Himiko had been getting better at math, and tried to practice it when she could.

“Though I wouldn't get all skirts with my money!” Himiko explained.

Touya was happy to see Himiko enjoying herself, though he really didn't understand how she could have so much fun shopping.

Toga licked out about 5 skirts at the store, leaving money for other things as well.

“Lets go to the pants store next! I like wearing skirts more but I do want some pants!” Himiko exclaimed.

“I need some too I guess.” Touya mentioned while starting to walk in the direction of the pants store.

Toga picked out 4 pairs of pants. One pair of sweat pants, 2 pairs of sports pants that are really easy to move in (different colors), and one pair of black cargo pants.

Dabi picked out a few, though they were all the same.

“I want some sweatshirts!” Himiko exclaimed.

“I need some too. At this point what do I not need?” Touya sighed.

“Me too Touya! Now I have so much new stuff! We'll have to match sometime soon!” Himiko chirped, skipping as they went on their way.

Himiko and Touya both got 3 sweatshirts.

“Now the shirts store! Touya, you really need some new shirts. Almost all of yours have holes in them.” Himiko pointed out.

“Yeah I know. I plan to get some.” Touya remarked.

“You should really get some colors other than black, dark purple, and grey! You need some excitement in your life!!” Himiko exclaimed.

“Nah, I'm good.” Touya said, knowing he would probably lose this battle anyway.

“Come on! Just one shirt! I'll even do the work and pick it out for you!!” Himiko begged.

“Fine. Whatever.” Touya said while walking into the shirt store.

“This is my size, leech. Don't mess it up.” Touya pointed at a tag on a shirt his size.

“Okie dokie!!”

Himiko picked out her stuff first, marveling over the sheer variety there was.

Himiko shirts weren't much, but she also found a tan button up sweatshirt that she liked, so she got that as well.

It would go very well with one of the skirts she got.

Now it was time to start looking for Touya's shirt, which honestly wasn't too hard.

“You're joking. I am not wearing that.” Touya countered.

“Nope! I already got a shirt that matches it! Isn't it cute!??” Himiko squealed.

“You know what? Fine. I'm too tired to deal with this.” Touya grabbed the shirt and put it in his cart, knowing he would probably wear it regardless, since it's something from Himiko.

“Yayyy!!!” Himiko honestly knew this part of herself was her true nature. Unless she wanted to concentrate she could be serious.

The two checked out and got going on their way out of the busy mall.

Touya noticed how it was honestly much more packed then when they walked in, though it shouldn't be.

Touya grabbed Himiko's arm and dragged her out of where most of the crowd was.

“Oh my gosh!” Himiko squeaked. “What happened here!?” Himiko asked the swarm around them.

“Villain attack. Wasn't very severe but the villain had a knife and stabbed through her abdomen. She's losing blood fast.” Someone from the crowd updated the two on the situation.

“I wonder who it is! I wonder if I could donate blood to her.” Himiko was definitely not prepared when she saw the mass of purple hair laid across a stretcher.

No. It couldn't be. Not Midnight.

That was Himiko's favorite hero. She was not about to let her die.

“Is anyone able to donate blood? She won't survive if she doesn't get any!” Himiko heard some of the medical team yelling to the crowd.

Himiko was able to move closer into the crowd, and see the scene better.

Her medical knowledge kicked in, and she was concentrated.

It seemed they couldn't move her up into the ambulance because of the blood loss. They might've stopped the bleeding and sewn her up. It looked like they were trying to move her into the ambulance, but failed.

Himiko decided to try her luck and yell out to the paramedics.

“Why hasn't she been moved inside?” Himiko was still trying to get through some of the crowd.

“If we move her without blood there's it's more likely we'll tear the stitches open and the wound will continue bleeding. They have blood at the hospital but we can't move her there!”

One of the paramedics yelled out to the crowd, still trying to patch up smaller wounds and cuts.

Himiko finally moved through the crowd and reached the medical team.

“I can donate!”

“What type are you!?” A frantic voice yelled from the medical team.

“It doesn't matter. I can use my quirk and copy her blood type. If you will give me permission, that is.” Himiko didn't want to get arrested for illegal quirk use, though permission might not be much better.

“I'll cover for you.” One of the females working on the medical team said.

“Alright. Just please don't freak out.” Himiko told the group, not caring that an entire crowd of people were watching.

Himiko put her hands on the hero's costume and licked them, turning into an exact replica of Midnight.

“We don't have much time now! Do the transfer.” Himiko told the group.

One of the medical staff tried to put it into her arm with shaky hands before she grabbed the tube and stuck it into her arm with much more precision.

One half of Himiko's face slashed back, signifying they had to hurry.

“Woah! That's a cool quirk!” Yelled the female who gave permission to Toga said. “I'm assuming you also copy people's blood?”

“Yea, I copy everything about a person. Their voice, looks, blood, everything. Even clothes.” Himiko said in a weird half-Midnight, half-herself voice.

“Okay, that's a good amount! We can safely get her onto the ambulance and to the hospital now!” Someone from inside the ambulance yelled.

Himiko carefully took the hooks out of her arm as the blood flow in the tube slowed.

Himiko took the tube out of Midnight's arm, careful for the bleeding.

She carefully but quickly stitched Midnight's arm up.

Himiko grabbed a thick bandage and put it on Midnight's arm as she woke.

She looked at Himiko. “Th-thank you. What's your name?” She asked, still weak from the stab wound.

“Toga, Himiko Toga.” Himiko replied, a smile on her face as she watched her favorite hero get carried into the ambulance.

Himiko realized she was bleeding and simply shrugged before wiping the blood off and applying pressure to the area.

Touya ran up to her while throwing his hands on her shoulders. A deep, maniacal cackle coming out of his mouth.

“Didn't know you were a doctor! Himi-chan that was awesome!” Touya yelled in her ear.

“You really think so? I just did what I thought was right. That's all!”

“I think you have the potential to be a hero.” Touya never said that, so

I guess this time he really meant it.

Himiko looked at him with almost tearful eyes. “Y-you really think so?” Himiko encased herself around Touya.

Touya knew he wouldn't get out of this, so he just accepted it at that point.

“Yeah. I really do leech.” Touya said while Himiko pulled away.

Fans could be heard gawking over a hero, but that hero only had one thing on his mind.

“Touya.?”

That voice made Touya stop, his expression made of pure shock and astonishment.

He slowly turned around, seeing him as he did.

“Touya.” This time it was said as a statement, and by someone who Touya had thought long forgotten him.

“I thought you forgot me.” Touya said softly as the hero came rushing towards him.

“I-i thought you died.” The hero announced, grabbing Touya and dragging him into an alleyway.

“I'm just gonna go home Touya! See you there!” Himiko announced before skipping off, assuming she should probably give these two room to talk.

“You were my only friend then.” The hero announced

Touya just laughed, clearly not expecting this.

“I thought that you would've forgotten me, Keigo.” Touya announced.

“When they told the world you were dead, I didn't believe it. I heard they never found your body, so I had hope.” Hawks admitted.

“I came back and heard you were a full on pro. I thought you probably wouldn't remember someone as insignificant as me.” Touya admitted, his raspy voice holding a hint of sadness.

“How did you even survive that?” Hawks asked.

“To be honest, I don't even know. I jumped into a lake and passed out. I woke up three years later in some sort of.. Hospital I think. My memory was fuzzy when I first woke up, so I don't remember much.” Touya admitted.
“You know, I'm honestly surprised you recognized me with my scars and dyed hair.” Touya admitted.

“I mean, I thought I'd try my luck, y'know?” Hawks joked. “But seriously, you were my only friend then. How could I have forgotten you?” Hawks asked, genuinely curious.

“I mean, you're a pro, and you see dozens of people everyday. I thought I was probably one of those people.” Touya admitted, not super happy with the sappy crap but happy his childhood friend recognized him.

Hawks was giving him an unimpressed look, meaning that he probably didn't believe Touya.

Touya sighed, knowing he could probably tell the other part of the truth. “Okay fine, you caught me. Thats part of the truth, but honestly? I was kinda mentally ill for a while after. Still am.” He joked. “But for the first two years after I woke up it was really bad.”

“How bad?” Keigo asked, genuinely concerned about his friend.

“I remember one time I thought a bird was a plushie of some sort.”

“Hey I mean, some birds do look like plushies sometimes.” Keigo admitted.

“Yeah, the only difference with this one is it was currently flying in the air.” Touya admitted, causing Keigo to burst out in laughter despite his attempts to hold it.

“I-im sorry! That's too good!” Hawks continued laughing for 30 seconds before it was Touyas turn to look at him with an unimpressed look.

“Yeah I was pretty crooked in the head. Still am, just different.” Touya

stated. (This was a fact)

“Oh man. After you came back to yourself how did you feel?” Keigo asked.

“Honestly, very out-of-body if that makes sense. Like I wasn't really feeling properly. It sent me for a loop for a while before I fully returned to normal.” Touya admitted, laughing at the memory.

“That must've sucked!” Hawks exclaimed.

“Yeah. After that it wasn't super bad. Had a kid adopt me and call me a stray I guess.” Touya chuckled.

“Wait really? That's actually kinda crazy.” Keigo was nodding along with Touya.

“You can't tell anyone, but the kid may or may not be a vigilante.” Touya knew he could trust Keigo.

“Shit wait. That one Eraser says is messing with him all the time? I thought his name was Jasper or something.” Keigo laughed.

“Yup. Thought it was pretty crazy, honestly.” Touya admitted.

Hawks glanced down at his watch and sighed.

“Guess I have to go back to patrol.” Hawks handed Touya a piece of

paper with his phone number on it. “Text me sometime. I'll text you back when I'm off patrol and maybe we can hang out sometime.” Keigo told Touya.

Touya took the paper and put it in his shopping bag, not knowing how to respond.

“Um thanks. Anyway I guess I'll see you around?” Touya asked.

“I wish I could stay longer but the HPSC wants me to do more shifts. It sucks sometimes.” Keigo huffed.

Touya knew exactly what would surprise Keigo.

Touya leaned slightly into Hawks, just enough for it to be visible.

“Well then. You better be a good little birdie and get going on patrol then! I'll see you around!” Touya yelled while laughing and walking out of the alley and back to his apartment.

He didn't see the flustered look on the pro hero's face as he stood there for a good 30 seconds.

Then finally, Keigo flew off, hoping that Touya would text him sometime.

Chapter End Notes

> This is how Dabi ended up with a certain shirt, which Toga forces him to wear sometimes. I can't wait to post more chapters guys. I'm going to end up needing to be held back to stop. I'm currently

working on chapter 87, soooo yeah.

Either way, please comment!!! I live reading and responding to y'all!

Chapter 26: Talk

Chapter Summary

> Izuku takes someone down, and has a talk with Aizawa and Nedzu. I think.

Chapter Notes

> I'm internally cringing at the writing style of this chapter, and lots of others. It's so bad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku woke up to his alarm, grumbling.

He simply didn't want to get up, but he did want to go out tonight.

Today Izuku has been a vigilante for 2 months! Izuku honestly thinks that's really crazy. There was 8 months until the entrance exam for Denki and Kachaans group.

Bakugo had been getting better, but still had some of his old habits.

Izuku had also been helping Denki with his quirk limits and control. Denki's limit was now 2.3 million volts, or at least before he started to get short circuited.

While Izuku was getting ready, he realized it might be a good time to replace them.

He'd had them for a few years now, and hadn't had the need to replace them until now.

The shoes were pretty worn down, and it seemed like a few holes were starting to form. Oh well, Izuku would have to get some later.

Izuku grabbed his bracelet and put it on, happy to have it.

He successfully hacked into an app, and it now allows him to check the locations of the heroes through their comms.

Izuku also installed chrome onto his bracelet, so now he can hack into the cameras on the streets. This makes Izuku 2X as helpful now!

Walking out the door, Izuku thought about life and such.

Midnight had been on leave for a few weeks after she almost bled out, though she should be back doing hero work sometime soon.

While Izuku was running around he also made sure to check the cameras every once in a while.

Running felt like all Izuku had been doing for the last hour, which it had been.

Izuku heard a scream coming down into an alley, so he quickly ran over, making sure to keep low on the roofs to not be seen.

While the guy was just standing there, Izuku was diligent in quickly analysing the guy's quirk.

He had a sort of lion quirk, which gave him a muscly and defined look. Izuku searched his brain for any weak points he knew about lions, and found lots more than he thought he knew.

Now lions were very strong, so Izuku would instantly lose in that aspect. But what lions gain in strength, they lose in speed and stamina. Izuku hoped he could outrun this guy, though he was fairly confident in himself.

Lions also had very sensitive eyes, so bright lights or anything of the such would definitely hinder him.

Izuku watched as the guy on the ground tried to use what looked to be a common telepathy quirk but failed. Probably due to his emotional state and such.

The lion guy grabbed what looked to be a.. Crowbar?? Very odd choice of weapon indeed, but whatever works.

The lion guy was about to swing it over the guy's head when Izuku diligently threw a ninja star to it, successfully knocking it out of the lion guy's hand though it didn't go very far.

Izuku jumped down and rolled out of it, just barely dodging the punch that came toward his face.

At least Izuku did have an advantage with the guy needing time to recover after every hit, so Izuku was able to successfully dodge every hit.

“Hey there! Maybe we can.. Talk this out-” Izuku cut himself off as he

kept rolling.

Izuku couldn't keep this up forever, but neither could the lion guy.

Swiftly grabbing his poles, Izuku successfully blocked a punch with them.

Izuku started to slowly switch to offensive, though he'd need to get in closer than he wanted to.

Izuku devised a plan, though he really didn't know if it would work.

He needed to get behind the guy, but he wasn't letting Izuku do that by any means. Izuku could either run up to the guy, and slide under him, or use a wall for leverage and flip behind him. Either could work, but Izuku really didn't feel like sliding on the dusty and dirty ground.

The wall it is.

Running to the side, Izuku saw that the guy was doing exactly what he wanted them to. He was going on the defensive, ready to pounce and take Izuku down.

Though what the guy wasn't expecting was for Izuku to climb a few steps up the wall and dive over the side of him.

Izuku rolled safely out of the dive, glad he was practicing more difficult Parkour moves now.

He swiftly jumped up and smacked the guy albeit gently, on the back of the neck.

Thus causing the guy to go limp from the neck down. Apparently the guy couldn't handle being beaten by a kid, so he was constantly cursing and such.

“Are you alright?” Izuku asked the guy on the ground.

“Y-yeah! Thank you so much! I can't believe you just took him down!” The guy exclaimed, quickly getting up.

“He's been part of drug operations for years!” The man exclaimed.

“Okay, I'm going to call the police now, but I'll stay with you until they arrive.” Izuku explained.

“Whats your name?” The man asked, definitely excited about this guy finally being taken down.

“Jasper!” Izuku exclaimed.

Izuku started up his watch and went straight to the comms.

Pressing on a specific few buttons, the contact icon for Tsukauchi popped up.

Izuku made sure he only called Tsukie for important matters, and someone who's been a part of drug operations sounds like something he would be interested in.

“Hey Tsukie!!!” Izuku exclaimed, having taken a liking to the man.

The man just sighed, knowing he was in for a headache.

“Jasper? Why are you calling?” Tsukauchi asked.

Izuku's voice returned to its normal tone. “I just took a guy down and the victim is saying he's been a part of drug operations for years. I thought you might be interested in him.” Izuku exclaimed.

“Whats the guy's quirk?” Tsukauchi asked.

“A sort of lion quirk.” Izuku said.

“Kid, you just single handedly took down one of the most important men of a case Eraser is dealing with.” Tsukauchi said, definitely surprised at this call.

“Umm. You're welcome?” Izuku offered. “I mean, it wasn't really that hard. I just used a lot of speed against him.” Izuku stated.

“What I mean is every time we get a lead on him, he seemingly disappears.” Tsukauchi explained. “I'm also on my way there, I'll bet about 8 minutes.”

“Okie dokie!” Izuku exclaimed.

Izuku and the other guy there talked until Tsukauchi and other policemen could be heard.

“Wait, so you're a vigilante?” The guy asked.

“Basically. Not exactly, but basically.” Izuku mused.

“What do you mean-. Oh you smart son of a beach!” The guy slapped his thigh when he realized. “You don't use your quirk, do you?”

Izuku didn't want his cover to be blown, so he went with the best answer. “Something like that.”

The two heard the police cars, and Izuku knew that was his cue to leave.

“How are you going to get out of here? There's no fire escapes!” The guy exclaimed.

Izuku just looked at the guy, and catwalked up onto the roof.

“Oh you're good!” The guy exclaimed before seeing the police walk in.

Well, Izuku's job was done for now.

He ran out into the night, happy with his current outcome in life.

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It felt like Izuku had been running for an hour, which he had been.

Izuku jumped across a roof, now used to the familiar feeling.

Izuku watched across the city as he took a quick breather. You can't run forever, after all.

Izuku heard a weird noise coming from an alley way, and decided it would be best to check it out. Better safe than sorry.

Izuku watched as a group of about 8 men were crowded around a woman, who looked too scared to speak.

“Just give us the money.” One of the guys spoke up, holding a baseball bat.

Yeah, Izuku could not do this alone, and Eraser was in the area. Perfect.

Izuku laid on his stomach so he wasn't too visible.

“Hey Eraser.” Izuku spoke softly and quietly. “Theres a group at ###.

Some look like they might have possible bulking quirks.” Izuku mentioned.

“Alright. About 3 minutes out.” Eraser said before hanging up the call.

Izuku kept a close eye on the group and the victim, noting how she looked especially scared around a few of the men.

Izuku jumped in when he thought they were going to hit her, and successfully blocked one of their hits with his poles.

“Oh. So you want to save her little boy?” One of them tried to sound menacing, but it really wasn't working.

“Yeah I do.” Izuku put up his usual Jasper attitude. (Which was fun, mocking, and condescending) “Do you have a problem with that?” Izuku knew these guys would probably be easy to rage bait. “If you have a problem you might really want to get that checked out! It's not healthy for you!” Izuku stated sarcastically while blocking a hit with his metal pipes.

The gang definitely seemed to be getting antsy and tense, something that Izuku knew could be good and bad in the long run.

The gang started attacking Izuku, and he really hoped Eraser would get there soon.

“Awww. Hanging up on someone? That's not very nice.” Izuku fake-pouted while dodging hits left and right.

So far, he was doing a pretty good job. Until he saw a knife flinging towards him.

Enough practice though, and Izuku knew just how to throw a ninja star so the knife wouldn't hit him.

He threw the ninja star perfectly, knocking the knife to the ground while dodging another hit.

Half of the guys looked pretty surprised he had a distance weapon. (And could use it exceptionally well).

Izuku was successfully able to get behind one of the guys and hit the back of his neck, sending him to the ground.

“What is this!? What did you do to me!?” The guy screamed, not happy with his current situation.

“Nothing really. You must just be that weak!” Izuku ragebaited the rest.

If he gave away his pressure point trick, they would all make sure he didn't get behind them. That wouldn't be very preferable, though Izuku knew Eraser would be here any second so it didn't really matter in the long run.

“8 vs 1? That's not very nice.” Eraser said, though the rest of the guys were confused about his gruff and stoic tone. Izuku was the only one to tell he was amused by the situation.

Eraser started working on basically everybody, since they wanted to fight someone who could ‘actually fight’.

Izuku was really just keeping a watch out for any of the guys trying to escape.

Izuku watched as one of the guys slipped out from Eraser's view, and tried to use his quirk on Aizawa.

Izuku recognized his quirk and the guy as the one from the convenience store theft.

Izuku quickly engaged in the fight against this guy, though he seemed to have been training since then.

Izuku wasn't struggling too bad, though the guy's quirk was annoying.

Izuku decided sliding under the guy would probably work for the best. And the ground wasn't too dirty!

Izuku ran forward like he was going to attack, but at the last moment he ducked under the guy.

He quickly jumped up and while the guy was still confused he delivered a blade-like hit to the back of his neck.

The guy went down easily, cursing and swearing like the last one was.

Eraser took care of the other 6 guys pretty easily.

Eraser tied them up and then called the police, who were surprisingly only a few minutes out.

Izuku checked on the woman. She was shaken up but ultimately fine.

“8 vs 1, huh?” Eraser mused, deciding he would mess with Jasper a little bit.

“Hey! It wasn't my choice!” Izuku countered.

“Yeah?” Aizawa said.

“Yes.” Izuku countered.

“Sooo, how's life been Eraser?” Izuku sarcastically asked, wanting to mess with him a little bit.

“Oh you know, it would be better if I had more students to expel, you know?” Aizawa knew where he was going with this, and marveled at the confusion on Jasper's face.

“Whats that got to do with anything?” Izuku asked.

“You know, if you were my student I probably would've expelled you by now.” Aizawa mused, hoping that Jasper wouldn't take this the wrong way.

“Yeah I know!” Izuku replied enthusiastically. “Let's be honest here, you expel basically everyone.” Izuku replied while picking up his ninja star.

“Do you know who would keep you as a personal student though?” Aizawa said.

“After you learn more about me, I don't think anyone would want me as their student.” Izuku answered.

Aizawa thought that was said way more casually than it should have been. “Nedzu.”

Izuku just looked at Aizawa, confused. “Huh?”

“Nedzu said he'd take you as a personal student and a hero course student.” Aizawa mused, hoping Jasper would take the bait.

“Yeah you're pulling my leg.” Izuku replied, his usual Izuku tone back.

“Nope. Take a look for yourself.” Aizawa grabbed a phone and handed it to Jasper.

“Good early morning Jasper!” Nedzu chirped from the phone.

“Wait, principal Nedzu? What kind of setup is this?” Izuku asked Aizawa though it was clear he was joking.

“I can assure you there is none! I only wanted to offer you a position in the hero course, though if the heroes estimates are correct you may be too old. We can always figure something out!” Nedzu replied, very cheery.

“Wait, wait, wait. What about the ‘if the heroes estimates are correct’? What is that about?” Izuku asked Nedzu.

“That is very simple! The heroes you contact at night have been estimating your age, and they estimate you are 16-18. Is this correct?” Nedzu asked.

Thus causing Izuku to burst out laughing for a few seconds before composing himself.

“I'm sorry! It's just-. You guys think I'm almost an adult?” Izuku asked, though it was clear he found this funny. “I'm not even of age to attend high school yet!” Izuku remarked.

“Come again?” Aizawa asked. Because what? There is no way this kid is such a young kid!

“If this helps answer any of your questions about my age, let's just say I'm going to high school next year.” Izuku replied, the sarcasm back in his tone.

Nedzu was quiet for a few moments on the other end, probably thinking about ‘how could a kid this young be a vigilante’.

“I promise you, if you learned more about me, you definitely wouldn't want me to be a student.” Izuku said, though his tone was ‘this is normal’, and ‘this is a fact’

“I can assure you we would still want you as a student. You're already doing more than some pro-heroes! Please consider this offer! I'm sure you'll be in contact with Eraser until then!”

“Um sure! Thank you for your generous offer, but even if I did accept your offer,” Izuku looked over at Aizawa. “I bet Eraser would probably expel me anyway.” Izuku was definitely messing with them.

“We'll make sure that won't happen, right Aizawa?” Nedzu dangerously asked in his tone that said ‘we won't have problems, will we?’.

“Yes, this gremlin is just trying to mess with you.” Aizawa sighed.

Nedzu could be heard cackling on the other side.

“I think you and I would get along splendidly! Please think about my offer.” Nedzu mused, probably sipping in tea as he did.

“Um I will, but it probably wouldn't happen if you all found out. Anyways, I better get going! See ya around Aizawa! It was nice talking to you, Nedzu!” Izuku announced before handing the phone back to Aizawa and catwalking onto the roof and back to his apartment.

“He's hiding something. Though I'm unsure what.” Nedzu told Aizawa.

“Yeah. Whenever I mention him being a registered hero or a hero course student he always clambers up and says the same thing. I'm honestly surprised by his age, too.” Aizawa told Nedzu.

“Yes. I wonder if it's quirk related.” Nedzu wondered.

“I wouldn't be surprised.” Aizawa said.

“Well, have a good night Aizawa-san!” Nedzu chirped.

“Thanks. You too.” Aizawa told Nedzu before hanging up the call and getting back to his patrol.

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Okay, Izuku really needed some new shoes. His pair were actually starting to fall apart. The part that went around his ankle was really starting to become loose with age.

And, worst of all they were starting to get too small. Izuku was surprised they lasted this long in the first place.

He would've asked Denki if he wanted to come with, but Denki had school and the Izuku had to work after school got out for Denki.

Izuku threw his clothes in the wash, glad he had a small one for his smaller loads.

Izuku fell asleep while thinking about what Nedzu had said.

Yeah they would want him as a student until they found out about his quirk status.

They'd probably hate him after they found out about his quirklessness.

He'd just have to make sure they never found out about it.

Chapter End Notes

I'm currently writing the USJ, so yeah. I have barely any remembrance of writing this chapter. So yeah. I'm excited for chapter 54. It's probably my favorite chapter so far.

I think I have this fic mostly figured out, as I ran into writing with zero plans whatsoever. Except for Izuku being a vigilante.

Anyways, please comment!!!

Chapter 27: Standing up

Chapter Summary

Bakugo is trying to better!! I think. And some Krbk!

Chapter Notes

I love writing Krbk scenes. Idk if this has any though. I think it does. Idk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki Bakugo was trying to change his ways and become better. He really was!

But going back to school after a hangout with his friends was hard. His friends weren't perfect either, but they were a hell of a lot better than anybody at Aldera.

Katsuki often turned to Kirishima for advice on certain matters, and Kirishima often did the same.

Now that Bakugo actually knew how to be better, he needed to actually act to be better. It was hard, but it'll eventually get better.

He stopped hanging around everybody at Aldera, and since he gradually stopped, barely anybody noticed. That was part one of his plan.

He almost immediately stopped bullying anybody. Katsuki's original plan was to gradually stop that too, but he really couldn't stomach bullying anybody.

While those were his original plans, Katsuki wanted to work up to being able to stand up to the bullying in its totality.

The teachers didn't really notice anything amiss at first, which was neutral to Katsuki.

Though with Izuku gone the others easily found a new and weak target. The few time Katsuki hung out with the group he heard how I'd they ever saw him in public, they'd take him to an alleyway for who knows what.

Those comments always made Katsuki bubble with anger, though he didn't really think Izuku was the same quirkless defenseless loser he'd been in Aldera.

The few times Izuku and Katsuki hung out Katsuki noticed how Izuku had been slowly bulking up. It wasn't drastic, but definitely a difference.

Katsuki knew the actual meaning of a friend now, and those extras at Aldera were not it.

Katsuki's thoughts were stopped like a brick wall when he heard the extras at it again.

Lunch was a fan favorite time to bully people in Aldera.

Very few teachers were around, and there was no work to worry about.

“Just give us your lunch money. It's seriously not that hard.” One of the guys laughed.

This kid was their new target, as he had a pretty useless quirk.

Katsuki heard as they kept insulting him, and Katsuki wondered if he had the courage to stand up this time.

“Well then, I guess we can say you were asking for it.” One of the guys sneered.

Uh oh. That was never a good thing.

Katsuki watched as some used their quirks on the poor boy, whereas others went for just kicking him instead.

While watching, Katsuki knew he could do it the cowardly way and just help the kid after, but those thoughts were quickly swiped out of his mind as he saw some of the guys hold his arms down.

I guess Katsuki could say his body moved on its own.

“Hey. What do you extras think you're doing?” Katsuki said grimly. He knew what these extras thought he was here for, but he wouldn't let that happen. By now he was standing almost in the middle of them, but he was still a few feet out to the side. It formed almost a little triangle.

“Pf, of course you'd want to get in some punches. He-” Katsuki cut the

extra off.

“Yeah, that's not what I'm here for extra.” Katsuki used the most calm voice he could muster, and knew that no one in Aldera had heard it by now.

The group of guys immediately looked a little confused and uncomfortable.

The boy who was talking to Katsuki spoke up.
“Fine, but what do you want anyway? We need to finish this up before lunch ends.” He said.

The boy on the ground was terrified, but couldn't get away.

“Yeah you won't be finishing it at all.” Katsuki huffed, grinding his right fist against his left palm.

Katsuki moved in between the boy and the group while they were confused.

“And what is this?” The guy asked challengingly.

Okay, maybe Katsuki would admit he didn't really like this, but he really needed to do this. He needed to redeem himself! He was glad that he didn't just stand by and do nothing. Though maybe he wishes he could crawl into a hole right now.

“This.” Katsuki looked around. “Is me stopping you.” As much as

Katsuki cowarded on the inside, he made sure to come off as confident.

This caused half of the group to burst out in laughter, though the other half looked merely annoyed.

“And-” The guy who was talking to Katsuki collected himself enough to talk. “And you really think you can stand up to us? We really thought you were one of us, Bakugo. Guess you're just as bad as Deku.” The guy laughed again while getting ready to leave, knowing Bakugo could and would beat all of them in a fight.

Katsuki replied slyly. “Izuku is better than all of you combined. I don't need to waste my time on you extras anymore.” Katsuki replied, knowing this would get under their skin.

“You really have gone soft, haven't you? Y-” Someone from the group sneered.

“You know I could still beat all of you in a fight. Why don't you just scram? Yeah?” Katsuki snickered right back, a grin evident in his face. “You guys are worse than some villains.” Katsuki announced to the group before they were out of earshot.

This causing some of them to look back with horrified faces at the realization, and some with annoyed faces at Katsuki successfully getting under their skin.

“You good?” Katsuki asked while reaching a hand out to the kid on the ground.

“Y-yeah. Thank you.” The kid said.

“Whatever.” Katsuki was still not used to positive praise, so he often just brushed it off.

The boy got up and walked away, hoping he wouldn't really get picked on anymore.

Katsuki went through the rest of the day with glares and laughs towards him, but he could care less at that point. They were clearly planning on abusing that poor boy a lot more and a lot worse. He didn't regret a dang thing.

—

“You what!??” Kirishima yelled out to Bakugo, who was kind of grumbling at the loudness.

“Yes, I did. So you can stop making a big deal out of it.” As much as Katsuki did like the praise coming from Kirishima, he simply wasn't used to it, so it is ‘sappy’ in Bakugo's book.

Kirishima looked like he was about to cry manly tears. He had his head slightly down, and a proud smile on his face.

“Whatever. Don't make a huge deal out of it.” Bakugo grumbled while looking away and resting his hand on the back of his head.

“Nah bro! This is a huge deal! You're finally growing your wings.”

Kirishima was definitely emotional about his friend finally starting to learn and improve how he acts.

“You can stop with the sappy shit anytime now.” Bakugo announced, honestly happy to spend time with his best friend, even if they haven't known each other for very long.

Kirishima rested his hands on Bakugo's shoulders while making sure to look him in the eye.

“You're starting to better yourself, and that's manky and heroic!” Kirishima stated.

Bakugo could feel himself blushing slightly, something he thought he honestly couldn't do. That was until a voice spoke up from the side of them.

“Definitely gay, both of them.” The figure spoke to a girl standing right beside the guy.

“Huh?” Bakugo said, turning to look at the figure. “You really shouldn't be talking either, Scarface.” Bakugo scoffed, taking in the slightly purple face in front of him.

“Maybe for each other, don't you think?” The girl announced, much more cheery than any normal person.

“HUH? What did you just say Blondie!?” Bakugo's face was most definitely pink by now, which made ‘scarface’ laugh.

“I guess you're Bakugo then?” The guy announced.

“How do you know my name!?” Bakugo screeched, mind still reeling at the earlier comment from the girl.

“You know Izuku. He's mentioned you very few times. Said I'd definitely know if I ever saw you.” The guy said. “Some advice, you two definitely look as straight as a circle.” Touya looked at both of them. “The closet is glass.” He laughed before walking off with the girl skipping beside him.

“Okay, what the fuck was that?” Bakugo asked while turning back to Kirishima, who had been oddly silent. His body language wasn't though. (His face was pink, though he concealed it well).

“I-I don't even know.” Kirishima finally replied.

“Great. Now another door just opened with possibilities.” Bakugo scoffed, actually thinking about what the guy said. (They're both going to ignore what the girl said)

“Wait, you've never thought about things like that before?” Kirishima asked, trying to joke around to alleviate his emotions.

Bakugo just laughed. “I've honestly never had to. It was always ‘heroes’, ‘when I become a hero’, ‘when I'm number one’, you get the damn point.” Bakugo muttered.

“That makes sense!” Kirishima exclaimed.

“What, have you?” Bakugo asked, though his voice was mostly soft.

“I have two moms so yeah, I guess. One time when I was a kid someone called me gay and I asked my moms what it meant. They kinda exclaimed the whole idea and said they'd love me no matter what.” Kirishima smiled at the memory, and his moms.

“Makes sense. Sounds like you've got great parents.” Bakugo mustered up a small smile, one of the first real ones he had in a while. I mean, he had to show his understanding and support somehow, right?

“I'm gonna be honest with you, I'm most likely gay.” Bakugo said while looking away.

“May I ask what you mean by ‘most likely’? Kirishima asked, wanting to get the full picture of his cr-best friend.

“I've never been interested in girls at all. I don't really know how to explain shitty sappy stuff, but around girls I'm just kinda numb.”

Bakugo looked at Kirishima, who was looking at him acceptingly. “That better have made sense or I'll blow your head off smooth.” Bakugo snarled, not really knowing how to deal with emotions.

Thus causing Eijirou to laugh. That beautiful sound caused Katsuki to instantly soften at the sight and sound.

“You really need to learn how to not threaten someone with violence.” Kirishima laughed.

“Whatever.” Katsuki grumbled while looking away, not enjoying how his best friend was right.

“I've never really had a crush before.” Kirishima knew he was lying, though he really didn't want to ruin his friendship with his friend. “So I'm honestly not sure.” He knew he was attracted to guys, but he didn't really know about girls.

“How do you feel around each of them?” Bakugo asked, willing to go into the sappy shit for his friend.

“Like guys and girls?” Kirishima clarified.

“Yes dipshit.” Bakugo often called Kirishima nicknames like such when he was either doing something he didn't really like, or was under high pressure situations.

“Well I don't know. I guess I'm probably more into guys than girls, but I never really talk to them.”

“And guys?” Bakugo paused for a second before continuing. “I'm not going to force you to tell me shit, but I guess I'm willing to help you or whatever.” Katsuki grumbled, though softened at the sight of Kirishima looking at him with a touching look.

“Thank you.” Kirishima quickly side-hugged Katsuki. Thus causing chills to be sent through Bakugo's body. Something which had never happened before.

Kirishima continued after pulling away. “I mean, I don't know. I definitely feel more connected to them if that makes sense?” Kirishima

stated like it was a question.

Katsuki thought for a second before talking. “Fair. Maybe you like both, maybe you don't. I'mma be blunt, I don't know if I can help ya there.” Katsuki was definitely willing to listen to Eijirou, but he couldn't necessarily help him.

“That's okay, thanks for listening anyways.” Kirishima said.

Katsuki felt himself blush slightly, though he really didn't know why. He couldn't… Could he? No. He couldn't. Eijirou would hate him, and he might lose his only friends. He couldn't let that happen. These were honestly good people. Who would he train with every morning? Who would he ask for advice?

Who else would give him butterflies every time they touched? Who else would he talk with about personal sappy shit?

He didn't really want to jeopardize their friendship at all, so Katsuki did what he was best at.

He suppressed his true feelings, and never thought about them.

“No problem.” Katsuki used his softer voice, knowing Eijirou was probably the only person he used it around.

“You should come over to my house sometime.” Bakugo replied nonchalantly.

“Maybe I will! Though I'm not allowed to on the weekdays.” Kirishima responded.

It was Sunday, so maybe they'd have to plan for next weekend.

“Next weekend then.” Katsuki replied while walking right next to Eijirou.

“Definitely!” The response was heard from Eijirou.

Chapter End Notes

Omg. The writing of this chapter is so abysmal it makes me want to rip my hair out. I skimmed through it slightly, and oh. My. Gosh.

I hope y'all like this.

Anyway, please comment!!! I love reading what y'all have to say!!! :)

Chapter 28: Shopping.. And concerns.

Chapter Summary

Nedzu talks to the pros, and Eraser about.. Something.

Chapter Notes

Dance (a winter sport) started for me, so my time is now cut down a lot. I wrote about this in the chapter I'm currently writing, though I'll probably scrap it when I post it lol.

Anyways, I'mma try and keep doing 1 chpt/day, or 1chpt/2 days if I feel kinda crappy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Nem, you haven't stopped talking about her since that incident. Which I remind you that you almost died!” Shirakumo whined while leaning on his wife.

“But she seemed like such a sweet girl!” Nemuri said.

The quad squad was in an office room they often shared while grading. They'd gossip and talk while getting paperwork and such done.

“You almost died!” Shirakumo said.

“But I didn't, thanks to her!” Nemuri stated, accepting no Toga slashing.

“Didn't she give you her name?” Present mic cheerily asked.

“Yeah she did! I've tried telling you all, but no one wants to listen!” Nemuri crossed her arms while looking over students' papers.

“I would actually be quite interested, Kayama-san!” Nedzu chirped while walking into the office. “I have a hypothesis about this girl, though I would have to know her name to confirm it!” Nedzu announced.

“She told me her name was Himiko Toga.” Nemuri said, questioning why Nedzu was interested.

Nedzu's beady eyes were enough to tell the room that his hypothesis was correct.

“I am correct.” Nedzu announced.

“What do you mean?” Nemuri asked, hoping it was for a good cause.

“Himiko Toga is one of my two online students! She excels in medical knowledge, and I think she would be a good intern for recovery girl. Perhaps that's why she was able to save you without complications.” Nedzu exclaimed.

“That makes sense!” Present Mic half-yelled, having at least half a brain to not yell near Aizawa. (He really didn't want to sleep on the couch)

Aizawa just grumbled, probably a prayer for the poor girl. Nedzu would easily be able to find her, though at least he knew how to be

polite about it.

“Do you think she'd want to go to UA as a sort of mixed student?” Nemuri asked.

“It's possible! We've done it in the past, so it shouldn't be too hard to formulate a proper schedule for her. Though her other studies need work.” Thoughts were clearly formulating through Nedzu's brain as he spoke.

“Would she be a general education student or a hero course student?” Midnight asked.

Toga could hypothetically attend UA as a general education student, and still intern under recovery girl for medical knowledge. She could also attend UA as a hero course student and focus on medical care as a hero. Either could work.

“We will leave that decision up to her.” Nedzu announced.

“If she attends UA you better make sure Nem gets a class with her. She acts like a mother talking about her daughter.” Shirakumo laughed at his joke, earning a glare from Nemuri, though it had no malice in it.

“She will, depending on if she does decide to attend UA. She still needs education in other subjects after all!” Nedzu stated.

“Speaking of which, that reminds me,” Yamada turned to look at Aizawa with a grin on his face. “What about your favorite vigilante? I know the HPSC wants him off the streets, though wouldn't he be too

old for hero school?" Yamada was now questioning Aizawa, though he was originally trying to tease him.

"We offered him a spot in UA, thinking he was too old for high school." Aizawa looked at Nedzu for permission to release the information.

"Me and Aizawa-kun learned his true age a few days ago. If he isn't lying, he will be able to take the UA entrance exam next year." Nedzu grimly said. No one liked when kids got involved in hero work, so it was always sad to hear of vigilantes so young.

"You're joking." Yamada was trying to wrap his head around this idea, though he actually thought his husband was joking.

"Wish I was." Aizawa replied.

"Did you offer him a spot at UA? And he had to decline because of his age?" Yamada asked, this time towards both Nedzu and Aizawa.

"Actually, no. He mentioned something like, 'when you learned more about me you wouldn't want me at your school' or something similar." Aizawa sighed.

"Indeed. I believe it's quirk related, but I could be wrong." Nedzu chimed in.

"That's so sad! Do you think he became a vigilante because he didn't think he could make it as a hero?" Nemuri asked.

“It's a possibility. If we could find out who he is we could make an official offer, or have someone recommend him.” Aizawa chimed in. He wouldn't really let anyone know he cared for the child.

“Indeed! He would make a very good hero I think! I'm unsure of his intelligence though.” Nedzu mentioned.

He couldn't tell Nedzu. Nedzu couldn't get his paws on his problem child.

“I can tell you're thinking of something, Aizawa. Care to explain?” Nedzu asked.

Crap. That rodent knew almost anything about human body language, and he wouldn't rest until he found out whatever it is he's looking for.

“To answer your question, apparently he's been seen analyzing fights and some pro-heroes fighting styles.” Aizawa decided to not tell Nedzu about the fact that the kid analyzed him. Aizawa asked to look, and it was a really good analysis.

It's better than some of the analysis he's seen from professionals.

And the fact that the problem child had the audacity to say, ‘it really isn't much!’, ‘Really, anyone could do this!’, ‘this isn't even that good!’, and some other comments Aizawa forgot.

“I'm assuming you've gotten a look at it based on your body language?” Nedzu chirped, his expertise on human body language coming in handy.

Aizawa knew he'd be fighting a losing battle. There was no use lying when it came to Nedzu. He knew basically everything.

“Fine, yes.” Aizawa finally answered.

“May I ask how well it was written?” Nedzu chirped.

“Better than most professionals I've seen. Kid doesn't miss a singular detail.” Aizawa responded back.

Nedzu pondered for a second before talking. “You seem troubled by something regarding this. May I ask what?”

“When I saw it, the kid said stuff like, ‘it's not much, really!’, ‘anyone could do this!’, ‘this isn't anything special!’, and other things I forgot.” Aizawa mentioned, pausing for a second before continuing. “When I first asked about them he said, ‘I understand if you find them creepy’ or something like that.”

Nedzu thought for a second before speaking. “If Aizawa-san is complimenting this child's analysis, he must be good.” Nedzu mentioned. Aizawa rarely compliments someone, so you know it's genuine when he does.

“Isn't it kind of concerning how his first comment on it was about it being creepy?” Nemuri asked.

“I wish my students analysed fights and stuff!” Shirakumo cut in.

“It isn't something to be entirely worried about, though it probably doesn't mean anything good.” Aizawa mentioned.

“Indeed! If comments like these do become more consistent, then it will possibly become a cause for concern.” Nedzu said, hoping it wasn't anything bad.

“Yeah. I'll keep an eye on him since I patrol the most.” Aizawa mentioned. “Though it will be helpful if you three keep an eye on how he acts around you.”

“We can so do that Sho!!” Yamada spoke up.

“Yeah!” Shirakumo yelled out.

“Good! Thank you all! I'll be taking my leave now.” Nedzu chirped.

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“I know you wanted to go earlier in the week, but I do appreciate you waiting until today to go with me!” Denki stated while leaning slightly on Izuku's shoulder.

The two were walking through the mall, this time for new shoes for Izuku.

“I didn't really want to go alone anyway.” Izuku laughed, not knowing

why he wanted to spend more time with Denki.

“I wouldn't either! This mall is pretty big!” Denki stated. “Anyways, what type of shoe do you even want?”

“I don't know to be honest. I used to use these for everything, so I don't really have any other shoes.” Izuku sheepishly admitted. “I didn't really need any other shoes.”

“That makes sense! So you want shoes you can wear basically all the time?” Denki asked.

“I'm actually thinking of getting two pairs. It would be nice to have tennis shoes for training and basically everything. Though I've found combat boots are pretty durable, they look great, can be used for anything, and are pretty comfortable.” Izuku stated, walking to the first show store he found.

Denki imagined Izuku in combat boots along with his vigilante outfit, and it was definitely a sight to behold.

“M-makes sense!” Denki stated, trying to push the image from his mind. “I think that could work!” He finally regained his composure.

“Hey, look over there. That shop seems pretty affordable, though we'd have to find another store for the combat boots.” Izuku stated, grabbing onto Denki and dragging him toward the store.

“Yeah, the shoes in there look similar to what you're looking for!” Denki chimed in, completely ignoring the touch on his arm.

Izuku tried on a few pairs before deciding on one.

“Thank goodness they have quirkless versions. The originals were sorta narrow.” Izuku chuckled.

“And those look pretty good too.” Denki exclaimed.

Izuku paid for the shoes before leaving for another store.

“Which store do you think would have combat boots?” Izuku asked, looking around at the different stores.

“I'm honestly not sure. I mean, we could just walk around until we find one?” Denki purposely suggested, wanting to spend more time with his best friend.

“Sure!” Izuku chirped.

The two walked and talked while they looked for a store that had combat boots.

“Wait, I think this store might have some!” Izuku exclaimed while dragging Denki over to it.

“I mean, there are some in the windows, though it's a sort of goth clothing store.” Denki stated.

He honestly thought people who dressed that way were really cool, though he didn't think he could pull the style off himself. Izuku might be able to though. That reminded him.

“Hey, these look really good!” Izuku said while walking over to the shelves with different variations of boots.

“I just really hope they have a quirkless option.” Izuku sighed.

“Yeah, it would totally suck if they don't!” Denki exclaimed.

Izuku and Denki looked around for different versions of the boot.

“Hey, I think I found what you're looking for! It's even in your size!” Denki exclaimed while grabbing the box from the back of the shelf.

“Thank you!!!” Izuku quickly side-hugged Denki while sitting down to try on the shoes.

“These fit perfectly! There's some space left, so they should last a while!” Izuku leaned into Denki's ear before continuing. “These would be perfect for nighttime!”

Izuku took the boots off and put them back in the box.

“Come on, let's check out so we can go back to my apartment!” Izuku called back to Denki.

“Hey, that reminds me!” Denki started talking while walking with Izuku to the register.

Izuku paid for the shoes and left with Denki.

“Do you still have that eyeliner stuff I suggested to you the last time we were here?” Denki thought the eyeliner would look sick with Izuku's vigilante costume.

“Right! I forgot about that, but yeah, I do!” Izuku exclaimed.

Denki decided to bite the bullet and admit what he was thinking. “I think it would look sick with your vigilante costume.” Denki stated.

“Probably, though I don't wear my vigilante costume for looks. It would still be cool to see how it looks!” Izuku stated.

“You should so try it when we get to your place!” Denki exclaimed.

“Sure. No harm in trying!” Izuku replied.

The two continued walking to Izuku's apartment.

“Okay, I want to see what it would look like with your vigilante costume!” Denki asked.
Okay, maybe it was an excuse to see him in his vigilante outfit. Maybe Izuku did look good in his costume, okay?

“Alright. I'll try on my costume with these shoes too!” Izuku stated before walking to his bathroom.

Denki doom scrolled on his phone until Izuku was finally done.

“I think it looks pretty alright. I was a little shaky doing it, but I managed.” Izuku stated while walking out in full vigilante gear.

Okay, wow. Izuku looked like a God right now, and who was Denki to say otherwise? Okay maybe he had a thing for his best friend. He would never admit it though.

“T-that looks really g-good!” Denki stuttered over his words, trying not to say exactly what he was thinking.

“Thanks! I might add it to my vigilante costume permanently since I wouldn't be using it anytime else.” Izuku admitted. “Also, these shoes are quite literally awesome. They look great, and feel great.”

“That's good!” Denki tried to not be too overbearing.

“Yeah! I'll love messing with Eraserhead when I show up with eyeliner!” Izuku was laughing just at the thought.

Really, Denki did like his best friend. Probably more than he should. He'd need to keep a tab on his feelings, and definitely get his butterflies under control.

“Anyways, I'm changing out of this.”

Izuku walked away and changed back into some normal lounge clothes.

The two talked and watched some videos until Denki had to leave.

Izuku walked him to his house.

“Thank you Izu! See you again soon!” Denki stated before closing the door.

Izuku didn't know if it was normal to feel all fuzzy and warn around his best friend. The butterflies didn't seem normal, but happened almost every time he made contact with Denki.

Maybe this was just part of having a best friend.

Izuku knew deep down he was lying to himself.

Chapter End Notes

Omg this fic is finally starting to take a distinct path in my mind! (I had absolutely no planning whatsoever)

Chapter 29: Offer still stands

Chapter Summary

Izuku and Eraser talk! And then the pros of UA!

I had absolutely no clue what to name this chapter so yeah.

Chapter Notes

Omg I cannot wait for the next chapter. I love 30 so much, and I hope yall will to. (It's a bunch of fluff, except i'm actuay serious this time)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Really problem child?-” Aizawa huffed, not impressed or surprised with his vigilante's actions.

“Yes, really. I think I look cool.” Izuku fake-pouted.

“-Eyeliner?” Aizawa finished, mostly messing with Jasper, though there was no real malice behind his words.

“My friend told me I look cool, and told me I should wear it more, so I am!” Izuku half-whined.

At least he has friends. That's a good sign. Aizawa thought for a few seconds before replying. “So he knows about you being a vigilante?” Aizawa hoped he'd fall for the bait.

Though knowing how smart Jasper is he wouldn't fall for it in his sleep.

“Yeah, nice try Eraser. That's for me to know, and you to,” Izuku thought for a few seconds. He didn't want Eraser to know more about him. “Never know I guess.” Izuku's tone was almost sad in a way. He did want Eraser to know more about him, just not that.

While Izuku was thinking, Eraser dispatched the police to handle the guy they took down together. He wasn't anything special, but the guy was fairly large.

“Offer’s still up, you know.” Aizawa called back to Izuku, who was making sure he grabbed all of his ninja stars.

“Yeah yeah. You've been telling me every day of the week since that call with Nedzu.” Izuku stated. Izuku's tone quickly hardened into a sad and grim tone.

Izuku was stuck dwelling on what he could've been if he just had a stupid quirk. Why did he have to be so unlucky!?

“You wouldn't want me at your sc-” Izuku was cut off by Aizawa.

“And you've replied with the same sentence every time I mentioned it. Tell me, what is it we wouldn't want in UA?” Aizawa started. “Youve got more drive than all of my expelled students combined. You're smart, you've got pretty half-decent combat knowledge, you know weaponry, and you can hold your own in a fight.” Aizawa just wanted this vigilante to see why he could be a hero.

So he did the only thing he thought would get to him. He complimented almost everything he could think of on the fly. Luckily for Nedzu he was watching in through the comms. (He required

Aizawa to call him when he started talking to Jasper)

Izuku just froze, stuck in his tracks by the compliment. Denki tried complimenting him a lot, but Izuku thought he was just lying. I mean, friends did that, right?

Izuku stared at Aizawa, eyes wide as he watched the hero look at him with his usual stoic expression.

“It's the truth, kid.” Aizawa finished tying up the unconscious, but unhurt villain. He walked over and looked Izuku in the eyes.

“You know I mean the compliments I give out, so think about that tonight.” Aizawa mentioned before jumping up to get back to his patrol. Izuku was almost too quiet to be heard, but Aizawa heard him loud and clear.

“You're probably lying. Everyone else always is, but this time you sound genuine, Eraser.” Izuku whispered before running off into another alleyway.

“Did you get his comment, Nedzu?” Aizawa asked once Izuku was out of earshot.

“I heard him talking, but I would have to enhance the audio to figure out what he said. Is it cause for concern?” Nedzu asked.

“I don't know. It's definitely not good, that's for sure.” Aizawa sighed into his comm.

“Do you remember what he said?” Nedzu asked, own and paper ready to write it down.

He said, ‘you're probably lying. Everyone else always is, but this time you sound genuine, Eraser’.” Aizawa mentioned.

Nedzu reflected for a second before replying. “Based on my knowledge, there might've been a sort of incident or event that causes him to think like that. Unless it's a series of events that caused this mindset.” Nedzu wrote a few things down.

“His mindset about himself and what others think of him definitely isn't the greatest, I'll say that.” Aizawa said.

“Anyways, I need to get back to patrol. Hope you got enough of what you needed.” Aizawa said, waiting a few seconds for the rodent to reply.

“Indeed, thank you Aizawa-san! Tonight has been a huge help! Have a goodnight!” Nedzu chirped before hanging up the hero comms.

Aizawa got back to his patrol, making a mental note to talk to Zashi about it later.

___

Izuku was still kind of dazed about what Eraser had said earlier.

Come on, Izuku! Get it together! Izuku quickly stopped all of those

thoughts as he climbed onto the roof and towards a scream into another alleyway.

He saw Present Mic running towards the alleyway as well, though he would probably be a few minutes out still.

I guess it was up to Izuku until he got there.

Izuku laid down on his stomach as he watched down and into the alleyway. It was a typical robbery. An older woman was up against the wall, trying to de-escalate the situation.

Izuku watched as the guy raised a bat to the older woman. Luckily for Izuku, it was wood.

Izuku ignored the growing footsteps way behind him as he grabbed three stars from his pocket. He had been practicing the no-reload method more, and was honestly getting pretty good at it.

Izuku sidearmed one of the three stars since he was laying down and couldn't overhand throw.

It hit the bat, though it didn't have enough to knock it out of the guy's hands.

Standing up quickly, Izuku's hiding spot had already been revealed.

Izuku threw a star overhand, which was much more effective and gained much more strength.

It hit the bat, almost knocking it out of the guy's hands, but not entirely.

Izuku quickly threw the third star right after the other, successfully knocking the bat out of his hands.

Izuku jumped down from the roof and rolled, grabbing his metal pipes as he did.

Apparently Present Mic was able to see into the alleyway, but still had some steps to go.

Izuku extended his pipes, and quickly ran ahead to the guy. It seemed like the guy was able to sprout metal from his body.

Starting to use his quirk, Izuku realized this guy injected himself with something. Izuku really didn't want to wait to see what it was, so he quickly jumped onto the wall and behind the guy. Hitting his pressure point as he did, Izuku looked at the half-empty syringe while picking it up.

“That was so cool!” Present Mic yelled while jumping down. He took one look at the syringe Izuku was holding, and took it away.

“You really don't want to touch that listener!” Present Mic yelled while quickly taking it away.

“Hey Present Mic!!! How are you doing?? Also what is it? The guy started injecting himself with it but I knocked him out before he could

use the entire syringe.” Izuku mentioned.

How could Present Mic go about this without telling him the whole operation? Eraser head, Loudcloud, Midnight, and Present Mics agency had taken the case on.

“It's a street drug, not very safe!” Present Mic went with. If he was lucky, Jasper would drop it. “Anyways, those were some cool moves! The way you threw those stars with such accuracy! And the pressure point trick!? I know pros who don't know how to safely do that!” Present Mic wanted to switch the subject and see how the kid would react to compliments.

Aizawa told him about what the kid had said, and it was worrisome. Especially for someone who worked around kids and knew how these situations turned out sometimes.

“Thanks! But you don't have to lie.” Izuku stated, mind on other things. Izuku switched the subject back. “Now that I think about it, as soon as he started injecting himself with it his quirk seemingly doubled in strength. Though he did leave himself wide open for an attack while he was injecting himself. Is this the substance that's been creating those instant villains?” Izuku asked, putting the pieces together faster than Present Mic would like.

Luckily he was recording, as Nedzu wanted most or all conversations with Jasper recorded.

“So this drug increases the strength of the quirk and body. I wonder if it enhances the quirk factor or the quirk itself.” Izuku grabbed his notebook and started writing different theories he had and different facts he knew.

“You really shouldn't be delving further into this little listener!” Present Mic tried, he really did.

“Wait, so you do know more about it! What's the name of this substance? Who's running the production and why?” Izuku started writing down some questions before opening his wristband to chrome.

Present Mic knew he was done for when the kid grabbed-. Wait, is that one of those advanced support watches? Did they sell those to the public? Present Mic didn't know.

“I remember hearing the name of an instant villain drug a while back, though I don't know if it's the one I'm looking for.” Izuku told Present Mic.

“I remember hearing about a drug that decreased the ability to make rational decisions, but increased the power and strength of the quirk.” Izuku started searching it up before Present Mic had a chance to stop him.

“Fine!” Present Mic finally relented, hoping this new information would stop Jasper. “It's currently a very dangerous and ongoing investigation. I don't want you getting hurt!” Present Mic did worry about the kid often. Maybe even as much as Shota did sometime.

“I can handle it! Besides, I might be able to help!” Izuku thought for a second. He knew Present Mic probably wasn't allowed to tell him any important information, so he'd lay off for now while he did his own research. That could work! Izuku sighed before talking, adding extra emphasis on his words. “Fine. I'll lay off of it.” He didn't add the for now, though it was probably obvious.

“Thank you!!!” Present Mic yelled while tying the guy up. “S-Eraser

would kill me if he found out I told you anything at all!” Present Mic almost slipped up, but quickly covered it up.

“I understand. Eraser would probably lecture me if he knew I fought a guy who tried to use whatever it was.” Izuku ended with a laugh.

“I'm assuming your guy's agency took up the case?” Izuku asked, though he didn't expect an answer.

“I am legally not allowed to tell you any more information! Sorry listener, it's classified!” Present Mic really didn't want this kid to know anymore than he already did.

“That's what I thought.” Izuku sheepishly admitted while rubbing the back of his hood.

“Anyway, I better get going! I'll see you around Mic!” Izuku yelled before catwalking off and back to his apartment.

“Thank you Yamada-kun!” Nedzu stated, randomly popping into Present Mics comms.

“Holy crap! When'd you pop up in my comms?” Present Mic asked.

“Ive been here since you were running into the alleyway. It's been quite a delight listening to your conversation with Jasper!” Nedzu chirped, writing notes about how the whole ordeal went.

“What do you mean?” Yamada asked, confusion in his voice.

“I've learned Jasper is very intelligent from this interaction. He easily pieced information together when he barely knew anything, though you convinced him to stop. I think he would be a very good UA student, though the comment he said when you complimented him is cause for worry. We would be able to provide the resources necessary.” Nedzu mentioned.

“So the offer still stands?” Present Mic asked.

“Indeed! It may take a while for him to come around, but I believe he will.” Nedzu said, having faith in the vigilante.

“Alright! I'm willing to help try to convince him!” Present Mic yelled.

“Thank you, Yamada-kun.” Nedzu hung up the comms, thinking to himself.

For some reason Nedzu had a feeling Jasper wasn't going to just leave this case alone.

Chapter End Notes

I'mma post once evey three days now! It works for me and how little I write nowadays. (Thanks to my sport:)

Anyways, thank you all for supporting this fix and it's progress!!! □ it means so much to me!

And please comment guys!!

Chapter 30: Lovebirds

Chapter Summary

One of our couples finally gets things figured out.

Chapter Notes

I love this chapter so much guys. I hope y'all enjoy it as much as I do.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Monoma: we should so hang out today

Shinsou: I can't

Monoma: why not?

Monoma was genuinely curious as to why Shinsou couldn't. If it was school work Monoma could easily help him out.

Shinsou: My parents probably wouldn't let me. I also really don't want to ask

Shinsou often gave more fulfilling answers over text, as he felt more comfortable online. He didn't really like talking in real life, unless he was with close friends.

Monoma: I can cover for you. You could also spend the night at my place if you wanted

Monoma had an idea how bad Shinsou foster parents were. Though he didn't know how bad.

All he knew was that they weren't the nicest, and enjoyed it when Shinsou left the house.

Shinsou: They probably wouldn't care if I just left, but I'll see if I can hang out today

Shinsou briefly left, while Monoma doom-scrolled.

Monoma had figured out he had a crush on Shinsou for a while, but didn't really feel like telling him. The guy who mocks most everyone confessing to a guy? He'd be the talk of the school. And he didn't even want to know how Shinsou felt about him.

I mean, Shinsou obviously didn't like him back, but that was okay. As long as they were friends and still hung out often.

Shinsou went and asked his foster-mom, who was honestly a lot better than his dad. She would still get black-out drunk, but wouldn't outright slap him whenever he asked something. She just simply didn't care about him.

“Hey, can I go to my friend's house for the day?” He asked in his softest, most non-threatening voice he could muster. If she was in a mood she might resort to violence, but she was overall calm and collected.

She had to keep the family image up, you know. The perfect parents who were kind enough to foster a teenager with a villainous quirk.

“Do what you want, I don't care.” She stated before continuing on with her work.

Shinsou immediately rushed back to his room, happy that it turned out good.

The last time he went out without asking for permission, it wasn't a very happy night for Shinsou. He ended up with a fractured rib, which he just had to endure. It still really hurt, even though it had been a week. Shinsou just really hoped it wasn't too obvious he was in pain.

Shinsou: she said yes. Where do you wanna meet? I can go over to your house so I don't have to trouble you

Monoma: Listen to me, it would trouble me if I didn't at least meet you somewhere. How about we meet at that cafe near ur house?

Shinsou: fine, I guess that works. See you soon!

Monoma: you bet

With that, Shinsou grabbed his phone and some money before walking to the cafe. Sometimes they'd buy drinks there, sometimes they'd just meet there.

Shinsou and Monoma had hung out so often it was like a normal day for them. Shinsou found comfort in Monoma, as he was his first real friend. Obviously he was friends with Bakugo and Kirishima, but Monoma went to the same school as him, so it was only natural.

Shinsou didn't know why his feelings decided to crush on Monoma, but they did and there was nothing he could do about it.

He hated it. Hated the butterflies he got around Monoma, hated his smirk when he knew he was right, hated his almost luminescent crystal blue eyes.

Shinsou could almost laugh at his brain's audacity. I mean, he finally got a friend, and now he ruins it for himself. I mean, all he had to do was make sure Monoma never found out, right?

Shinsou arrived to find Monoma already there and waiting outside.

“Hey Hitoshi!” Monoma yelled over to Shinsou. The two were close enough that they were on a first-name basis.

“Hey.” Shinsou really didn't want to seem like he was in pain, but there was an uncomfortable type of pain when he talked and took deep breaths.

Apparently Monoma noticed immediately, and started asking.

“You seem like you're in pain. How are you doing?” Monoma used a tone of voice he only used around his friends, but mainly Shinsou.

“Really, I'm fine!” Shinsou tried to be enthusiastic about it, but Monoma knew better. If Shinsou was lying he would try to be over-enthusiastic about the situation.

“I can tell you're lying.” The two started walking to Monoma's house, which wasn't too far off a walk. Only about 10 minutes. “You're trying to be enthusiastic about it, when you normally wouldn't be.” Okay, maybe Monoma was being weird right now, but he really cared about the well-being of his friend.

Shinsou just sighed, which honestly hurt a lot. Thus causing him to wince slightly, but mostly covering it up.

“Okay, see that?” Monoma pointed at the way he flinched when he sighed. “That is not normal. You're clearly in pain, and I'm going to help you.” Monoma stated matter-of-factly.

“Really, I'm fine.” Shinsou was trying to be stiff with his torso and chest, though it didn't go unnoticed by Monoma.

Shinsou changed the subject until they arrived at Monoma's house. It was close to their school, so it was nice if he wanted to hang out immediately after for home work. (He made sure his foster parents knew before-hand when he did)

“We are finally here.” Monoma stated, like the trip offended him somehow.

Shinsou had been to Monomas place at least a dozen times, but always reflected when Monoma asked to go over to his house.

They walked inside, and took their shoes off in the meantime.

Shinsou took his shoes off with his other foot, as bending down would probably put him in the hospital. (At least insurance had covered 95% of the last visit)

“You can go up to my room, I'mma grab us some snacks.” Monoma stated while heading to the kitchen. At this point his sister was used to him bringing back Shinsou, so she wasn't surprised when they walked through the door together.

Though she could clearly see the stiffness and pain in the boy's walk as he made his way up the stairs.

Monoma finally grabbed some snacks and headed up back into his room.

“You may want to check on your friend.” She remembered the last time he was hurt. It was a horrible experience all around.

“Yeah, I know. I was planning on asking but knowing him he wouldn't tell a tree.” Thus meaning that Shinsou often bottled stuff up, and never really told anyone anything.

Monoma walked up the stairs, grabbing a med kit from the bathroom as he did.

“I'm back!” Monoma announced to the room while hiding the med kit in his closet before Shinsou could get a chance to see.

Monoma placed the snacks on the small low table in his room while Shinsou got off of the bed and very slowly sat down.

Shinsou sat oddly straight, and Monoma thought that might be another cause for concern.

“Okay, seriously what is going on with you?” Monoma asked while eating some of the food he brought. “You seem like something in your chest or around that area hurts a lot.”

“It's not really anything important, just a bruise is all.” Shinsou said in his usual stoic expression. Much like his favorite hero actually.

“Then let me see.” Monoma knew what he was asking was weird, but he was worried about his friend.

Monoma ignored the blush that formed across Shinsou's face, though he looked really beautiful like that.

“You've also been making excuses to skip training, and I know you wouldn't skip just to skip.” Monoma stated while slightly leaning into Shinsou personal space. They were sitting side by side at the rectangular-shaped table.

“Just a bruise. I didn't want to make it worse while training, that's all.” Shinsou stated, enjoying the lack of personal space Monoma was giving him right now.

“I have some bruise cream that would help. Just let me help you.” Monoma started getting desperate while leaning in closer, emotions getting the better of him.

“Fine, whatever.” Shinsou stated while Monoma quickly grabbed the medkit from his closet.

“This might be a little weird, and it might hurt but this should help.” Monoma laughed when he said the first little bit, considering he had never seen his friend shirtless before. Monoma rarely went shirtless when training, but he had done it before. Shinsou had always worn a T-shirt of some sort.

Shinsou knew he was busted the moment he lifted his shirt up for his friend. It was a little weird lifting your shirt up for your crush, but Monoma was persistent.

He knew he was in trouble when Monoma stopped, a mixed look of slight shock, anger, frustration, and an unsettling look was born from it.

“Toshi, who. I need to know.” Monoma had thought about nicknames for Shinsou, though he wouldn't ever think he would use them. Monoma thought using his favorite right now would hopefully help Shinsou know the severity of the situation better.

“I just got it from training, you know.” Shinsou tried to be non-chalant with this, but knew that wasn't a very believable lie. Not when it came to Monoma. Though he did really like the nickname.

“You would've been very much in pain. Obvious pain. I don't know how bad your rib is, but it looks half-healed already. This cream should still help, and I'll bandage it up.” Monoma stated while grabbing the bruise cream and some gauze to wrap around it.

“Thank you.” Shinsou murmured, not really knowing how to thank his friend. I mean, what do you say when you are getting major

butterflies from him being so close to you? Shinsou was definitely having an internal panic. I mean, Monoma had never seen him mostly shirtless before, and he had never particularly touched his chest before. So it was a little awkward for Shinsou.

At least Monoma's feelings and emotions had taken over, so it wasn't super awkward for him. Though he started to realize what he was doing the more he did it, and kept himself from totally freaking out.

"There, that should work." Monoma finished tying the gauze wrapped around Shinsou's upper body. "Now that I'm done with that, I really need to know how you got this, and who did it." Monoma really wanted to protect his friend, but he couldn't do that if he didn't know who was causing him so much pain.

"It really isn't anyone special jus-" Monoma cut Shinsou off by grabbing his hands and forcing him to look him in the eyes.

"I will copy your quirk and use it on you. Please, just tell me." Monoma asked, genuine worry in his eyes. "I don't want to resort to that though."

Shinsou had never seen this side of Monoma, and honestly didn't like seeing him worry. I mean, he'd end up finding anyway if he copied his quirk, so why not just tell him?

"Fine." Shinsou tried to look away before a hand was cupped around his face, forcing him to look Monoma in the eye.

Though unfortunately for Shinsou, Monoma realized what he did and quickly pulled his hands away, though not moving backwards at all.

“It was my f- are you sure you want to know? I mean it isn't really a big deal.” Shinsou second guessed himself and watched as Monoma's normally cocky and prideful expression dropped, a look of sorrow and sadness filling the emptiness.

“Fine, if you really want to know.” Shinsou could tell by Monoma's expression that he definitely wanted to know who it was. “It was my foster dad. You know when I walked with you for a few hours after training last Saturday? Yeah.” Shinsou trailed off, leaving Monoma to fume in the silence.

“Neito, earth to Neito?” Shinsou asked as Monoma was one with his thoughts.

“Sorry, I just have someone to-”

“No Neito, we're not resorting to violence.” Shinsou stated, though there was amusement in his tone.

“Fine, but you are not staying there long-term. You're also gonna spend the night tonight, can you get your foster parents permission?” Monoma asked.

“I'm sure they don't care. So long as they know what I'm doing they don't care. The last time they let me out without knowing where I was someone dropped by and called them irresponsible. Gotta keep up the perfect family image.” Shinsou joked.

“So that's why. That makes sense.” Monoma grabbed his phone before asking Shinsou.

“Can I record evidence of your chest? I didn't put too much gauze on, and I should be able to take it off and put it back on quickly.” Monoma stated.

“Why?” Shinsou asked.

“If we record evidence, it'll help you get out of that hell hole faster. Especially if we can find someone to adopt you.” Shinsou looked like he was about to cry. “So that's a yes?” Monoma asked. Shinsou just nodded his head in response.

“Thank you, but really it's not a big deal. It doesn't really matter that much. I can handle the-” Shinsou tried arguing back, knowing that he'd be put in an orphanage if this family didn't work out.

Monoma just sat fully up, looking Shinsou in the eyes.

Those beautiful, violet eyes. They deserved so much better.

Monoma cut Shinsou off as he put down the gauze and his phone on the table.

“Toshi, this matters! You matter.” Monoma was about to let his emotions get the best of him and probably almost confess his feelings, but he stopped himself.

“Really, i-” Shinsou was about to say he appreciates it, but I guess Monoma got the wrong idea.

His emotions did get the best of him after all.

“You matter to me!-” Monoma cut himself off as he said that, a rosy pink blush blooming across his cheeks.

“Yeah I'm going to stop digging my own grave now and shut my mouth!” Monoma quickly finished taking pictures and put the gauze back on.

Shinsou thought for a second before asking. Be had to know. He had to. The signs were there, and with what Monoma just said, his emotions were now getting the best of him.

“Neito do-do you um.” Shinsou was notorious for hinting at things, but not actually saying them.

Monoma's face just grew redder as he finished putting the gauze back on Shinsou's chest. He did notice him flinching, though he was being careful enough for it to not hurt too bad.

Monoma brought his knees to his chest as he laid his head in between them.

“I uh.” Monoma tried to start talking, but honestly couldn't.

Great, he probably just ruined his friendship. He really liked Shinsou, but he understood if he didn't want to be friends anymore.

Shinsou knew if Monoma didn't like him, he would've immediately

told him to get his mind out of the gutter, stop thinking weird things, and he'd probably just straight up refuse it.

Shinsou could feel his face heating up at the thought. Could Neito really like him? Could they actually have something together? Yeah they were young right now, but they could always wait until high school or something.

Monoma finally looked up at Shinsou, surprised when he saw the redness on the boy's face.

Shinsou finally took his attention away from his thoughts and looked at a saddened looking Monoma.

Why was he sad? Shinsou really didn't like it when Monoma was sad.

“Neito, look at me.” Shinsou used a much more commanding tone than he ever thought he had in his life.

Monoma looked like he was trying to pacify any hope he still had left.

“I-uh, I'm not really good at this stuff, so bear with me.” Shinsou tried to laugh it off, though his face was still red.

“What do you mean?” Normally Monoma would've been mocking someone, or condescending them at a time like this. But right now he just couldn't.

Monoma was almost too quiet, but Shinsou still heard him. “You

probably hate me now.” As much as Monoma could tease at times, he did still worry about lots of things. He's only human, after all.

“Neito, how in the ever-loving universe, could I ever hate you?” Shinsou started out with a rough voice, but quickly softened his voice.

“What?” Monoma was genuinely surprised.

“Okay, does this answer your questions?” Shinsou took charge of the situation and grabbed Monoma's hand, interlacing it around his own.

“What?” Monoma asked again before looking down at their hands interlocked together.

“I told you I'm not really good at this stuff.” Shinsou softly laughed.

Monoma moved to be on top of his knees, matching Shinsou while making sure to keep their hands interlaced.

Shinsou decided to just bite the bullet, and hope for the best. “I've liked you for a while now.” Shinsou tried to look away, but was quickly stopped by Monoma's hand softly caressing the side of his face.

“Me too. I've been too afraid to say it but I guess my brain decided otherwise.” Monoma tried to sound like his brain offended him somehow, but all his tone could muster was happiness.

Shinsou just laughed, moving closer to Monoma until he could rest his

head on Monoma's shoulder.

“I'm really glad I came to your house today.” Shinsou said, while Monoma was still internally freaking out.

“Yeah you're my bf now. You don't get a choice otherwise.” Monoma's normal personality started to show through.

Shinsou just laughed while Monoma moved to be cross-legged so Shinsou would be more comfortable.

“Thank you.” Shinsou said while, surprising to Monoma, laid down on his lap. He finally felt safe. His shoulders felt much lighter than they've been in months. He finally felt like he wasn't alone in this miserable life.

“I'm kinda tired too.” Monoma carefully lifted Shinsou up before putting him on the ground next to him.

He laid down as well, and asked if Shinsou wanted a pillow.

Shinsou was so tired he couldn't really think straight. He moved over and put his head on Monoma's chest, while falling asleep fully.

“I guess not.” Monoma smiled while leaning into the touch, though he was internally panicking.

They both fell asleep, and woke up the next morning.

Shinsou now had one leg on Monoma's while leaning into him completely.

Monoma woke up first, completely forgetting the previous day's events for a few seconds. Wow. He actually had a boyfriend now. That was crazy for Monoma to think about. Especially since it was his crush!

He looked at Shinsou's face, which looked very peaceful while he slept. He combed through his hair, honestly glad he saw Bakugo and Shinsou that day.

Shinsou woke up about 20 minutes later, forgetting as well for a few seconds. He jumped up, only to be grabbed by Monoma.

“I'm sorry! I was so tired yesterday I wasn't thinking! I'll move-” Shinsou tried explaining before Monoma asked a question.

“Do you still want to lay down?” Monoma asked.

“Well yeah but I did-” Shinsou was cut off once again when Monoma spoke while dragging him back down.

“Say no more.” Monoma stated.

Shinsou was now back to laying on Monoma's side while his arm was wrapped around Shinsou.

“A-are you really okay with this? I can move if you want.” Shinsou squeaked out, an internal panic arising within him.

“Duh. I wouldn't have pulled you back down if I didn't want you to stay. Of course I would've let you move if you didn't want to lay down anymore.” Monoma explained before turning his head to look at a shocked Shinsou.

“I feel nice and cozy right where we are!” Monoma remarked, smiling that snarky smile that Shinsou honestly loved.

Shinsou's brain finally realized that Monoma actually wanted him there.

He curled even further into Monoma's warmth, wrapping his arms around him in which Monoma reciprocated.

“Thank you.” Shinsou quietly said.

It was so light that Shinsou almost couldn't feel it. The light peck placed on his head was enough to send him into a red-faced gay panic.

Thus causing Monoma to just chuckle.

“You don't know how long and how much I wanted to do that.” Monoma stated like it was just the weather.

They stayed like that for a while, letting the world continue around them.

Chapter End Notes

I almost forgot to post today lol. Anyways, even though this chapter has an abysmal writing g style, I still love it.

Anyways, please comment! I love reading what yall have to say!

Chapter 31: Conversations

Chapter Summary

Himiko talks with a certain someone!!

Chapter Notes

Long chapter for Halloween! (It just so happened to work out that way)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I'm boreddddddd!" Himiko yelled out to Touya, who was in his own room.

They had finally gotten Himiko a bed frame and mattress, which Izuku had helped out with.

"Then find something to do!" Touya yelled from the next room over.

"Ughhh fine!" Himiko yelled back. She grabbed her shoes and her new phone (Izuku's old one he never used) and headed out to do who knows what. Not even she knows at the moment.

Himiko didn't bring any money with, and didn't really want to buy anything. She already had so many new clothes and outfits to choose from, she just couldn't buy anything more.

Since she'd already been to the blood drive, Himiko ruled that one out.

Maybe she could just walk around? That could work. I mean, it's something to do and she doesn't really have anything better to do.

Himiko saw a few heroes out and about on patrol, but few of them ever stopped to chat with citizens.

Himiko was looking around, hoping to see her favorite hero before realizing she probably patrolled at night.

Limelight heroes patrol both day and night, but mostly one or the other. (Idk if this is completely right so bear with me)

Himiko looked around and on the roof tops before actually seeing her favorite hero!

Midnight was Himiko's favorite for a few reasons. 1) she wasn't afraid to be who she is and embrace it. Yes her costume may not have been the most appropriate, but she needs the thin fabric for her quirk! 2) She's really pretty.

Himiko saw Midnight in a fight against a decently sized villain, though he wasn't too big.

The guy was no match for Midnight's quirk as she got in close enough and used her power.

This was so awesome! Seeing Midnight in person and in action like this was so cool!

Himiko walked up to the growing crowd and took her spot safely behind most people while the police took care of the villain.

She knew she probably wouldn't get to meet Midnight, but it was still really cool to see her in action like this!

Watching Midnight as she walked around, Himiko saw how she acknowledged almost all of her fans. She was so cool! Himiko smiled brightly as Midnight looked around at everyone, smiling as she did.

Her eyes landed on Himiko, and she felt like she might explode. Himiko watched as Midnight's features softened and her smile broadened at the sight of Himiko.

Midnight's stare lingered for just a little bit longer than Himiko thought she gave the rest of her fans, but maybe it was just Himiko being delusional.

Himiko was about to leave and continue onto her walk, when she saw Midnight waving her over.

Crap! What did Midnight want? Maybe it was a scolding, or a lecture because of what Himiko did a while back! Oh she didn't know, and was starting to tense up as she thought. Okay, maybe she might hit Himiko for using her quirk in public. Himiko could handle it, right? It wasn't any different coming from a hero, though it was her favorite. (It was very different)

Apparently Himiko had been starting to spiral, as she felt a soft hand placed on her shoulder. Her thoughts went quiet as she looked up at the R-rated hero in front of her.

“Hey, are you alright?” Midnight asked in that soft, motherly tone she used when a student or someone young was in trouble.

“U-um yeah! Th-thanks!” Himiko tried to leave, tried to keep her Image of Midnight as crystal clear and as perfect as she remembered.

“Hey, why don't you join me and we can talk? I'm done with my shift and I would like to have a word with you if that's alright.” Midnight made sure to use her softest tone, because at this point Himiko was clearly trying to not freak out.

“U-um s-sure!” Himiko tried to brace for the impact, the yelling, but it never came.

Instead Midnight looked her in the eye and asked her, “Are you alright? You seem really worried about something?” Maybe Midnight was worried about this girl. I mean, she saved her life after all!

Himiko broke and looked away. “I-i'm sorry for using my q-quirk,” Himiko snarled quirk like it was a curse. To her, it was. “In public. I understand a-any and all punishment.”

Midnight saw this girl apologize for saving her life. Saving a life! Midnight would have to make sure she never did again.

“Toga, look at me.” Himiko looked up, sadness and disappointment in her eyes. She was slightly startled at Midnight using her name. “You are not in trouble for saving a life, ever. You saved my life. I wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for you.” Midnight stated in her firm, ‘I'm right so don't argue with me’ tone.

“Wh-wha?” Himiko trailed off, genuine astonishment written on her face.

“Actually, the reason I wanted to talk to you was regarding that!” Midnight cheering mentioned.

“We can talk privately at my agency! And then I can change out of this.” Midnight joked.

I mean, her costume wasn't not comfortable but it wasn't comfortable either. It definitely felt nice to change out of her costume after a longer shift.

The kids had today off, so Midnight took an extra shift for today.

“O-okay.” Himiko followed Midnight as she walked down a few roads to a more quiet street.

Midnight was honestly curious as to why Toga was so on edge. I mean, it looked like she was expecting some sort of punishment based off of the way she apologized.

“So, how are you doing on this beautiful day?” Midnight asked, trying to change it to a more casual conversation.

“I'm doing pretty good. Though I was kinda bored earlier.” Himiko immediately perked up at the change in subject.

Midnight mentally noted it, as they might need that for later. Nedzu had proposed later on that in the unlikely instance she didn't stay with her guardians or didn't have somewhere safe to stay she could become a ward of UA.

It wasn't too hard to become one, though some paper work had to be filled out. If anything needed to be done immediately one of the pros could take temporary custody of her.

Though that was unlikely, it still needed discussion in case.

“How are you doing Ms. Midnight?” Himiko's normal bubbly self was mostly back, but she was still on guard. I mean, she didn't learn combat for nothing after all.

Midnight almost gleamed at the ‘Ms’, though she was actually married it was still cute to hear it from Toga.

“I'm good! You can just call me Kayama for now.” Midnight mentioned to Toga, who simply beamed at the information.

“Okay Kayama-san!” Toga was starting to smile as she talked.

Nemuri was honestly ready to wipe tears away from her eyes at Toga. The kid was so cute! Toga was just daughter material. She didn't know how anyone couldn't like hers especially with how useful her quirk was!

The two talked about trivial things on their way into the agency.

“Wait, didn't you own an agency with a few of your high school friends?” Toga asked, curious about it. “It's nice but pretty boring!” Toga exclaimed, looking around.

“Yeah, the first floor is! Also yes, this agency is with 3 of my friends,” Midnight decided to tell her about Oboro, considering she seemed trustworthy. “One of them being my husband.” Midnight tried to mention it like it was casual, though it wasn't.

“I knew it! I told Jasper he was wrong!” Toga often mentioned Jasper instead of Izuku, considering the more people knew about him and Mikumo the harder it would be to keep the two apart.

So Izuku told her to mention Jasper whenever Toga was talking about things like hacking, pros, or anything of the sorts.

“Do you perhaps mean the vigilante Jasper?” Nemuri asked in a calm tone, needing clarification for herself.

“Yeah! We were talking about which heroes we thought were married.” Toga mentioned it like it was casual, though she knew she'd probably have to explain.

She saw Midnight's shocked face, and decided to explain while they were walking to Midnight's office.

“Yes, I know the vigilante Jasper, no, I'm not going to tell you who he is.” Toga wasn't about to do Izuku like that, especially after he helped her in basically every way he could.

“Okay.” Midnight was honestly just surprised she knew him at all, and seemed like good friends.

“It's Loudcloud, right? I already assumed but I just wanted to be sure!” Toga exclaimed.

“Um, yeah. May I ask how you figured that out?” Midnight was definitely reporting back to her group after she talked to Toga.

“Well, Jasper's shown me the cameras a few times. I've seen you two working together very few times, but it seems like you guys have really good communication. And we figured it wouldn't be anyone outside of your friend group, and considering we already know about Erasermic it wasn't hard to deduct.” Toga knew she was kind of word-vomiting like Izuku did, but she needed to get her point across one way or another.

Nemuri had been told about the fact that Jasper knew about Aizawa and Yamada, but she was really curious how they managed to find out.

“How did you two find out about A-Eraser and Mic?” Nemuri almost slipped up, but covered herself just in time.

“I didn't, but I-Jasper did before we met! He noticed their matching rings and then analyzed their interactions! He said it really wasn't hard to deduce!” Toga exclaimed while they walked to the second floor.

Damn, this vigilante was really good. Aizawa and Yamada had gotten some of the most common rings they could find, though they did have each other's names engraved on the inside of the ring. But deducting that they were married from their interactions?

The two hardly interacted at work! You'd think they weren't even friends! When they did interact they kept it to business and were very professional about it.

“Did he ever say anything about the way they interacted by chance?” Nemuri wanted to know, and actually slowed their pace because she wanted to talk to Toga more.

“Hmm.” Toga tilted her head and put her finger on her chin. “He did mention the way that Aizawa seems to listen to Mic more than anyone else. I don't really remember much else but I remember Jasper talking about their body language around each other! Something like Mic was more loose around Eraser and Eraser was a lot less tense around him!” Toga was learning a lot in school so now she knows a lot more things are.

“Wow. That's actually impressive.” Midnight remarked, wanting to get out of her hero costume sooner rather than later.

“I know right!? And he won't even take credit for half of the stuff he does! It's annoying.” Himiko really wanted Izuku to acknowledge that he's actually smart and talented, but that might take a while.

Yup, that sounds just like how Aizawa, Mic, and even Nedzu were describing him. Apparently he didn't take due credit for impressive feats.

Midnight walked into one of her office rooms, guiding her to a chair by a desk.

“Can you stay in here while I change? I promise I'll be quick!” Midnight reassured.

“That's fine! I'll stay here!” Toga exclaimed.

“Thank you!!!” Midnight quickly walked out of the room and away to her small changing room. It was like a locker room, but only for a few people.

So far Midnight was the only woman there, but it was always good to have extra spots just in case.

When Midnight was done with a patrol, she would immediately change out of her hero costume, choosing to instead go for either civilian clothes or a suit (like the one she wore in that MHA episode) if she still had professional matters to take care of.

Midnight finished changing and started quickly walking back to the room she left Toga in.

Now yes, she would have to get Nedzu on the phone but she already gave him a heads up.

“Hey! I'm back!” Midnight announced to Himiko when she walked back into the room, making sure to close the door.

Toga was braiding a small piece of her hair, something Izuku taught her. She often did it when she got bored or had nothing better to do. I mean, she still had to find a hairstyle she really liked after all.

Kayama pulled out a chair and sat down.

“I wanted to discuss your schooling and everything regarding that.” Kayama really didn't know how to bring it up, so she decided to be blunt about it. Better to rip off the bandaid in one go, right?

“Alright.” Himiko said suspiciously, keeping her guard up even though she trusted the hero. Dang, she did look really pretty right now.

“So, you do online schooling under Nedzu, correct?” Kayama decided to ask her in a calm tone, hoping it would help.

“I'm pretty sure, yeah. I use one of my friends' computers for work and stuff. He helps me with a lot of it when I get confused!” Himiko exclaimed.

Nemuri wondered if it was Jasper, but decided that would probably make her even more wary.

“Why do you want to know?” Himiko slyly asked, remembering her past and how if she told anyone Information like this they would always use it against her.

“Principal Nedzu and I have an offer for you!” Midnight exclaimed, not knowing how to tell her really.

“But Nedzus the principal of UA!” Himiko exclaimed, confused by the whole thing.

I mean, she couldn't be getting scouted by a hero school! She was seen as a villain! Why was that any different now!?

Midnight grabbed her phone to the already-ongoing call with the principal.

“That, indeed I am! Hello, Toga-san! Pleasure to meet you, well over the phone that is!” Nedzu chimed from the phone.

“Umm, hi. Nice to meet you!” Toga was trying to sound like she wasn't as confused and scared as she was.

“I would like to send you an offer!” Nedzu exclaimed.

“W-what for?” Toga really didn't know where this was going.

“To attend UA, of course! We think you would be an excellent recovery and medical hero!” Nedzu said.

“W-what do you mean?” Toga didn't know if this was real, or if she was even real right now.

“We have seen your actions from the day you rescued and promptly saved Kayama-san's life! You didn't hesitate to jump in and use your quirk to save another's life.” Nedzu started. He gave Toga a few moments to fully digest what he was saying. “We have also seen your advancement in medical knowledge from not only your online studies, but when you saved Kayama-san.” Nedzu explained.

“What does this mean?” Toga was so confused and shocked right now. The principal of a hero school was making an offer for her to attend and become a hero!

Nedzu continued on to another part of the offer.

“If you decide to attend UA there are a few different options for you to choose from! You could either attend general education while interning under Recovery Girl or attend the hero course while interning under Recovery Girl! That way you could become a hero who specializes in medical knowledge and healing!” Nedzu fully explained the other part of the deal.

Himiko felt like she was half to tears. Everything in her life was finally going so well! She couldn't ask for anything more at this point. She could become a hero like Midnight? She could save and protect people, like she wished someone would've when she was a child.

“I-id like that! I could actually attend the hero course?” Himiko half-choked out.

Kayama was about to cry from the happy expression on Himiko's face. It was so perfect, absolutely flawless! Okay, maybe she was starting to see Toga as a daughter, but nobody had to know. (Oboro would be getting an earful about it tonight)

Toga talked so quietly Kayama almost couldn't hear her. “Y-you guys really don't think I'm a villain because of my quirk.?” Kayama's blood ran cold because clearly she didn't mean for anyone to hear it.

Unfortunately Nedzu couldn't hear it over the phone.

“I would start next school year?” Himiko asked, hope in her voice.

“That would partially depend on your age, but otherwise yes!” Nedzu chirped.

“I'm fifteen. I will turn 16 in the middle of next school year.” Himiko mentioned.

“Perfect! You will just attend through recommendations, though I won't force you to take the tests for recommended students since you would be a hero focusing on recovery, unless you wouldn't want that?” Nedzu asked.

“I want to focus on medical, yes, but I still want to work on all of the other aspects of being a hero!” Himiko exclaimed.

“So you would want to still be in class everyday then? Instead of helping under Recovery Girl?” Nedzu asked, ready to make a compromise.

“We can figure out certain hours and times I help out with her! But otherwise yes! Thank you so much!” Himiko explained, practically jumping in and out of her seat.

“We can work out a schedule and further times for everything!” Nedzu chirped.

“Thank you!!” Himiko said into the phone.

“Thank you for accepting our offer! We will be looking forward to seeing you there!” Nedzu exclaimed. “Thank you Kayama-san for letting me talk to her! I better be on my way, have a good evening you two!” Nedzu hung up the call.

“Thank you Kayama!” Himiko squealed while jumping up and out of her seat.

“It's really no trouble at all! I wanted you to attend UA, especially after you saved my life!” Kayama wanted to slowly bring the subject back to what she said, but was afraid it might trigger some bad memories or other stuff.

Himiko calmed down a little bit, trying not to be too excited and jumpy.

“I thought you were going to try some funny business when you wanted to talk to me!” Himiko laughed.

“What do you mean?” Kayama asked, suddenly becoming even more worried for the poor girl.

“I used my quirk. It's kinda villainous so I thought I would be in trouble.” Himiko talked like it was the everyday weather.

“Your quirk is very heroic! It could save so many lives if you wanted to use it that way!” Kayama really hoped she'd be able to knock some sense into this girl, though probably not.

“Huh? No it's not really, but thank you for trying.” Himiko said.

“What do you mean?” Kayama asked it in her stern teacher's voice so hopefully this would get through to her.

“I mean, almost everybody calls my quirk villainous! Except for Touya and Jasper!” Himiko admitted.

“Why do they call your quirk villainous?” Kayama really needed to know so she could hopefully help.

Himiko put her hand on the back of her head in a sheepish manner before stating, “Promise you won't get freaked out? Please?” Himiko asked with puppy eyes.

“I promise! Quirks have downsides to them, so of course I won’t get freaked out!” Kayama exclaimed, horrified at the idea of Himiko having to ask this of every person she talks to.

Himiko looked at Kayama with unsure eyes.

“You can trust me. If you don't want me to tell anyone, I won't. But I also won't force you to tell me either.” Kayama firmly stated.

“Are you sure?” Himiko asked in the smallest quietest voice.

“I promise!” Kayama's heart was really starting to break at the sight and sound of this broken girl.

“Well,” Himiko started, unsure of herself. “A um, side effect of my quirk is that it makes me crave blood. I-i used to have major cravings I couldn't stop when I was little, causing me to k-kill animals in a panicked m-mind. I couldn't stop, but now they're c-controllable.” Himiko left out the part where every now and then she gets blood at the blood drive.

“You were a child, you didn't know any better.” Nemuri soothed, her motherly nature coming to its true light. She set her hands on Himiko's shoulders, letting the weight keep her down to earth.

“Th-they all called me monster!” Bad flashbacks were starting to pass through Toga's mind. If it had not been for Midnight, Himiko probably would've had a full blown panic attack.

“Shhh, it's okay. You're okay, you're here now.” Nemuri embraced Himiko in a hug while she calmed herself down.

“Y-you don't think I-I'm a monster?” Himiko asked, voice breaking.

“No, not ever.” Midnight's heart was breaking at the vulnerability and sadness in the others tone.

The two remained there for a while until Himiko fell asleep.

Midnight carefully awoke her, not wanting to aggravate her.

“Hey, it's time to wake up. It's getting slightly dark outside, and your parents must be worried.” Kayama did, in fact, not know that ‘they’ included her parents.

Himiko, still laced with sleep, was unable to keep it to herself. “Parents don't care. They never have.” Himiko took a second to yawn, trying to fully wake up but failing at the moment.

Kayama's heart broke again.

Kayama was afraid to ask, but knew she needed to anyway. “Where do you live then?”

“Apartment, with Touya. He's nice. He doesn't judge me.”

Kayama was relieved to hear that she at least had some place to stay, though she wondered who Touya was.

Himiko finally woke up five minutes later, to see Midnight at her side in civilian clothes.

“Sorry! I better get going now, thank you!” Himiko tried to get up before Nemuri stopped her.

“Wait! This is my phone number. Call or text me if you ever need anything!” Nemuri called out to Himiko while handing her a piece of paper.

Himiko gladly took in, smiling brightly as she did.

“Thank you.” Toga looked away, embarrassed by her feelings. “Not just for the paper, but for listening and not judging me.” Himiko quickly ran out of the agency, and away toward the apartment building.

Dang. That kid is fast. She'll make a great hero someday.

Chapter End Notes

You don't know how long I've had Toga and parental Midnight in my mind for.

Chapter 32

Chapter Summary

> Just another night of Izuku vigilanting around.

Chapter Notes

> I'm starting to realize my.. Okay, how do I explain this. My spacing for certain events is absolute trash. I dragged out the ten months before UA started, and now I feel like Im rushing a lot of events. Idk.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku has been a vigilante for almost 5 months now! It was crazy to think about that for Izuku. Don't leave out the fact that he even made friends with some of the pros!

He was even starting to bulk up a considerable amount.

I mean, it had overall been a crazy and fun ride. Now, it was time to make it officially his 5 month anniversary tonight.

Izuku woke up, practically beaming for joy when he realized the date. Yes, it wasn't a special date by any means! But it was special to Izuku.

Izuku ran into his room where he kept all his vigilante stuff. He changed into his usual vigilante costume, making sure the combat boots were still clean. (They were so nice, Izuku didn't like seeing them dirty)

He went into the bathroom and put his eyeliner on, just like he had for the previous few months. At first it was a special thing he did for Denki, but it ended up becoming tradition and it stayed.

Izuku loved it more than he thought he would. Whenever he puts it on, he reminds himself of a cat. Izuku loved cats, but couldn't keep any. He didn't really have the money or the time really.

Izuku put on his earpiece and voice changer mask, adjusting it slightly as he did.

The belt bag with his gadgets was holding up really well so far! Izuku had only lost two ninja stars, and was able to easily remake them.

Izuku put on his metal layered gloves, and went out on his way. Not before grabbing his notebook though.

Izuku ran out into the night, enveloping the nice breeze and moonlit rooftops. This is one of the things he loved about being a vigilante. (Though not technically). Being free.

Izuku had been running around for a while before he heard a scream further out and down the rooftop.

Wasting no time at all, Izuku quickly ran out while grabbing two ninja stars just in case.

The scene was already progressing quickly. The victim was backed up against a corner while trying to discreetly grab her phone.

The group of three guys were definitely bulky and muscly, though nothing Izuku couldn't handle.

He quickly threw one of the ninja stars into the gun the guy was grabbing.

While the gun was sent flying and the guys were distracted, the woman in the corner quickly grabbed her phone and called the police.

That was good. At least she was aware of her openings and things like that.

Izuku was quick enough to dodge the hit from the man behind him. Don't worry, Izuku won't forget about him.

Izuku had been getting much quicker and much faster, which was extremely good against guys like these who were bulky and muscly.

Izuku put away his extra ninja star while grabbing his two metal pipes. He had been practicing using them in different ways, and was now more successful and precise whenever he did use them.

Climbing up the wall about 5 feet, Izuku flipped forward while using his poles to propel him out more.

Hitting the back of his neck, Izuku had taken out the first guy. It really wasn't hard, you just had to know the right stuff.

He quickly moved the guy to one side of the alley while he moved and dodged the other man's attack.

Crap. The third guy was trying to regrab the gun that Izuku had thrown out of their hands.

If he didn't wrap this up quickly, they would probably start using their quirks. Normally they all tried to use them right away, but I guess this bunch was different.

Izuku ran to the other wall while also climbing up. He was able to see the man down their start to wind up his quirk, which meant Izuku had to make this quick.

Izuku jumped to the other wall before pushing himself over the man.

The guy looked like he had some sort of wind or weather quirk based off of the now picking up wind and the clouds starting forming overhead.

The third guy who was grabbing the gun seemed to have some sort of nail elongating quirk. Now that he thought about it he remembered one of the guys from Alderson could do that but with his fingers. Relatives, maybe.

Izuku dove over the head of the weather quirk guy, cursing internally at the touch of a big blast of wind. It didn't put him too off course, but the landing wasn't as soft as he would've liked.

He sprung up immediately before the man had enough time to turn around, smacking him in the back of the neck while he did.

That was his signature move.

By this point, the other guy had already reached the gun but hadn't quite picked it up yet.

Izuku grabbed a ninja star and threw it with perfect aim to knock away the gun while the guy was mid-grab.

Izuku was successfully able to knock the gun away, and pounced on the opening.

Nails barely had his head turned back before he was hit on the back of the next and falling to the ground, unable to move.

Izuku turned to look at the woman who was still slightly shaking, but otherwise had a proud look in her eyes.

“Th-thank you! What's your name?” The woman asked. I mean, duh of course she wanted to know her savior's name.

“It's no problem! My name is Jasper!” He grabbed his two ninja stars before walking over to her and lending her a helping hand up.

“Also, your situational awareness is amazing! Good job calling the police the moment there was an opening!” Jasper praised, though unable to take praise himself.

“I didn't do much, really! I should be thanking you! You saved my life!” The woman exclaimed, happy to finally meet this vigilante. She'd only heard rumors, after all.

“Well, I better get going!” Izumi exclaimed, happy to help someone in need.

“Thank you again!” The girl praised.

Izuku cat walked onto the roof, and started running to the right until he heard the distinct explosions coming from the opposite direction. Izuku turned to look around, gasping as he did.

The villain in question definitely had some sort of booster for his quirk. From what Izuku could see he had some sort of nature quirk. Izuku knew he was probably wrong, but from his point of view he could definitely see some wood, leaves, maybe even some blossoms you could find on trees.

Izuku could just barely see the top of the villain's head. It was absolutely huge. The guy was bigger than some of the buildings in the area!

They could definitely contain this beast, right?

Izuku immediately ran over, noting how it seemed like the villain was trying to block off a certain building. The guy was yelling someone’s name, over and over.

Okay, this guy definitely wasn’t in the right headspace. He seemed loopy, and almost like his quirk was dragging and controlling his body.

The closer Izuku got, the more he learned and noted about the guy and his quirk. The guy used his quirk to sort of lace around two buildings, one on either side. Though this might not be completely accurate considering Izuku couldn't fully see the man. This trick seemed to be keeping him upright and preventing him from falling.

Jumping over the final building, Izuku finally saw the entire man. He wasn't actually that big, but his quirk made him seem a lot bigger.

It looked like the guy had a quirk similar to Kamui Woods, though it was slightly different.
The guy's body wasn't made entirely out of wood, but it seemed he could grow wood from his body as he pleased. He could extend this wood for seemingly forever, but Izuku knew there had to be a limit, though he feared they weren't dealing with just any other villain. If this was just a normal villain they were dealing with, he definitely wouldn't be able to extend it this far.

Izuku opened the comms to every hero available and in the area. Those heroes included Eraser, Mic, Amplifier, and Rocklock

"Every hero available, there's a villain with some sort of tree quirk at ### downtown. He doesn't seem like just any villain to me. He's unable to make the best decisions and it seems like he can't quite control his body. I'll start working on the evacuation and safety of everyone." Izuku stated, already moving into one of the most damaged buildings.

"Copy, on my way, 4-5 minutes out." Eraser stated, immediately leaving his normal patrol route to help. Aizawa had a feeling they might've been dealing with an instant villain of sorts, though he hoped he wasn't.

"On my way, 6 minutes out!" Present Mic yelled into the comms,

having a feeling after this Jasper would just delve further into this case.

“5 minutes out.” Came the response from Rock lock. After learning how old the vigilante was, Rock lock was not very pleased to have him running around and doing pro work. Yes, the vigilante was really effective, but he wasn't even a high school student yet!

“Coming! Be there in about 8 minutes!” Cheered Amplifier who sounded a lot more enthused about the situation than anyone else felt.

“Alright.” Izuku responded to the comms, feeling a lot more grim about the situation than he thought he would.

Izuku ran to the building, using his voice changer to slightly increase the volume of his voice.

Izuku ran into the slightly shaking building, hoping he got out as well.

He ran and opened all of the doors to the apartment building. It was similar to his, but definitely nicer and probably more expensive.

“Hey everyone! There is a villain attacking and it's not safe to stay here in this building!” Izuku yelled into the first few buildings.

Panicked civilians came running out, though Izuku knew how to calm them down.

“Everybody, calm down! There is still time to leave in a timely

fashion, but we cannot do that if everyone is panicking!” Izuku yelled out to the growing group of people from the first floor. A lot more than be expected honestly.

Luckily the crowd started to calm down and actually listen to him.

Izuku opened his watch to look at the cameras of the surrounding area. Once he concluded which way was the best, he announced to the crowd.

“Exit through the North! There should be at least a few exits that way!”

The crowd started exiting down and out of the building.

Okay, Izuku really needed to hurry this up. He looked outside and the villain was getting more antsy as time went on.

Izuku quickly hurried up the steps and safely evacuated the rest of the building. There were a few people who couldn't walk on their own, so Izuku asked for some volunteers to help with them.

“Okay, building one evacuation complete. Hopefully you all can get here soon, he's getting more antsy as time goes on.” Izuku sighed, looking outside the window.

“Slight problem.” Aizawa started. “He's grown trees so tight together throughout all of the South, East, and West. I'm currently trying to find a passage to get through.” You could hear rustling and things of the sort while Aizawa moved around the trees.

Apparently there were also some on the roofs, though not nearly as many. They may be able to go through the roof.

“Okay, do you think you'd be able to get in over the roofs?” Izuku asked, moving down and out of the building.

“I could try, though there's lots of vines, mazes, and trees blocking the way.” Eraser mentioned.

Crap. This was bad. Izuku might have to distract the guy while Eraser and the others find a way to get in.

Izuku finally got out of the building, seeing the newly formed growth on the roofs of surrounding buildings.

Izuku was about to call the comms when a quick root almost sent him flying. I guess this guy was not willing to wait.

Izuku quickly and sloppily rolled to the side, cursing internally at the probability of new bruises forming on his back.

Okay, Izuku was staring at the man and he wasn't as big as before. It seemed like the villain was focusing his efforts on more of the outskirts of the area he was kidnapping. Izuku just had to wait for Eraser to find a way in. He could do that, right? Right??

Izuku wondered how he was going to fight this.

They weren't in an alley, which was his strength in most fights. They were on a more narrow road, but Izuku didn't think it was close enough to use to his advantage.

This guy was also mid-air thanks to his quirk. It seemed he built a tree to hold himself up, but not to protect himself.

Izuku grabbed his pipes and extended them, hoping they would help him.

Izuku tried to get in close, though the guy was doing an exemplary job at keeping him at least mid-range.

Izuku had an idea, though hoped it didn't hurt the villain. He grabbed a ninja star, and swung it the next time the villain tried to attack him. Luckily it was a vine, just about 8 inches around.

The villain's face shifted into a mix of shock, confusion, horror, and some sort of extreme discomfort.

Okay, at least Izuku knew that it didn't hurt him, though Izuku knew couldn't slice anything bigger. His ninja stars were only so sharp and strong after all.

Okay, he could continue doing this until Eraser found a way inside. This wasn't super bad. It could be much worse.

Izuku continued dodging attacks, using what he could to slice the vines and smaller growth.

Izuku started noticing how once he cut them, they couldn't move again. They turned this odd dead brown color. Izuku assumed that once he cut them, they couldn't be moved or used again.

He wondered if they could be retracted and replaced with a new one, considering this guy's quirk seemed to be endless. Maybe he was on some sort of drug that was preventing his mind from making that command.

Izuku cut off another one of the guy's vines, creating an opening for himself while the guy's expression distorted into the most extreme face of discomfort.

Izuku quickly ran forward while climbing the tree. He wrapped around to the back of the villain, hitting a precise landing on the back of his neck.

The villain crumpled forward, unable to move his body and his quirk.

“Are you alright?” Eraser finally came onto the scene, covered in ferns and leaves.

Izuku jumped off the guy, landing in a weird sort of squat while talking. “Yes! You should've seen how epic that was!” Izuku patted himself on the back figuratively.

“You better be lucky you got him when you did, listener!” Present Mic came rushing into the scene, though he did seem out of breath.

Izuku was confused by that. “Why?”

“He was strangling one of the buildings with his tree roots so hard it was about to fall down! It hasn't been fully evacuated yet, but they're now working on it considering the state of it.” Present Mic exclaimed, trying to catch his breath but also needing to explain right away.

“Yeah. I had to use my capture scarf and an axe, a local kindly lent me and had to hack through the mazes and vines on the roof. It seemed like they were growing thicker by the second.” Eraser mentioned. “I finally got through when the vines and trees seemingly dropped and fell limp.”

“Dang. I didn't know it was that bad.” Izuku wished he would've done better. Would've gotten more buildings evacuated in the time he had.

Present Mic stepped forward in front of Izuku.

“Okay listener. That was awesome!!! You've gotta tell me all the details of the fight! That must've been epic to watch!” Present Mic exclaimed.

Izuku looked confused for a second before talking. “It wasn't that much, really. I mean, he literally gave me an opening!” Izuku announced, sure of himself. “Eraser probably could've used his capture scarf and defeated him in an instant!” Izuku exclaimed.

“Kid, I don't know why but I can't erase his quirk. Look.” Aizawa looked over at the guy who was laying on the ground, vines and trees now limp all over.

Aizawa activated his quirk, though nothing seemed to happen.

“I would've had a hard time against him. His vines and roots are a perfect match for my skills and capture scarf.” Aizawa really hoped he was getting through to the vigilante, though probably not knowing him.

“Exactly!” Mic agreed with Aizawa.

The three looked around as the vines and trees started to retract back into the man, forming into one single medium-sized tree in front of him.

“Mic.” Eraser basically gave an order using one word.

Present Mic walked forward and checked the guy's tongue before looking at Aizawa and grimly nodding.

“This is one of those instant villains, right?” Izuku had assumed that the instant villains that were becoming more frequent had something to do with the drug the villain tried to inject himself with a while ago.

Aizawa knew not to tell the kid too much. He honestly wanted the kid to stay as far away from this case as possible. I mean, all he wants to do is protect his chi-vigilante.

“Yes.” Aizawa confirmed.

“Thank you! Well, I guess I'll be off!” Izuku announced. “Hey, what's so funny?” Izuku asked Present Mic who was trying not to laugh.

“Guess you'll have your first appearance on the news, little listener.” Present Mic was able to talk quietly enough so just the three of them could hear.

Izuku quickly looked around before spotting a news reporter on the roof of one of the completely intact buildings.

Izuku showed an expression of shock, realization, and embarrassment. He pulled his hood further over his head before running off into the night.

Izuku found a fire escape to jump up into the roofs while making sure he wasn't being followed. He finally ran home, having one heck of a story to tell his siblings.

“He's just like you Sho!” Present Mic exclaimed, still trying to hold his laughter at the thought.

Aizawa just grumbled, knowing his husband was right and that any reaction would get the press and media recording him.

“I guess so.” Aizawa finally responded.

Aizawa wrapped his capture scarf around the villain, ensuring he wouldn't go anywhere.

Present Mic finally stopped snickering. He talked in a low enough voice that only his husband could hear.

“That's really hot you know.” Present Mic said like it was a casual Tuesday.

Eraser just hid his reddened face behind his capture scarf while grumbling.

“At least our shift is almost over. Then we can finally go home!” Present Mic exclaimed, quietly. The ‘and then cuddle’ was left unsaid, but both knew they probably would.

Eraser still couldn't believe Jasper took down this villain all by himself, without even getting majorly hurt as well. That was an impressive feat, and one that would definitely take him a long way as a hero. Though the vigilante was too self-conscious to realize it.

Aizawa thought he might just have to hit it into this kid's thick head, maybe then he'd understand

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I'm currently writing the individual battles for the sports festival. Which is chapter 102. It's actually really crazy. I've written over 230,000 words in about 2 months and 21 days. That's crazy imo.

Might not be a lot for some people, but for my first *actual* fix I'm pretty proud of myself.

Anyways, please comment. I love off of them. They feed me.

(Children I'm hungry, feed me)

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